

Standard Songs

BV

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1905



Division

BV

Section

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1905



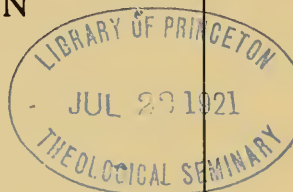
Standard Songs

WITH
OFFICES OF DEVOTION

Especially adapted for use in
Young People's Societies, Sunday Schools, Devotional
Meetings, Assemblies of
Christian People, and in the Home

✓ BY ✓
Emory L. Coblentz and Rev. Rufus W. Miller, D.D.

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THE HEIDELBERG PRESS



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PREFACE

STANDARD SONGS, as its name suggests, is a selection of many of the standard and classical hymns and tunes of the Church, together with a number of lyrics marked by a quicker movement and a pleasing refrain. The latter music, of a popular character, is yet of a somewhat higher grade than much in common use. Our churches now welcome a more classical style of music, if it is attractive and easily mastered.

The editors gratefully acknowledge the valued help of Mr. E. A. Biser, Prof. Edward Smith, Frederick, Md., and of others, in the selection of hymns, etc.

Thanks are due to many for the use of their copyright tunes. A fair proportion of the material of this book is taken from the Sunday School Hymnal, to which Standard Songs is intended to be a companion volume. The hope is expressed that this compilation may aid in the worship of God, and in making melody in the heart.

To meet a steadily growing demand, the publishers, at great expense, have had a complete orchestration prepared of every piece in the book, and a complete orchestra score for the work can be purchased. The orchestration is as follows: 1st and 2d Violin; 1st and 2d Cornet; Clarinet; Flute, Cello; Trumbone; Bass and Piano. The orchestration is not simply a copy of the Vocal Score, but is arranged to produce a fine orchestral effect and at the same time give proper emphasis and expression to the sentiment and words of each piece. It is so arranged that where a full orchestra cannot be had, any of the several parts, or a number of them, can be used with excellent effect. There are very few schools or assemblies which do not have one or more persons playing some of the above instruments, and if once interested in playing these specially arranged parts, the benefits both in the way of increased interest and better rendition of the music cannot be estimated. Where the full score is not wanted, separate parts can be had.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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WORSHIP.

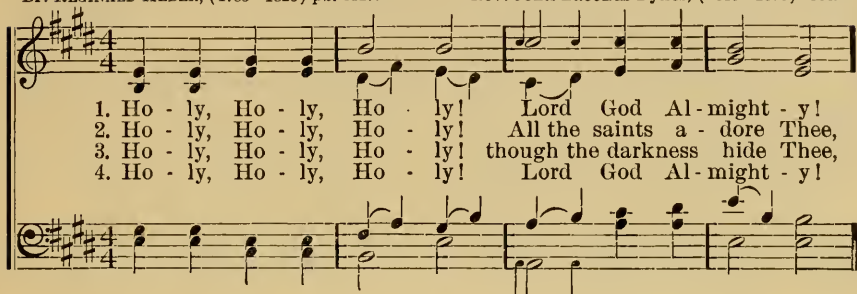
1

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY.

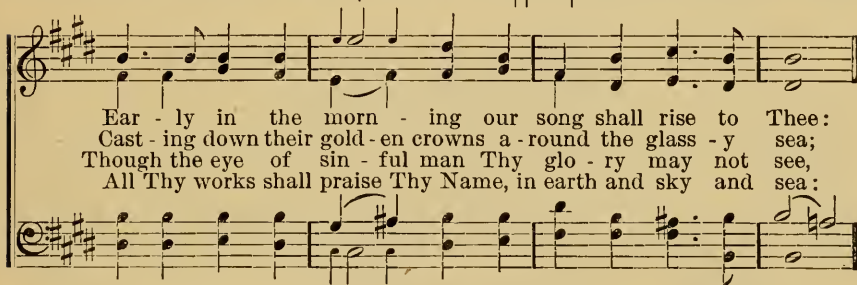
"Nicaea." P. M.

Bp. REGINALD HEBER, (1783—1826) pb. 1827.

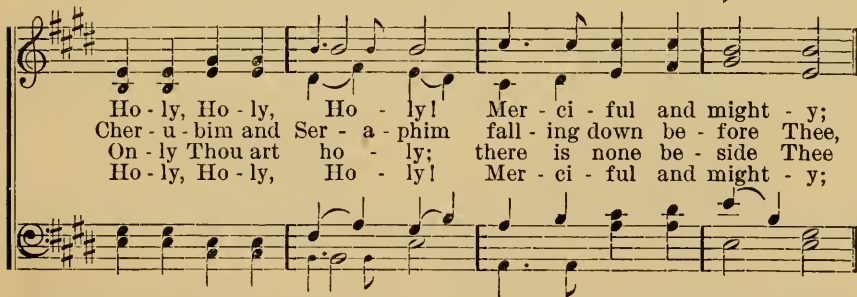
Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, (1823—1876) 1861.



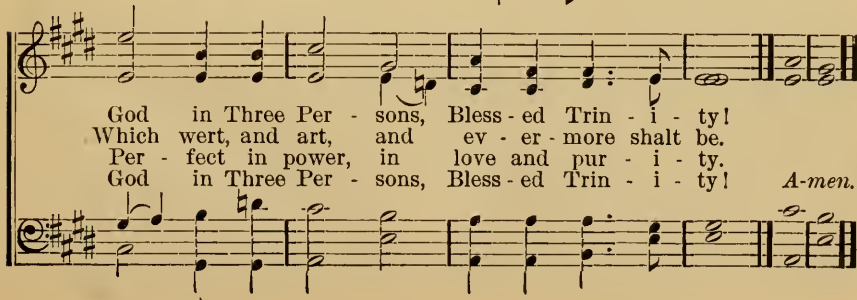
1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y!
 2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee,
 3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! though the darkness hide Thee,
 4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y!



Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee:
 Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
 Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,
 All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth and sky and sea:



Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y;
 Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
 On - ly Thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side Thee
 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y;



God in Three Per - sons, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 Per - fect in power, in love and pur - i - ty.
 God in Three Per - sons, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A-men.

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

P. M.

Robert Lowry.

1. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most gracious Lord; No tender voice like Thine
 2. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their pow'r
 3. I need Thee ev'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a-bide;

REFRAIN.

Can peace af - ford. }
 When Thou art nigh. } I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev'-ry hour I
 Or life is vain. }

need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav- iour, I come to Thee!

By per. of Biglow & Main.

4 I need Thee every hour;
 Teach me Thy will;
 And Thy rich promises
 In me fulfill.

5 I need Thee every hour,
 Most Holy One;
 Oh, make me Thine indeed,
 Thou blessed Son!

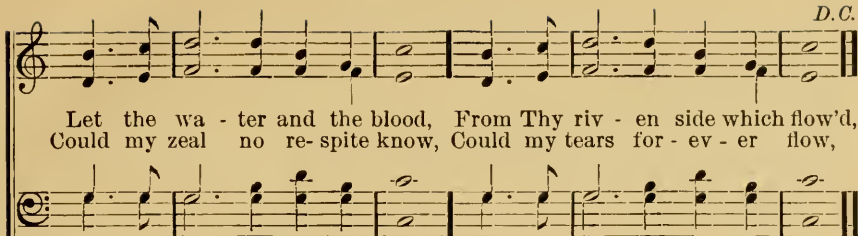
ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

"Toplady." 7s. 6l.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1776.

Theo. Hastings.
FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
D.C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure—Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
 2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands;
D.C.—All for sin could not a - tone: Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.



3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
 Foul, I to the fountain fly;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

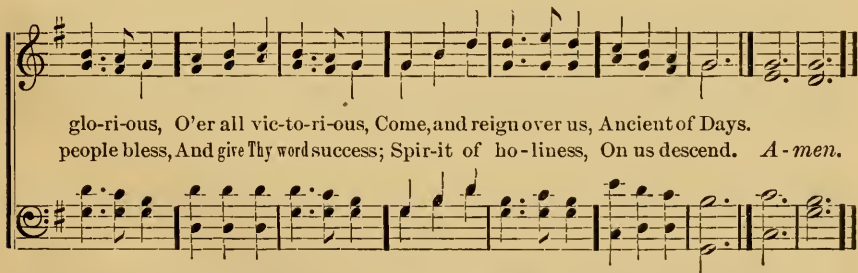
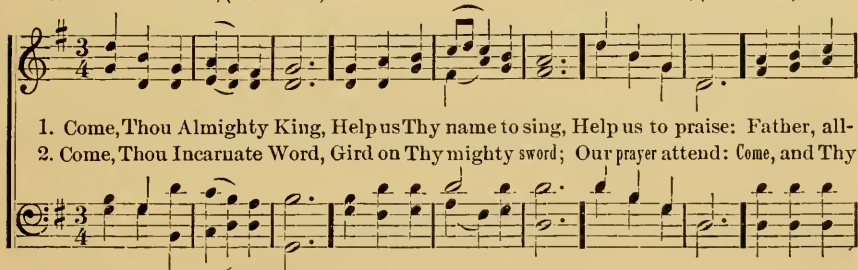
4

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

"Italian Hymn." 6s. 4s.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, (1708—1788) 1757.

Felice Giardini, (1716—1796) 1769.



3 Come, Holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour:
 Thou, Who Almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.

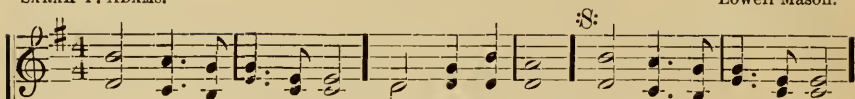
4 To the great One in Three,
 The highest praises bear,
 Hence evermore!
 His sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore!

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

"Bethany." 6s. & 4s.

Lowell Mason.



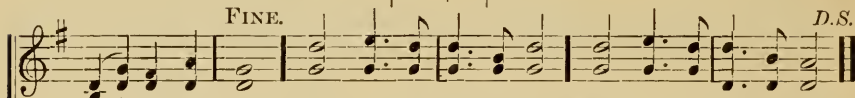
1. Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er to Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho', like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way appear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me
4. Then, with my waking thoughts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs

D. S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee,

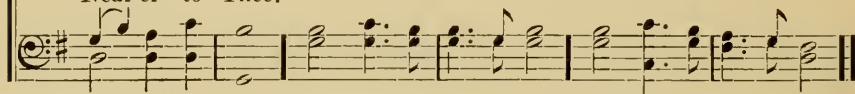


FINE.

D. S.



That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 Near - er to Thee!



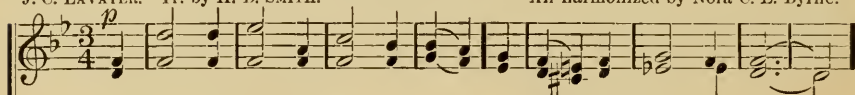
By per. O. Ditson & Co.

O JESUS CHRIST, GROW THOU IN ME.

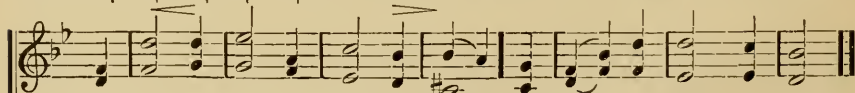
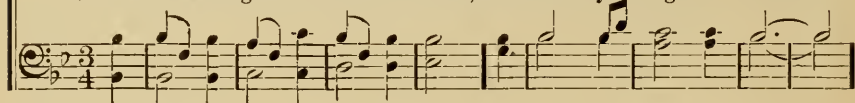
J. C. LAVATER. Tr. by H. B. SMITH.

"Lavater." C. M.

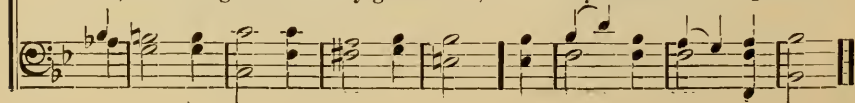
Air harmonized by Nora C. E. Byrne.



1. O Je - sus Christ, grow Thou in me, And all things else re - cede;
2. In Thy bright beams which on me fall, Fade ev - ry e - vil thought;
3. Fill me with gladness from a - bove, Hold me by strength di - vine!



My heart be dai - ly near - er Thee; From sin be dai - ly freed.
 That I am noth - ing, Thou art all, I would be dai - ly taught,
 Lord, let the glow of Thy great love, Thro' my whole be - ing shine.

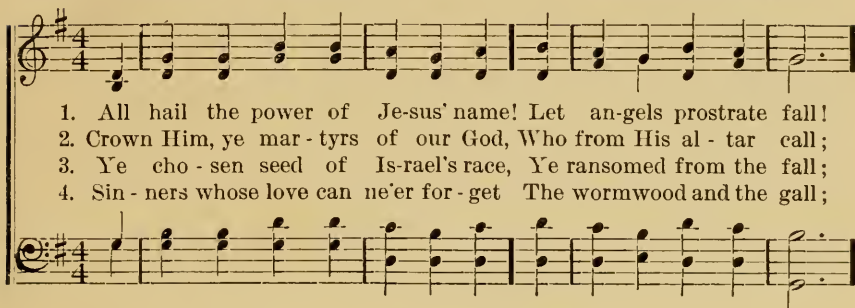


ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.

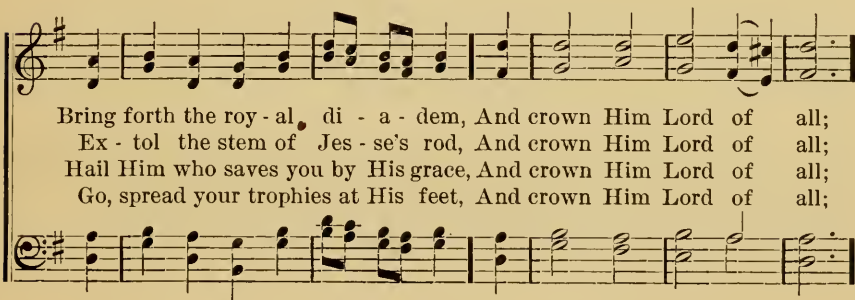
"Coronation." C. M.

REV. EDWARD PERRONET, (1721—1792) 1779.

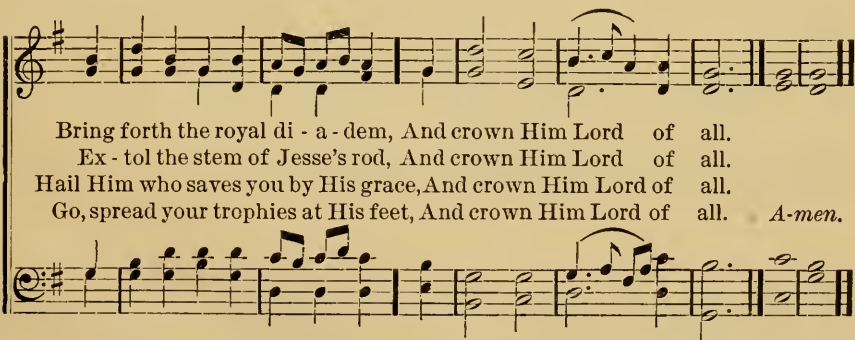
Oliver Holden, (1765—1844) 1793.



1. All hail the power of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall!
 2. Crown Him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from His al - tar call;
 3. Ye cho - sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall;
 4. Sin - ners whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall;



Bring forth the roy - al, di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;



Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Ex - tol the stem of Jesse's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all. *A-men.*

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all,

6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
 We at His feet may fall;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

PRAISE.

PRAISE YE THE FATHER.

"Integer Vitæ." 11s. & 5s.

MRS. ELIZABETH CHARLES, (1828—1896)

Friedrich Ferdinand Fleming, (1778—1813) 1810.

1. Praise ye the Fa - ther for His lov - ing kind - ness,
 2. Praise ye the Sa - vior! great is His com - pas - sion,
 3. Praise ye the Spir - it! Com - fort - er of Is - rael,

Ten - der - ly cares He for His er - ring chil - dren;
 Gra - cious - ly cares He for His cho - sen peo - ple;
 Sent of the Fa - ther and the Son to bless us;

Praise Him, ye an - gels, praise Him in the
 Young men and maid - ens, ye old men and
 Praise ye the Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly

heav - ens, Praise ye Je - ho - - vah!
 chil - dren, Praise ye the Sa - - vior!
 Spir - it, Praise ye the Tri - une God. A - men.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

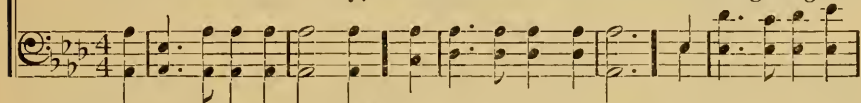
"Tell the Story." 7s. & 6s. D.

K. HANKEY.

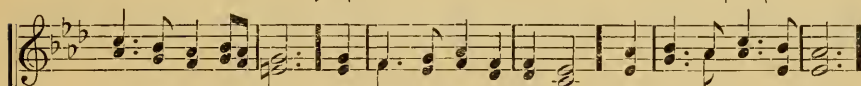
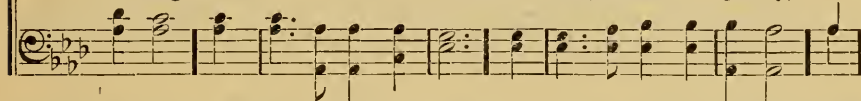
W. G. FISCHER.



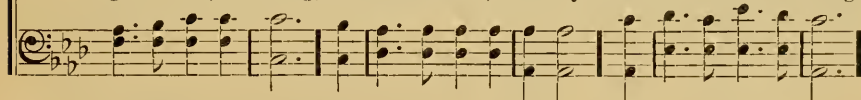
1. I love to tell the sto-ry Of unseen things above, Of Je-sus and His
2. I love to tell the sto-ry: 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems each time I
3. I love to tell the sto-ry; For those who know it best Seem hungering and



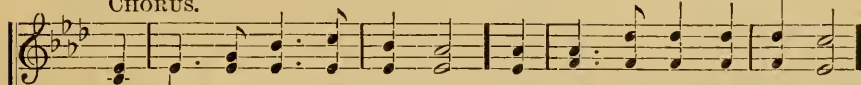
glo-ry, Of Je-sus and His love. I love to tell the sto-ry, Be-
 tell it, More wonder-ful-ly sweet. I love to tell the sto-ry: For
 thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo-ry, I



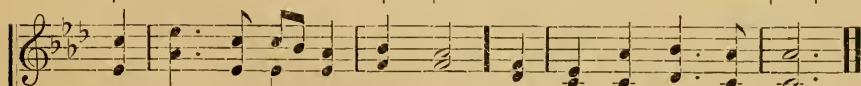
cause I know 'tis true; It sat-is-fies my longings As nothing else can do.
 some have never heard The message of salvation, From God's own holy word.
 sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old story That I have loved so long.



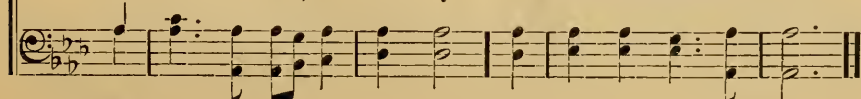
CHORUS.



I love to tell the sto-ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo-ry,



To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Je-sus and His love.

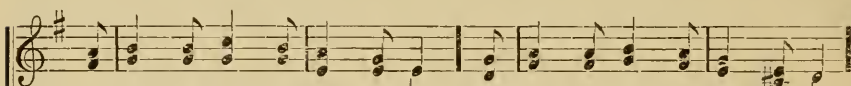
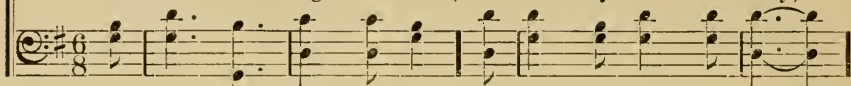


ISAAC WATTS.
Spirited.

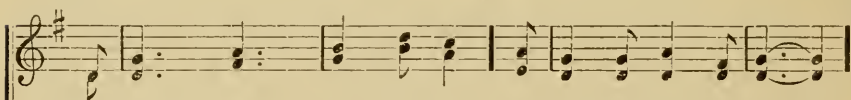
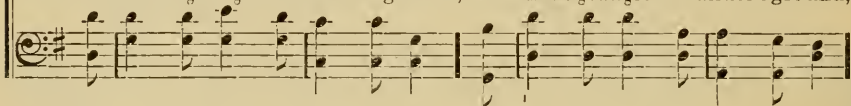
Robert Lowry, D. D.



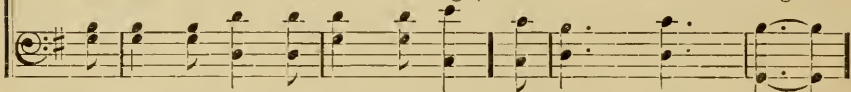
1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known,
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets,
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - ery tear be dry;



Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord,
But chil-dren of the heav'nly King, But chil-dren of the heav'nly King,
Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields,
We're marching through Immanuel's ground, We're marching through Immanuel's ground,



And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

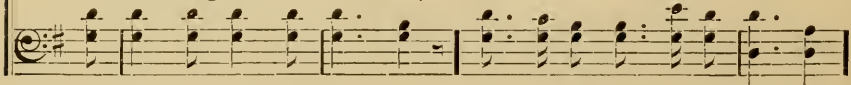


And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.

CHORUS.



We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on.
We're marching on to Zi - on,



We're marching upward to Zi - on, The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God.
 Zi - on, Zi - on,

11

I HEAR A SWEET VOICE RINGING CLEAR.

"Grassmere," P. M.

E. PAXTON HOOD.

Old Melody, arr.

1. I hear a sweet voice ringing clear, All is well! All is well!
 2. Clouds cannot long obscure my sight; All is well! All is well!
 3. In morning hours, serene and bright, All is well! All is well!

It is my Fa-ther's voice I hear, All is well! All is well!
 I know there is a land of light; All is well! All is well!
 In even-ing hours or darkening night, All is well! All is well!

Wher-e'er I walk that voice is heard: It is my God, my Father's word,
 From strength to strength, from day to day, I tread along the world's highway;
 And when to Jordan's side I come, 'Midst chilling wares and raging foam,

"Fear not, but trust: I am the Lord:" All is well! All is well!
 Or oft-en stop to sing or say, All is well! All is well!
 Oh, let me sing as I go home, All is well! All is well!

"Wonderful Words." P. M.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of life,
 2. Christ, the blessed One, gives to all Won - der - ful words of life;
 3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of life.
 Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of life;
 Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of life;

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
 All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
 Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.

CHORUS.
 Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of life,

Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of life.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Geo. C. Hugg.

Joyously.

1. There is sun-light in my soul, blessed sun-light! Cheering up life's
 2. There is sun-light in my soul, blessed sun-light! Love and praise be
 3. There is sun-light in my soul, blessed sun-light! It will guide me

darksome way; O the blessed Lord of life is that sun-light, Blessed
 yond con-trol; O the blessed Lord of life is that sun-light, Blessed
 safe-ly home; O the blessed Lord of life is that sun-light, Blessed

CHORUS.

sunlight of the soul. I am walking in the light, blessed sun - light!
 blessed, blessed light!

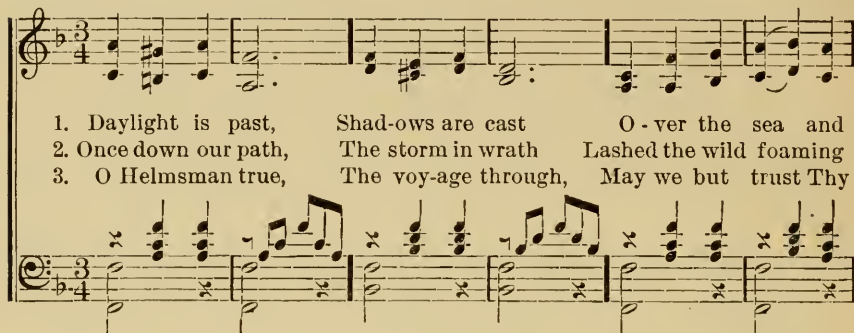
Where the clouds of love di-vine a-bove me roll; I am
 Where the clouds of love di - vine above me roll;

walk - - ing in the sun - - light, Glorious sunlight of the soul.
 walking in the light, in the blessed, blessed light,

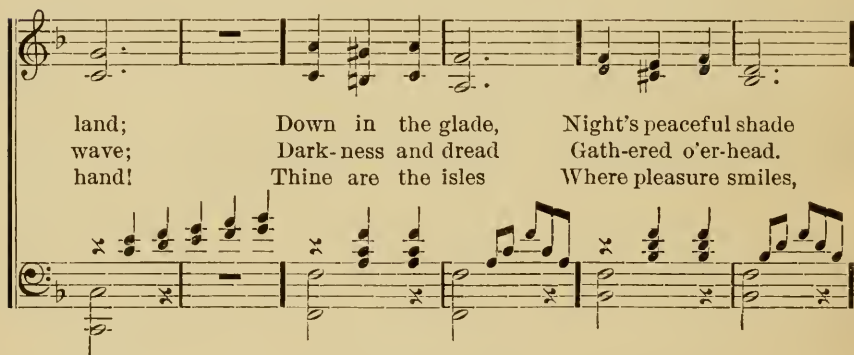
GRACE DUFFIE ROE.

Jay Arthur Ford.

DUET. Tenor and Alto voices preferred. Tenor taking lower part as if written an octave higher.



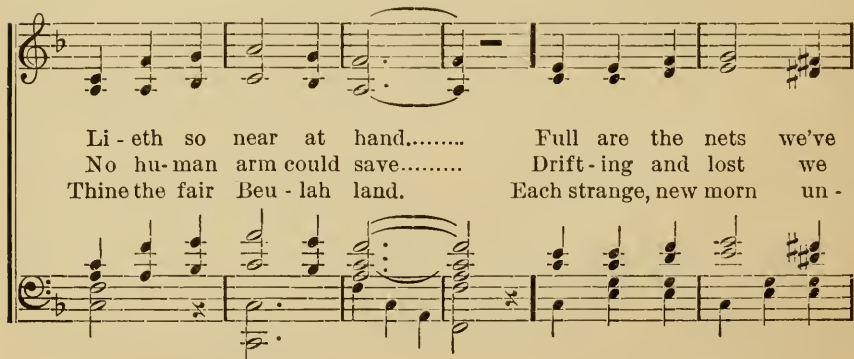
1. Daylight is past, Shad-ows are cast O - ver the sea and
 2. Once down our path, The storm in wrath Lashed the wild foaming
 3. O Helmsman true, The voy-age through, May we but trust Thy



land;
 wave;
 hand!

Down in the glade,
 Dark-ness and dread
 Thine are the isles

Night's peaceful shade
 Gath-ered o'er-head.
 Where pleasure smiles,



Li - eth so near at hand..... Full are the nets we've
 No hu-man arm could save..... Drift-ing and lost we
 Thine the fair Beau-lah land. Each strange, new morn un -

drawn to shore, Joy's meas-ure pressed to o - ver-flow;
 heard with fear The break-ers' roar where rocks did hide;
 veils the way To un-known seas where we must go;

The reefs are passed, the tempest's roar Sinks to a whis-per low.....
 Till through the gloom our souls could hear, "Lo, I will be thy guide"..
 Thou who didst guide through yesterday, To-morrow's path dost know....

CHORUS.

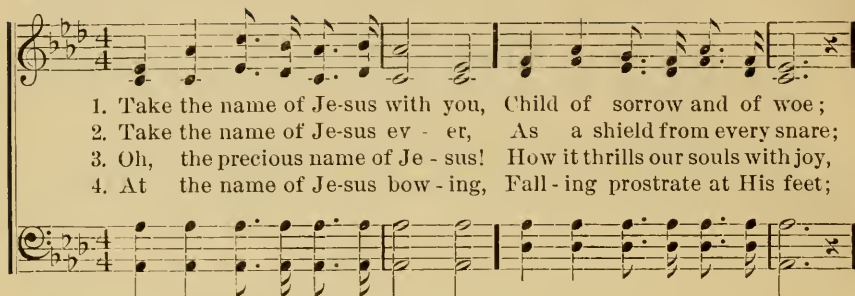
Then though the tide be swift and wide, Naught can we fear on life's wild sea;

To Thee we raise our songs of praise, Pi-lot of Gal-i-lee.....

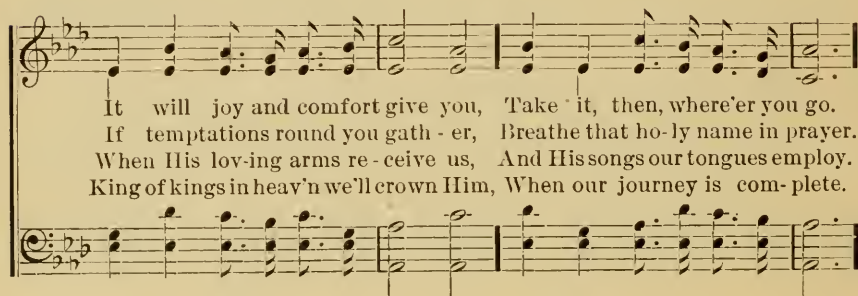
Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

8s, 7s.

William Howard Doane.

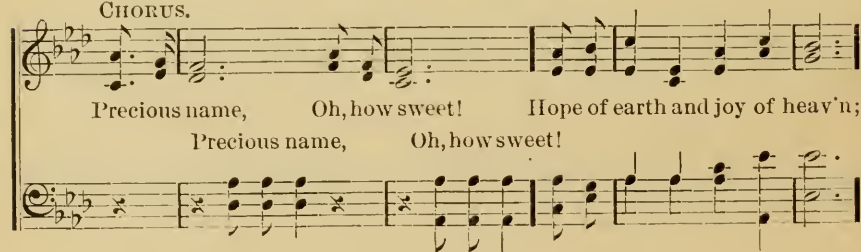


1. Take the name of Je-sus with you, Child of sorrow and of woe;
 2. Take the name of Je-sus ev - er, As a shield from every snare;
 3. Oh, the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
 4. At the name of Je-sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet;

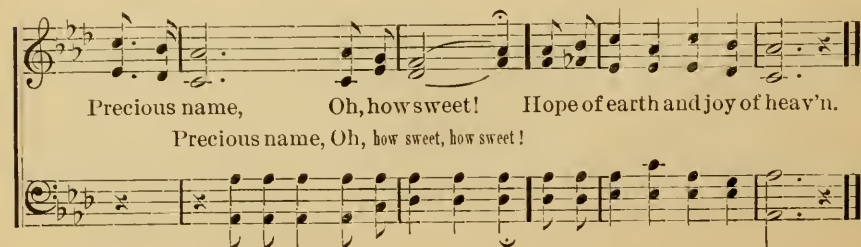


It will joy and comfort give you, Take it, then, where'er you go.
 If temptations round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
 When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ.
 King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our journey is com - plete.

CHORUS.



Precious name, Oh, how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
 Precious name, Oh, how sweet!



Precious name, Oh, how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
 Precious name, Oh, how sweet, how sweet!

THE LORD'S DAY.

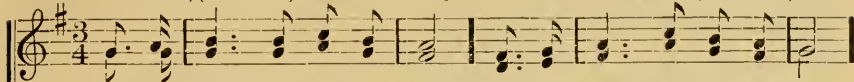
16

SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK.

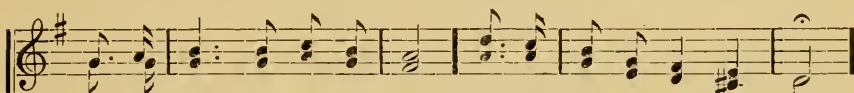
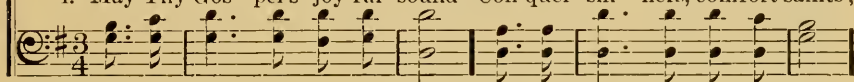
"Sabbath." 7s. 6 lines.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, (1725—1807) 1779.

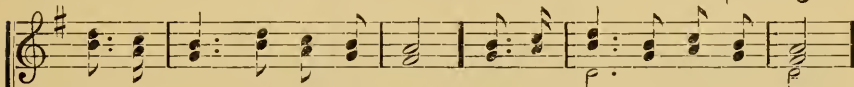
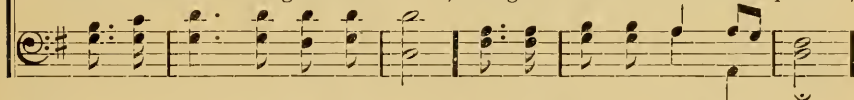
Lowell Mason, (1792—1872) 1824.



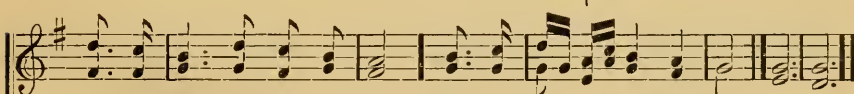
1. Safe-ly through an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way;
2. While we pray for pardoning grace, Through the dear Re-deemer's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise, May we feel Thy presence near;
4. May Thy Gos-pel's joy-ful sound Con-quer sin-ners, comfort saints;



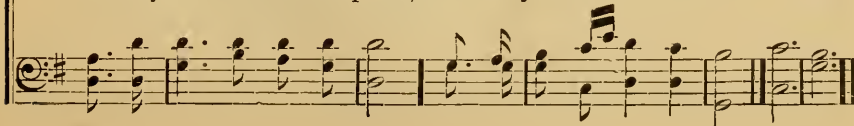
Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to-day,
Show Thy rec-on-cil-ed face, Take a-way our sin and shame;
May Thy glo-ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap-pear;
Make the fruits of grace a-bound, Bring re-lief for all com-plaints;



Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest;
From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest, this day, in Thee;
Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev-er-last-ing feast;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a-bove;



Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest.
From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest, this day, in Thee.
Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev-er-last-ing feast.
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a-bove. *A-men.*



WELCOME, DELIGHTFUL MORN.

"Lischer." 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

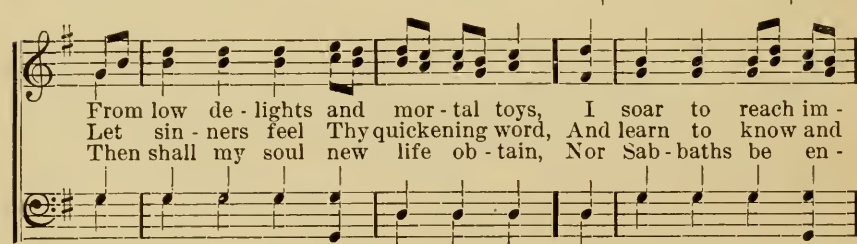
HAYWARD, () 1806.

Friedrich J. C. Schneider, (1786—1853)
Ar. by Lowell Mason, (1792—1872)

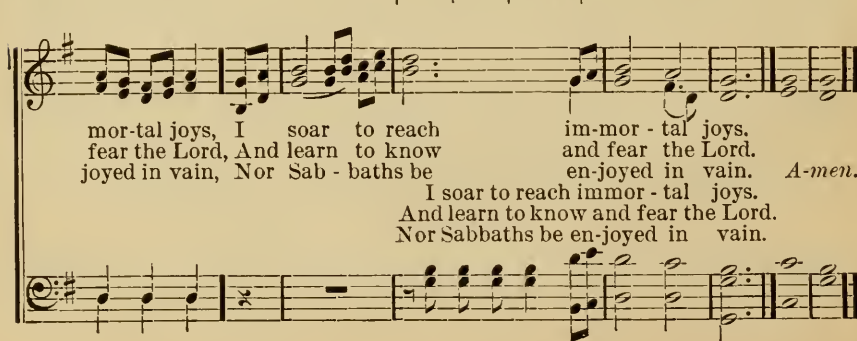

1. Wel-come, de-light-ful morn, Thou day of sa-cred rest !
2. Now may the King de-scend, And fill His throne of grace ;
3. De-scend, ce-les-tial Dove, With all Thy quickening powers,



I hail thy kind re-turn, Lord, make these mo-ments blest.
Thy scep-ter, Lord, ex-tend, While saints ad-dress Thy face ;
Dis-close a Sa-vior's love, And bless the sa-cred hours,



From de-lights and mor-tal toys, I soar to reach im-
Let sin-ners feel Thy quickening word, And learn to know and
Then shall my soul new life ob-tain, Nor Sab-baths be en-



mor-tal joys, I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.
fear the Lord, And learn to know and fear the Lord.
joyed in vain, Nor Sab-baths be en-joyed in vain. A-men.
I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.
And learn to know and fear the Lord.
Nor Sabbaths be-en-joyed in vain.

EVENING.

18

ABIDE WITH ME.

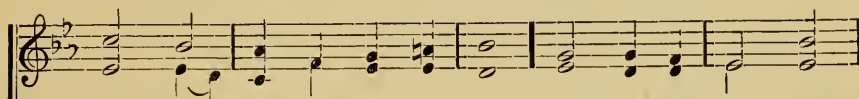
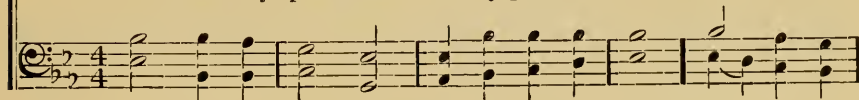
"Eventide." 10s.

REV. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, (1793—1847) 1847.

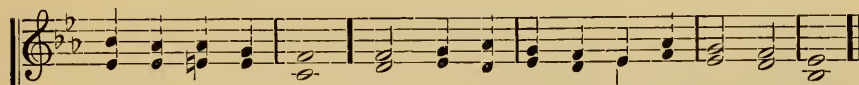
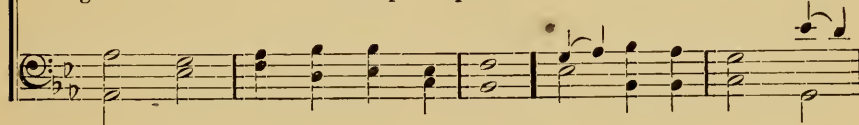
William Henry Monk, (1823—1889) 1861.



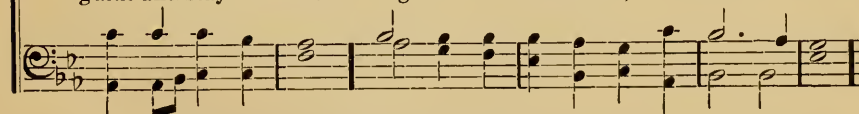
1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour, What but Thy



- deep - ens; Lord! with me a - bide; When oth - er help - ers
dim; its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempter's power? Who like Thy - self my



- fail and comforts flee, Help of the helpless! O a - bide with me!
all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not! a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, O a - bide with me!



- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee.
In life, in death, O Lord! abide with me!

SUN OF MY SOUL.

"Hursley." L. M.

REV. JOHN KEBLE, (1792—1866) 1820.

Franz Josef Haydn, (1732—1809) 1792.
Arr. by William Henry Monk, (1823—1889) 1861.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Savior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied eye-lids gently steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can-not live;

O may no earth-born cloud arise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought: how sweet to rest, For ev - er on my Sa-rior's breast.
Abide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die. *A-men.*

- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Have spurned to-day the voice divine, Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let Him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor With blessings from Thy boundless store,
6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

RESPONSE AFTER PRAYER.

"Castle Eden." 6s, 5s.

R. W. Dixon.

Hear us, Heavenly Fa - ther, While on Thee we call,

May Thy ben - e - dic - tion On our spir - its fall. *A - men.*

BIRTH OF JESUS CHRIST—CHRISTMAS.

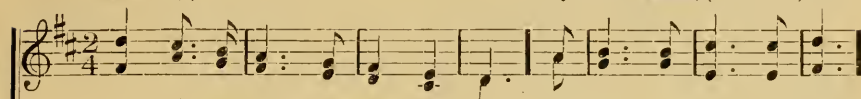
21

JOY TÔ THE WORLD, THE LORD IS COME!

"Antioch." C. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, (1674—1748) 1719,

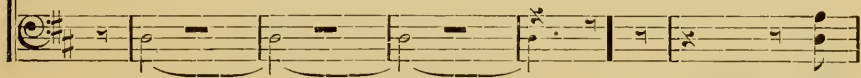
George Frederick Handel, (1685—1759)
Arr. by Lowell Mason, (1792—1872) 1836.



1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King,



Let ev - ery heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture



And



sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and nature sing.

sing,.....



heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love,

JOSEPH MOHR, (1792-1848) 1818.

Franz Gruber, (1787-1863) 1818.

1. Ho - ly night! peaceful night! All is dark save the light
 2. Ho - ly night! peaceful night! On - ly for shep-herd's sight
 3. Ho - ly night! peaceful night! Child of heaven, oh, how bright

Yon - der where they sweet vig - il keep O'er the Babe, who in
 Came blest vis - ions of an - gel-throngs With their loud al - le -
 Thou didst smile on us when Thou wast born! Blest in - deed was that

si - lent sleep, Rests in heav-en-ly peace, Rests in heav-en-ly peace,
 lu - ia songs, Say - ing "Je-sus is come," Say - ing, "Je-sus is come."
 hap-py morn, Full of heav-en-ly joy, Full of heav-en-ly joy.

H. AUBER, 1829.

"Glebe." 7s.

J. B. Dykes, (1823-1876).

1. Hail, all hail the joy - ful morn! Tell it forth from earth to heav'n,
 2. An - gels bend - ing from the sky, Chanted at the wondrous birth,
 3. Him prophet - ic strains pro-claim King of kings, the incarnate Word;
 4. Join we then our fee - ble lays, To the cho - rus of the sky;



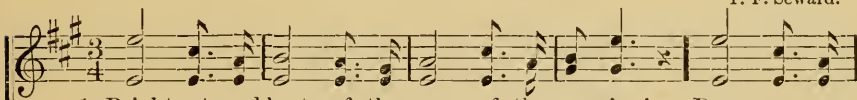
That "to us a child is born," That "to us a son is given."
 "Glo - ry be to God on high, Peace, good-will to man on earth."
 Great and wonderful His name, Prince of Peace, the mighty God,
 And, in songs of grate-ful praise, Glory give to God on high. A - men.



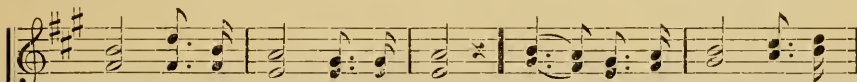
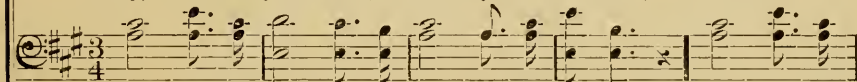
24

BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

T. F. Seward.



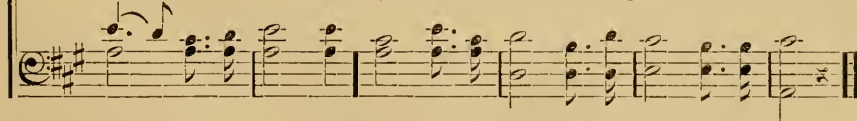
1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morning! Dawn on our
 2. Cold on His cra - dle the dew-drops are shining; Low lies His
 3. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of



dark-ness, and lend us Thine aid; Star of the East, the ho-
 head with the beasts of the stall: An - gels a - dore Him in
 E - dom, and off' - rings di - vine? Gems of the mountain, and



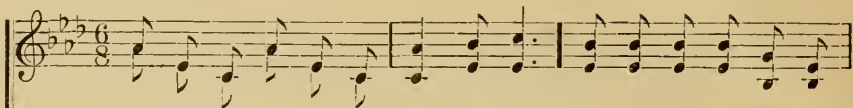
ri - zon a - dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Redeemer is laid.
 slum - ber re - clin-ing, Mak - er and Monarch, and Saviour of all!
 pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for-est, or gold from the mine?



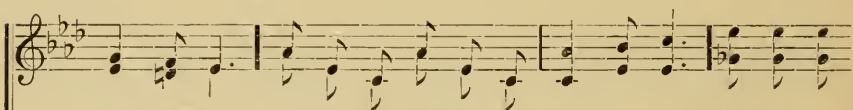
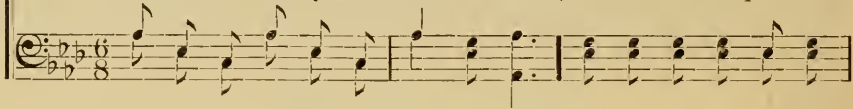
⁴ Vainly we offer each ample oblation; 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning
 Vainly with gifts would His favor secure; Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration; Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor. Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid,

JULIA H. JOHNSTON

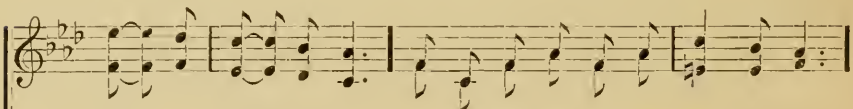
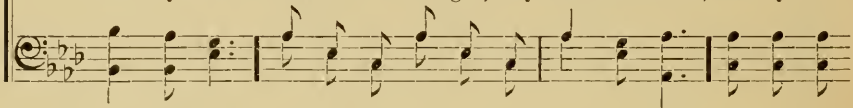
D. B. Towner.



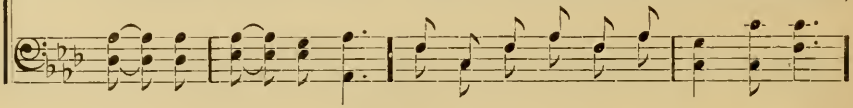
1. Un - der the beau - ti - ful Syr - ian sky, Keeping their flocks while the
2. "This," said the angel "shall be the sign: Laid in a man - ger, the
3. In - to the cit - y where Christ was born, Hastened the shepherds at



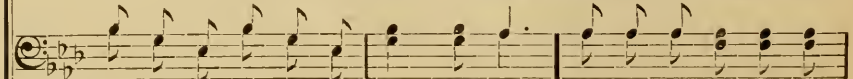
night went by, Shepherds were watching; when on their sight, Suddenly
babe di - vine, Ye in the cit - y may soon be - hold— Cit - y of
ear - ly morn: There in the manger, they saw the Child, Ho - ly and



burst a glorious light; Lo, from the heavens, an an - gel fair
David, the place foretold." Sud - den - ly then with the an - gel bright,
harmless and un - de - filed. Come! let us seek Him who came to earth;



Came with a message to meet them there; While they were trembling with
Mul - ti - tudes fair of the hosts of light, Has - ten their ju - bi - lant
Let us re - joice in His low - ly birth; Spread the good news of the



fear and dread, These were the words that the an - gel said:
 notes to raise, Join - ing their cho - rus of joy and praise.
 Saviour's love; Join the glad song of the hosts a - bove.

CHORUS.

"Ti - dings, good ti - dings of joy..... I bring.....
 "Tidings, good tidings, tidings, good tidings, Tidings of joy, good tidings I bring,

Christ is born, who is Lord and King; ".....
 Christ is born, Christ is born who is Lord, who is Lord and King;"

This was the an - - gel's won - der - ful song;.....
 This was the song, this was the song, This was the angel's wonderful song;

Sing it a - gain, and the notes pro - long.
 Sing it a - gain, sing it again, and the wonderful notes pro - long.

JESUS CHRIST—LIFE AND DEATH.

26

MEMORIES OF GALILEE.

ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D.

H. R. Palmer.

1. Each cooing dove..... and sighing bough,..... That makes the
 2. Each flowing glen..... and mossy dell,..... Where happy
 3. And when I read,..... the thrilling love..... Of Him who

Each cooing dove, and sighing bough,
 Each flowing glen and mos - sy dell,
 And when I read the thrilling love

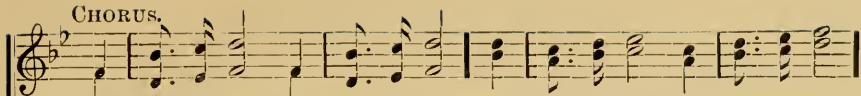
eve,..... so blest to me,..... Has something far..... di - vi-ner
 birds..... in song a-gree,..... Thro' sunny morn..... the praises
 walk'd..... up-on the sea,..... I long, oh, how..... I long once

That makes the eve so blest to me, Has something far
 Where happy birds in song agree, Thro' sunny morn
 Of Him who walk'd up-on the sea, I long, oh, how

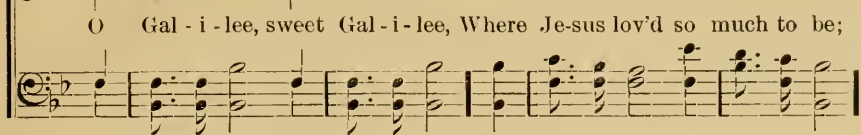

now,..... It bears me back..... to Gal - i - lee.....
 tell..... Of sights and sounds..... in Gal - i - lee.....
 more..... To fol-low Him..... in Gal - i - lee.....

di-vi-ner now, It bears me back to Gal - i - lee.
 the praises tell, Of sights and sounds in Gal - i - lee.
 I long once more To follow Him in Gal - i - lee.

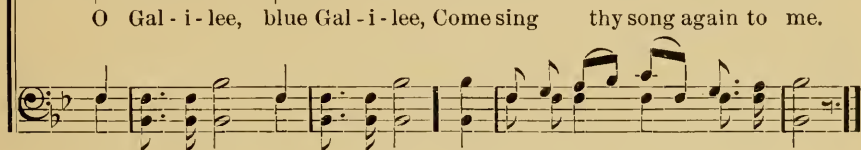
CHORUS.



O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee, Where Je - sus lov'd so much to be;

O Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i - lee, Come sing thy song again to me.



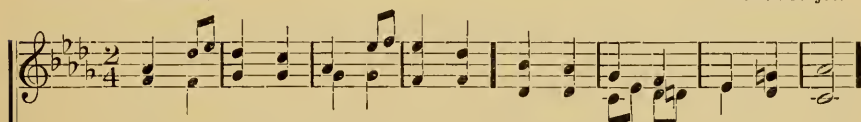
27

THERE'S A WIDENESS.

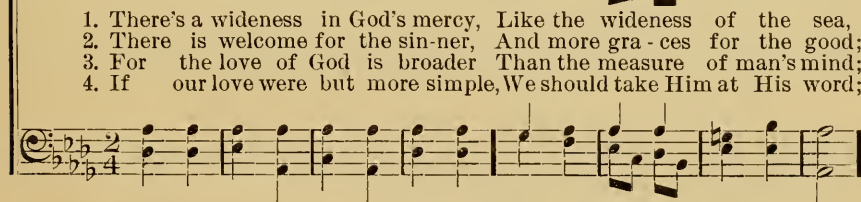
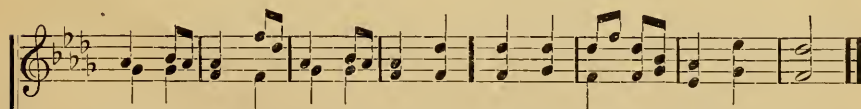
FREDERICK W. FABER.

"Wellesley." 8s. & 7s.

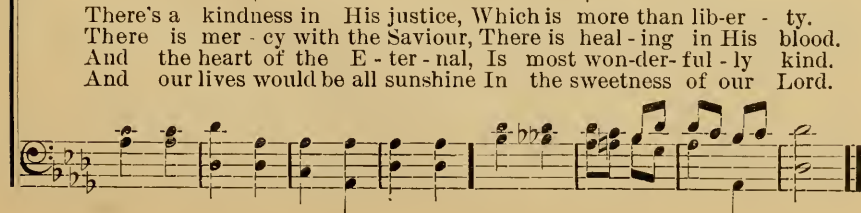
Lizzie S. Tourjee.



1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea,
2. There is welcome for the sin-ner, And more gra - ces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more simple, We should take Him at His word;

There's a kindness in His justice, Which is more than lib-er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Saviour, There is heal - ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal, Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord.



E. E. HEWITT.

W. A. Post.

With joy.

1. O hap - py Boy of Gal - i - lee! Thy childhood home, we gladly see,
 2. O lov - ing Boy of Gal - i - lee, With tender hearts, we sing of Thee!
 3. O - bedient Boy of Gal - i - lee, Let Thy sweet life our pattern be;
 4. O truthful Boy of Gal - i - lee, Make us sincere, more, more like Thee;

Where Thou didst love the birds and flow'rs, And scatter joy thro' all the hours.
 And may we learn, in these bright days, Thy gentle words, Thy kindly ways.
 The heav'nly King would we obey, Our parents hon - or day by day.
 Help us, as on - ward still we go, Make us in grace and wisdom grow.

* REFRAIN. *Unison.*

Dear Child of Naz - a - reth, won - der - ful Child! Gen - tle and

truth - ful, lov - ing and mild; O may we fol - low

Thy steps of love Till we shall see Thee in heav'n a - bove.

* Melody in lower notes first six measures.

REV. WILLIAM H. SHULTS, (1855—) 1897.

Rev. William H. Shults, (1855—) 1897.

1. Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, Thou art all in all;
 2. Be our strength and Help - er, Our sup - port and stay;
 3. Thou hast made at - one - ment With Thy pre - cious blood;

Fount of life and com - fort, Thou dost make us whole;
 May we nev - er fal - ter On our pil - grim way;
 Now ap - ply the heal - ing, Of that crim - son flood;

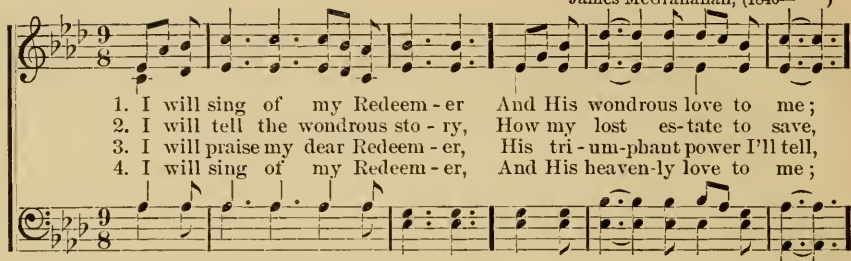
Take us soul and bod - y, In - to care di - vine;
 Lone and long the path - way, And the jour - ney be,
 Then our hope shall an - chor, On the Rock se - cure;

Watch and keep us safe - ly From the snares of sin.
 We shall nev - er stum - ble, While we fol - low Thee.
 Then shall faith have vis - ion, Fail - ing nev - er - more.

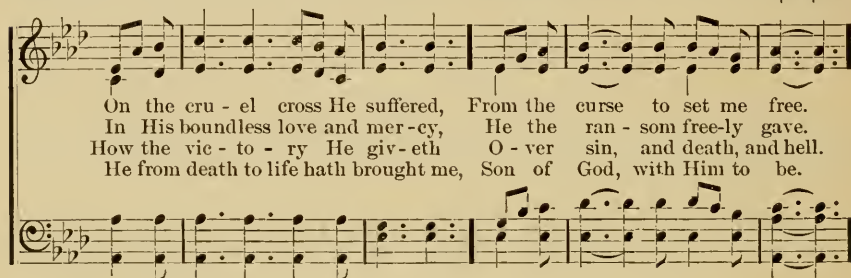
I WILL SING OF MY REDEEMER.

"My Redeemer."

James McGranahan, (1840—)

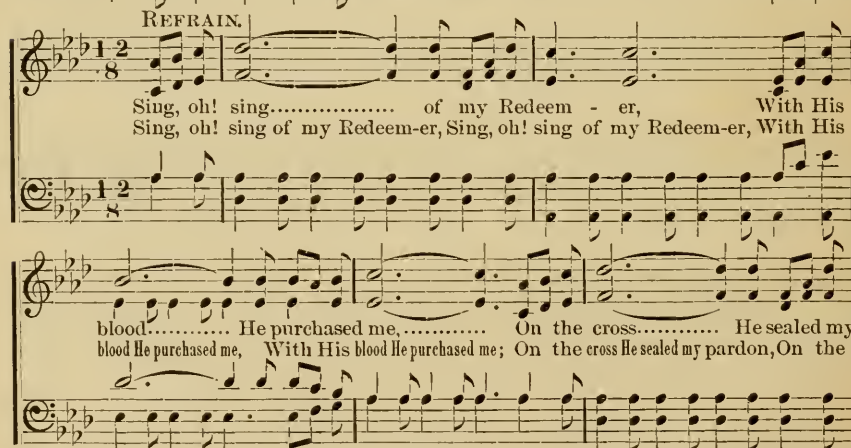


1. I will sing of my Redeem - er And His wondrous love to me;
 2. I will tell the wondrous sto - ry, How my lost es - tate to save,
 3. I will praise my dear Redeem - er, His tri - um - phant power I'll tell,
 4. I will sing of my Redeem - er, And His heaven - ly love to me;



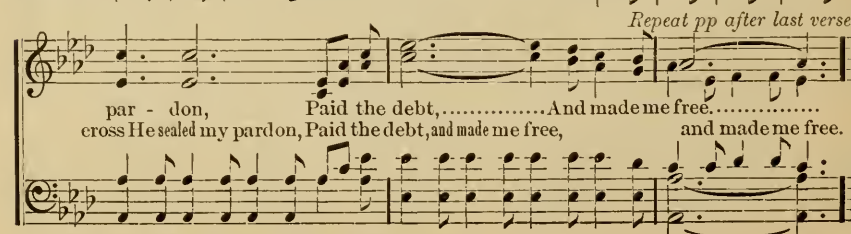
On the cru - el cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free.
 In His boundless love and mer - cy, He the ran - som free - ly gave.
 How the vic - to - ry He giv - eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.
 He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God, with Him to be.

REFRAIN.



Sing, oh! sing..... of my Redeem - er, With His
 Sing, oh! sing of my Redeem - er, Sing, oh! sing of my Redeem - er, With His
 blood..... He purchased me,..... On the cross..... He sealed my
 blood He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me; On the cross He sealed my pardon, On the

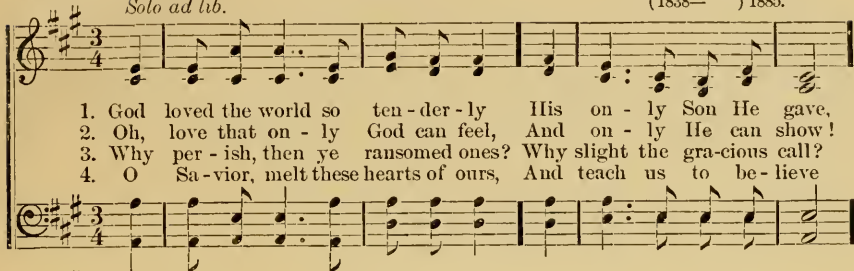
Repeat pp after last verse.



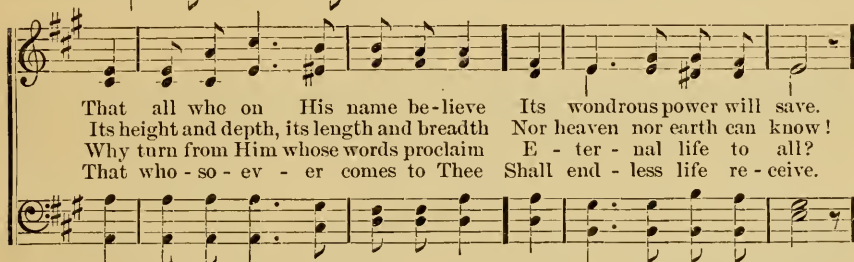
par - don, Paid the debt,..... And made me free.....
 cross He sealed my pardon, Paid the debt, and made me free, and made me free.

MRS. FANNY JANE (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE, (1823—)
Solo ad lib.

William James Kirkpatrick,
 (1838—) 1885.

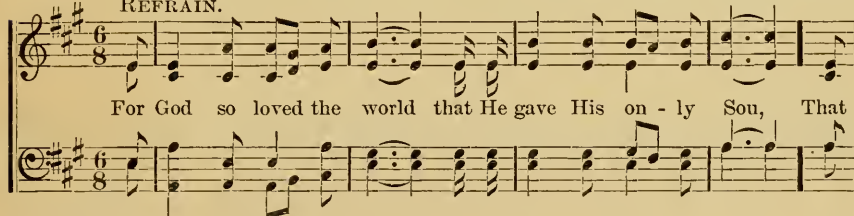


1. God loved the world so ten-der-ly His on-ly Son He gave,
 2. Oh, love that on-ly God can feel, And on-ly He can show!
 3. Why per-ish, then ye ransomed ones? Why slight the gra-cious call?
 4. O Sa-vior, melt these hearts of ours, And teach us to be-lieve

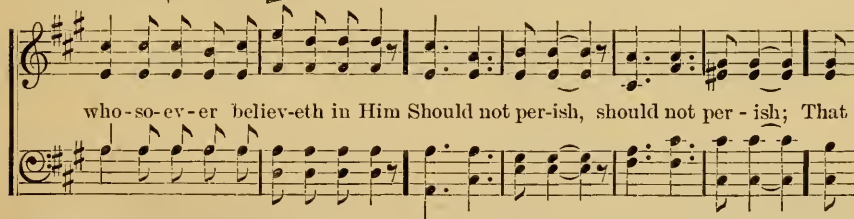


That all who on His name be-lieve Its wondrous power will save.
 Its height and depth, its length and breadth Nor heaven nor earth can know!
 Why turn from Him whose words proclaim E-ter-nal life to all?
 That who-so-ev-er comes to Thee Shall end-less life re-ceive.

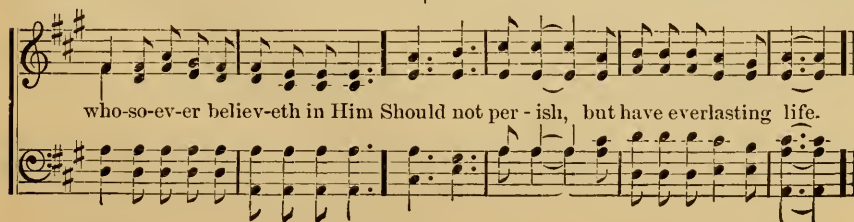
REFRAIN.



For God so loved the world that He gave His on-ly Son, That



who-so-ev-er believ-eth in Him Should not per-ish, should not per-ish; That



who-so-ev-er believ-eth in Him Should not per-ish, but have everlasting life.

JESUS, TENDER SAVIOUR.

"Luella." 11s.

H. N. Whitney.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Sa - vior, hast Thou died for me?
 2. Now I know Thou lov - est and dost plead for me,

Make me ver - y thank - ful in my heart to Thee.
 Make me ver - v thank - ful in my prayers to Thee.

When the sad, sad sto - ry of Thy grief I read,
 Soon I hope in glo - ry at Thy side to stand;

Make me ver - y sor - ry for my sins in - deed.
 Make me fit to meet Thee in that hap - py land. A - men.

THE SHEPHERD.—GUIDANCE.

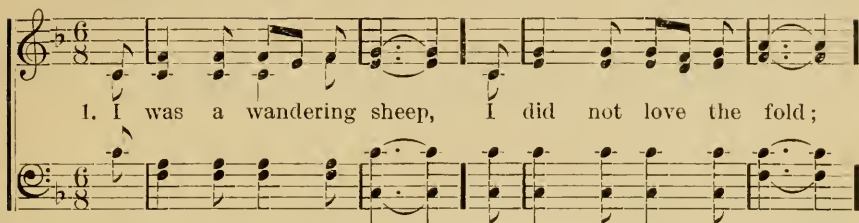
33

I WAS A WANDERING SHEEP.

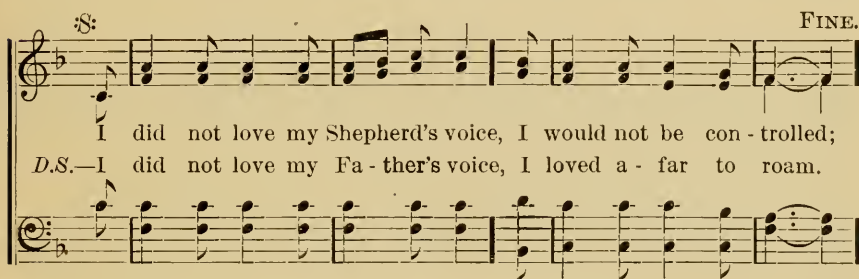
"Lebanon." S. M. D.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1844.

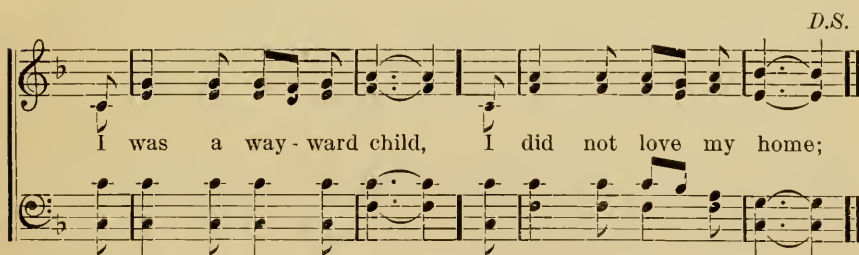
John Zundel, 1855.



1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold;



I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - trolled;
D.S.—I did not love my Fa - ther's voice, I loved a - far to roam.



I was a way - ward child, I did not love my home;

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
 The Father sought His child,
 They followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild:
 They found me nigh to death,
 Famished, and faint, and lone;
 They bound me with the bands of love,
 They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
 'Twas He that loved my soul,
 'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
 'Twas He that made me whole;

'Twas He that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep,
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
 I would not be controlled;
 But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
 I love, I love the fold:
 I was a wayward child;
 I once preferred to roam;
 But now I love my Father's voice,
 I love, I love His home.

Mrs. M. A. WHITAKER.

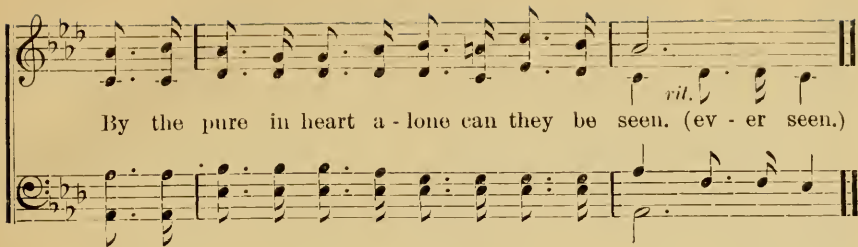
Geo. F. Root.

1. { In the heav'nly pastures fair, 'Neath the tender Shepherd's care, Let us
 { Calm-ly there in peace recline, Drinking in the truth divine, As His
 2. { Far from all the noise and strife That dis-turb our dai-ly life, Let us
 { Then the sound of His dear voice Will our waiting souls rejoice, As He
 3. { O how good and true and kind, Seeking His stray sheep to find, If they
 { Ev-er close-ly may we tread Where His ho-ly feet have led, So at

rest be-side the liv-ing stream to-day; }
 lov-ing call we now with (*Omit.*) } joy o-bey.
 pause a-while in si-lence and a-dore; } with joy o-bey.
 nam-eth us His own for- (*Omit.*) } ev-er-more.
 wan-der in-to dan-ger from His side; } for-ev-er-more.
 last with Him in heav'n we (*Omit.*) } may a-bide.
 we may abide.

CHORUS.

Glorious stream of life e-ter-nal, Beauteous fields of living green,
 living green,
 Though revealed with-in the word Of our Shepherd and our Lord,



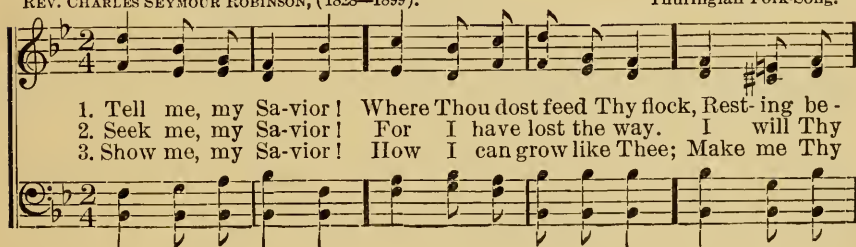
By the pure in heart a-lone can they be seen. (ev - er seen.)

35

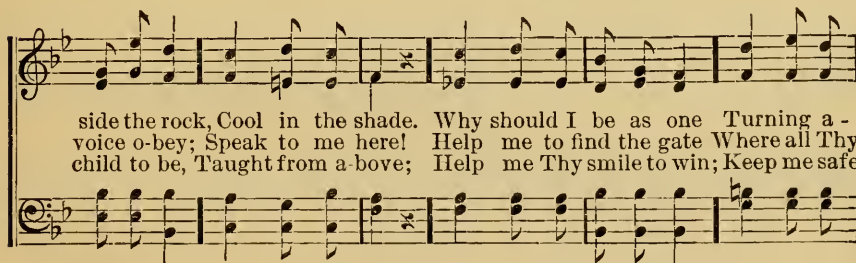
• TELL ME, MY SAVIOUR.
"Lynde."

REV. CHARLES SEYMOUR ROBINSON, (1828—1899).

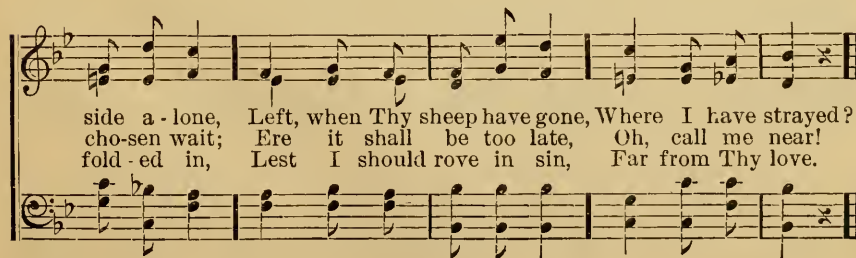
Thuringian Folk-Song.



1. Tell me, my Sa-rior! Where Thou dost feed Thy flock, Rest-ing be -
2. Seek me, my Sa-rior! For I have lost the way. I will Thy
3. Show me, my Sa-rior! How I can grow like Thee; Make me Thy



side the rock, Cool in the shade. Why should I be as one Turning a -
voice o-bey; Speak to me here! Help me to find the gate Where all Thy
child to be, Taught from a-bove; Help me Thy smile to win; Keep me safe



side a-lone, Left, when Thy sheep have gone, Where I have strayed?
cho-sen wait; Ere it shall be too late, Oh, call me near!
fold-ed in, Lest I should rove in sin, Far from Thy love.

SAVIOUR, LEAD ME, LEST I STRAY.

FRANK M. DAVIS, (1839—1897) 1882.

Frank M. Davis, (1839—1897) 1882.

1. Sa - vior, lead me, lest I stray,
 2. Thou, the ref - uge of my soul,
 3. Sa - vior, lead me, then at last,
 Sa - vior, lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly

Gent - ly lead me all the
 When life's stormy bil - lows
 When the storm of life is

way;
 roll,
 past,
 lead me all the way;
 I am safe when by Thy side,
 I am safe when Thou art nigh,
 To the land of end - less day,
 I am safe when by Thy side,

REFRAIN.

I would in Thy love a - bide.
 All my hopes on Thee re - ly.
 Where all tears are wiped a - way.
 I would in Thy love abide.

Lead me, lead me,

Sa - vior, lead me, lest I stray;..... Gent - ly down the stream of
 lest I stray;

time, (stream of time,) Lead me, Sa - vior, all the way, all the way.

THE RESURRECTION—EASTER.

CHRIST AROSE!

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, (1826—1899).

Rev. Robert Lowry, (1826—1899) 1874.

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je- sus my Sa- vior! Wait- ing the com- ing day—
 2. Vain- ly they watch His bed— Je- sus my Sa- vior! Vain- ly they seal the dead—
 3. Death can- not keep His prey— Je- sus my Sa- vior! He tore the bars a- way—

REFRAIN. *Faster.*

Je- sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a- rose, He a- rose, With a

might- y triumph o'er His foes; He a- rose! He a- rose a Vic- tor from the

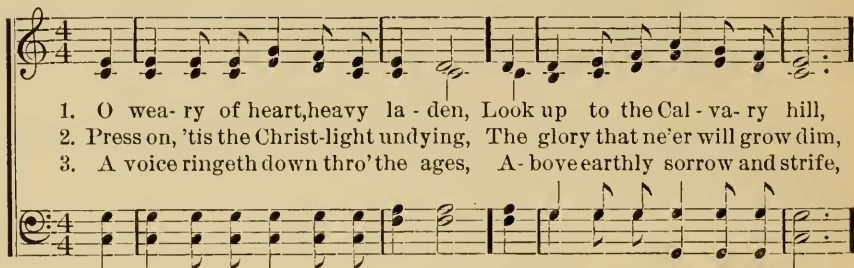
dark do- main, And He lives for ev- er with His saints to reign. He a-

rose! He a- rose! Hal- le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
 He a- rose! He a- rose!

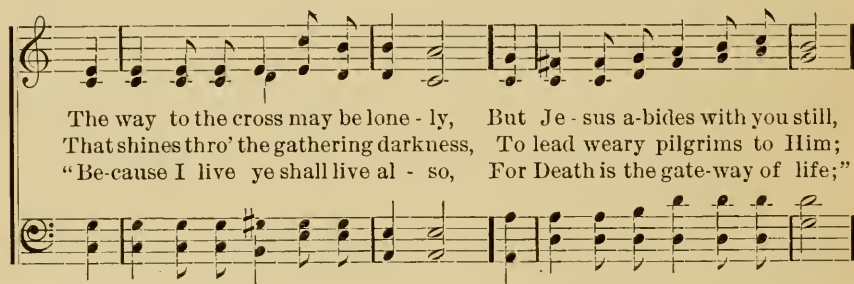
Adam Geibel.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

Melody of Refrain, Paul Rodney's "Calvary."

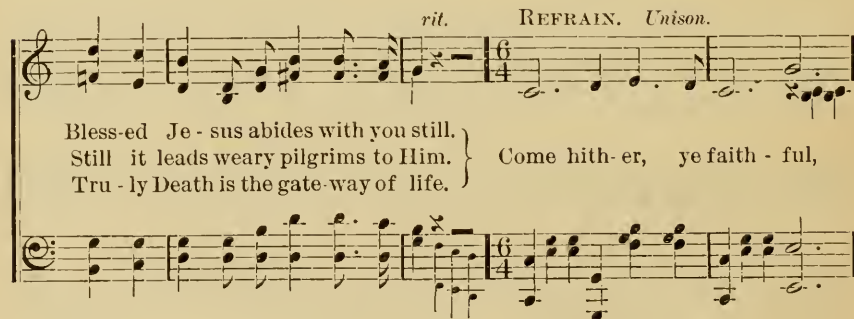


1. O wea-ry of heart, heavy la-den, Look up to the Cal-vary hill,
 2. Press on, 'tis the Christ-light undying, The glory that ne'er will grow dim,
 3. A voice ringeth down thro' the ages, A-bove earthly sorrow and strife,

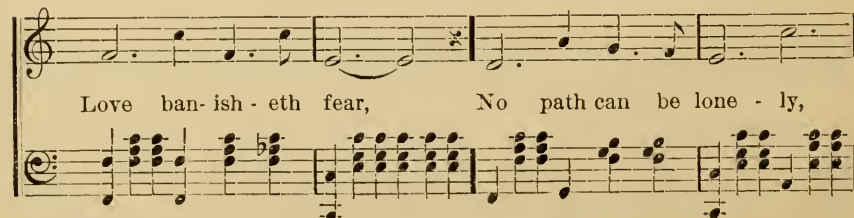


The way to the cross may be lone-ly, But Je-sus a-bides with you still,
 That shines thro' the gathering darkness, To lead weary pilgrims to Him;
 "Be-cause I live ye shall live al-so, For Death is the gate-way of life;"

rit. REFRAIN. *Unison.*



Bless-ed Je-sus abides with you still.
 Still it leads weary pilgrims to Him. } Come hith-er, ye faith-ful,
 Tru-ly Death is the gate-way of life. }



Love ban-ish-eth fear, No path can be lone-ly,

With Je - sus so near;..... Come, come with re - joic - ing,

Hail our ris - en King; Life and light for - ev - er, Life and light for -

ev - er, Life and light for - ev - er, Christ to us doth bring.

ercs. *mf* *Harmony. f rit.*

39

RISE, THE RISEN SAVIOUR SAITH!

"Alnwick," 7s. & 5s.

Moderato.

1. Rise, the ris - en Sav - iour saith! Rise to high - er things;
 2. Bro - ken down thy pris - on walls; Sit no more for - lorn;
 3. Therefore sing thy glad new song, Live as chil - dren free;

Draw a - new thy quicken'd breath, Used Thy new made wings!

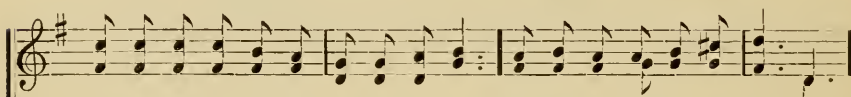
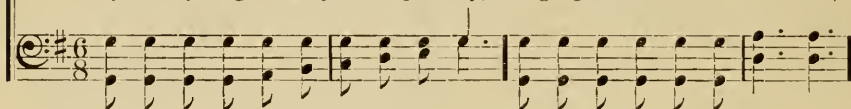
Ev - 'ry chain and hindrance falls On glad Eas - ter Morn.
 Raise with voices loud and strong Shouts of Ju - bi - lee! A - men.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

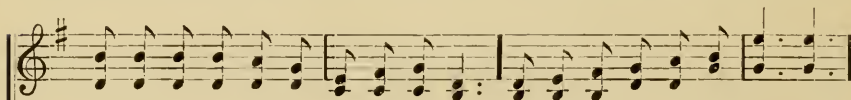
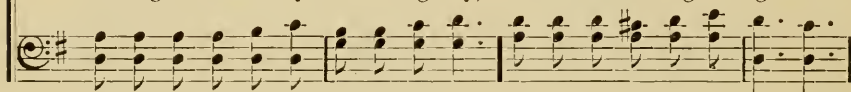
C. Austin Miles.



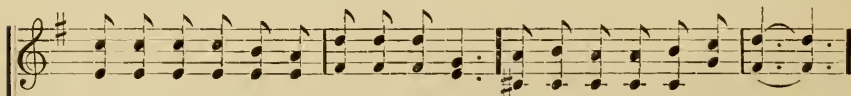
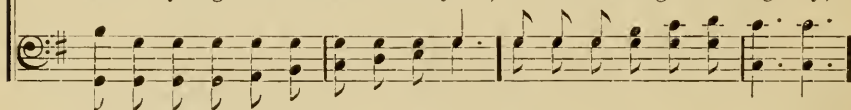
1. Chime again, chime again, beautiful bells, Drive a way sor-row and sad-ness,
2. Sweet is the sound of the beauti-ful bells, Thrilling each soul with the story,
3. Joy-ful-ly ring as the years slip a-way, Bringing the welcome rest near-er;



Tell of the glo-ri-ous sunlight of love, Filling the world with its gladness.
 Giv-ing to all of His light and His love, Dwelling with Jesus in glo-ry.
 Cheering with melo-dy all the long way, Christ and His love growing dearer.



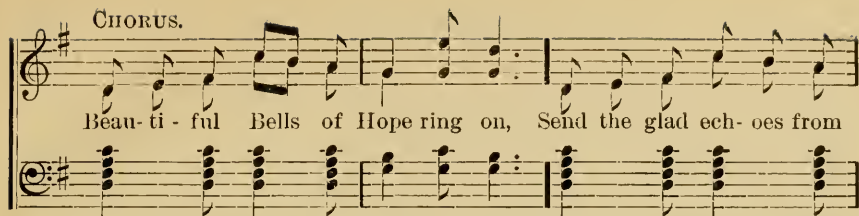
Joy-ful-ly, joyfully, sweet Bells of Hope, Down from the hilltops are bringing,
 Ring, till our souls borne on pinions of love, Up to the mer-cy-seat soar-ing,
 Mer-ri-ly ring till each heart shall rejoice, Bathed in the light of His glo-ry;



Comfort and strength for the weary of heart, Blessing the earth with your song.
 Ech-o the prais-es the an-gels of light Sing, in the E-den a-bove.
 Looking by faith thro' the earth mist of tears, Up to the ra-di-ant skies.



CHORUS.



Beau-ti-ful Bells of Hope ring on, Send the glad ech-oes from



shore to shore, Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, cheer-i-ly, cheer-i-ly,
Ring on, ring on,



Ring with me-lo-di-ous chime, Ring out a hymn of praise.

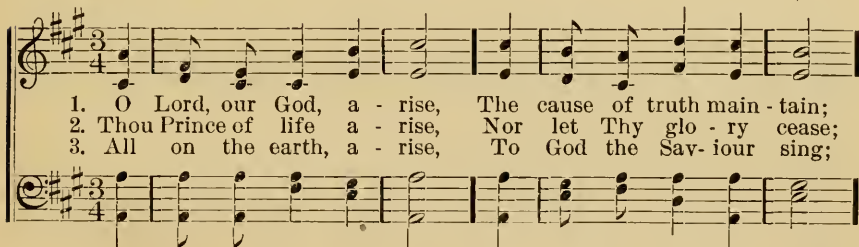
41

O LORD, OUR GOD, ARISE.

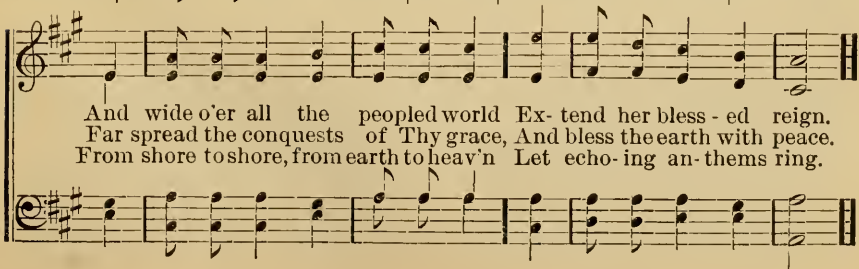
"Lisbon." S. M.

RALPH WARDLAW, 1803.

Daniel Read, 1785.



1. O Lord, our God, a - rise, The cause of truth main-tain;
2. Thou Prince of life a - rise, Nor let Thy glo - ry cease;
3. All on the earth, a - rise, To God the Sav-iour sing;



And wide o'er all the peopled world Ex-tend her bless-ed reign.
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace, And bless the earth with peace.
From shore to shore, from earth to heav'n Let echo-ing an-thems ring.

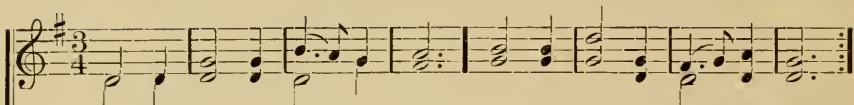
HOLY SPIRIT.

42

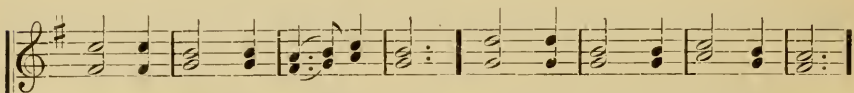
HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

"Guide." 7s. D.

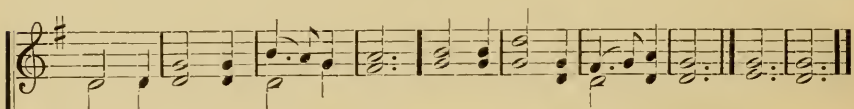
M. M. Wells.



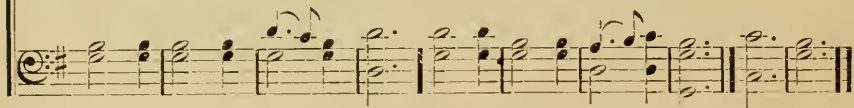
1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side; }
 { Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land; }



Wea - ry souls for e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,



Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come, Follow Me, I'll guide thee home." A-men.



- 2 Ever present, truest Friend,
 Ever near Thine aid to lend,
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 Groping on in darkness drear.
 When the storms are raging sore,
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come,
 Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."

- 3 When our days of toil shall cease,
 Waiting still for sweet release,
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
 Wondering if our names were there;
 Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Pleading nought but Jesus' blood,
 Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come,
 Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."

REV. ELLWOOD H. STOKES, (1815—1895) 1879.

John R. Sweney, (1838—1899) 1879.

1. Hover o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
 2. Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spirit, Though I can - not tell Thee how;
 3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
 4. Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;

Fill me with Thy hallowed presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
 But I need Thee, greatly need Thee, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
 Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with power, and fill me now.
 Thou art com - fort - ing and sa - ving, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

REFRAIN.


Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come, and fill me now;

Fill me with Thy hallowed pres-ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.

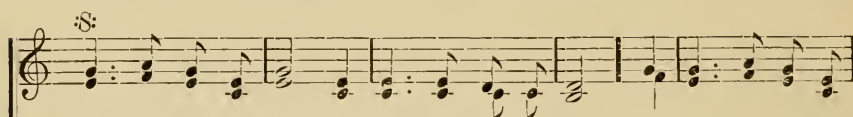
THE COMFORTER HAS COME!

REV. F. BOTTOME.

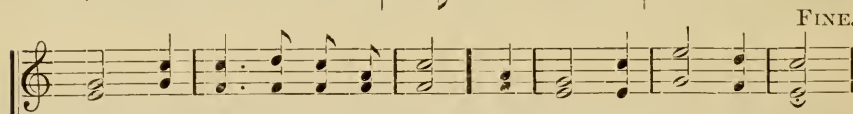
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. Oh, spread the ti-dings round, where-ev - er man is found, Wher -
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
 3. Be - hold, the King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
 4. O bound-less Love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
 5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly a - bove the vault-ed sky, And




ev - er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes a-bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
 hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
 ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv'rance brings; And thro the vacant
 wonder'ing mor-tals tell the matchless grace di-vine—That I, a child of
 all the saints a-bove to all be-low re-ply, In strains of end-less
D.S.—Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the tidings



FINE.

tongue pro-claim the joy-ful sound; The Com-fort-er has come!
 hills the day ad-van-ces fast! The Com-fort-er has come!
 cells the song of triumph rings! The Com-fort-er has come!
 sin, should in His im-age shine! The Com-fort-er has come!
 love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com-fort-er has come!
 round, Wher-ev - er man is found—The Com-fort-er has come!



CHORUS. *D.S.*

The Com - fort-er has come, The Com - fort-er has come! The

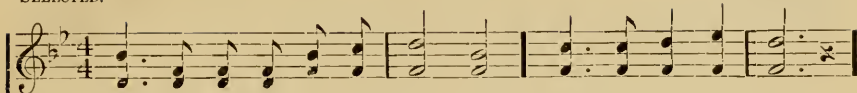
INVITATION.

45

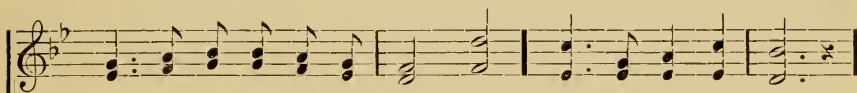
DRINK, AND YE SHALL LIVE.

SELECTED.

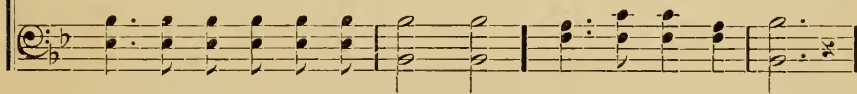
J. H. Kurzenknabe.



1. Ho, ye thirst-y, Je-sus calls you, He will free-ly give;
2. Where-fore do ye spend your mon-ey, Where there is no bread?
3. O what ten-der love and pit-y, Je-sus calls to-day;



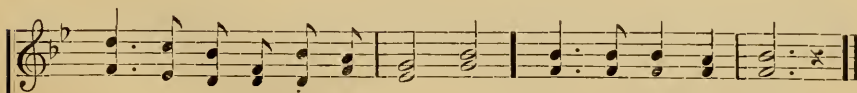
Wine and milk, and full sal - va - tion, Come to Him and live.
On - ly by the lov - ing Sav - iour, Dy - ing souls are fed.
Will ye scorn the voice of mer - cy, Shall He go a - way?



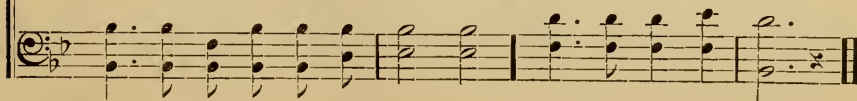
REFRAIN.



Who - so - ev - er will, may take it, He will free - ly give,



With - out price, and without mon - ey; Drink, and ye shall live.



E. E. HEWITT.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

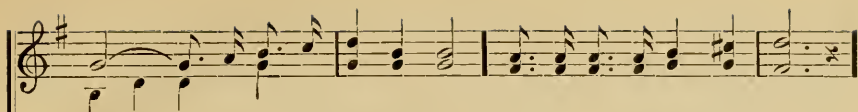
1. Hark, 'tis the Mas - ter! He's calling you to - day, Fol - low where His
 2. New fields of bless - ing will o - pen to your view, Fol - low where His
 3. What tho' temp - ta - tions may beck - on you a - side? Fol - low where His

voice is guid - ing; Look for His foot - prints a - long the heav'nward way,
 voice is guid - ing; Seek - ing His Spir - it, your dai - ly strength re - new,
 voice is guid - ing; Un - der His ban - ner in loy - al - ty a - bide,

Fol - low where His voice is guid - ing. He..... who lives for -
 Fol - low where His voice is guid - ing. Press - - ing on - ward,
 Fol - low where His voice is guid - ing. Though..... the way seem

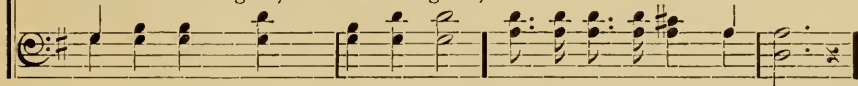
1. He who lives for -

ev - er - more, Trod..... this earth - ly path be - fore,
 glad and free, Sweet - - er will His serv - ice be,
 hard and long, Faith..... will sing her cheer - y song;
 ev - er - more, Trod this earth - ly path be - fore,

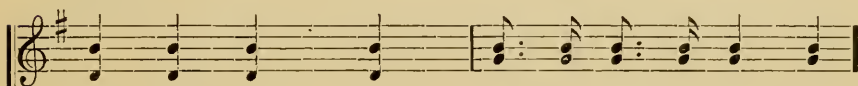


Knows..... its dangers, knows its grief, He will send your soul re - lief.
Rich - - er His re - wards of love, Foretastes of the feast a - bove.
Soon..... we'll lay the burdens down, Then the palm, the harp, the crown.

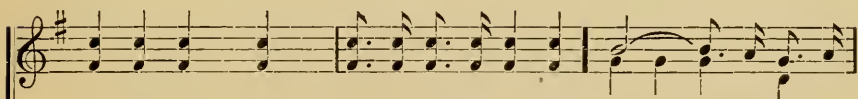
Knows its dan - gers, knows its grief,



CHORUS.



Fol - low, fol - low where His voice is guid - ing,
Fol - - low where His voice is guid - ing,



Follow, fol - low where His voice is guiding, Fol - - low where His
Fol - - low where His voice is guiding, Fol - low where His



voice is guid - ing, Fol - low, fol - low, fol - low on.

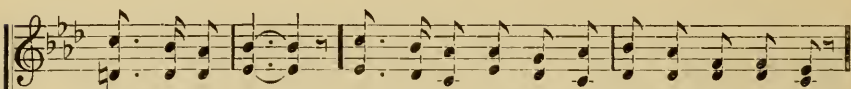
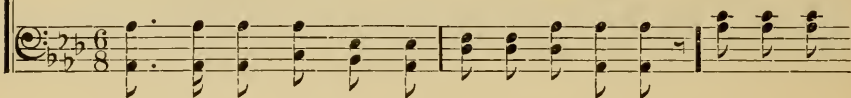


WILL L. THOMPSON, (1849—) 1880.

Will L. Thompson, (1849—) 1880.



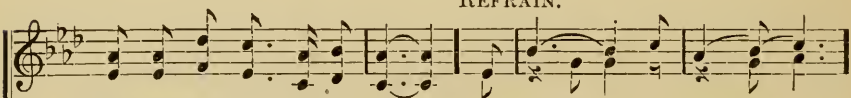
1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing for
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is pleading, Pleading for
3. O for the won - der - ful love He has promised, Promised for



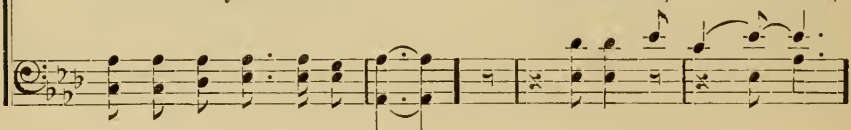
you and for me; See! at the por-tals He's waiting and watching,
 you and for me? Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,
 you and for me; Though we have sinned He has mercy and par-don,



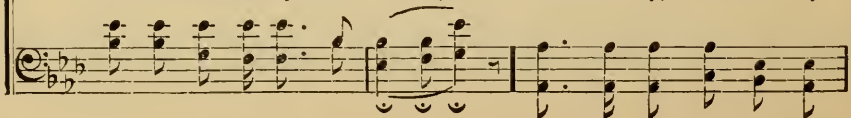
REFRAIN.



Watching for you and for me. } Come home,... Come home,.....
 Mer-cies for you and for me? }
 Par-don for you and for me. } Come home, Come home,



Ye who are wear-y come home; Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly



Je - sus is call - ing, Calling, "O sin - ner come home!" A - men.

By per. Will L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Thompson Music Co. Chicago, Ill.

48

COME, HEAVY-LADEN ONE.

Wm. B. BRADBURY.

1. Come, heav - y - la - den one, Sigh - ing for rest; Come, as a
 2. Come like the prod - i - gal: He will re - ceive, He will for -
 3. Lin - ger not, lin - ger not; Haste while 'tis day: Come, ere the
 CHO.—Hark: 'tis Thy Saviour's voice, Call - ing to Thee, "Come, heav - y -

FINE.

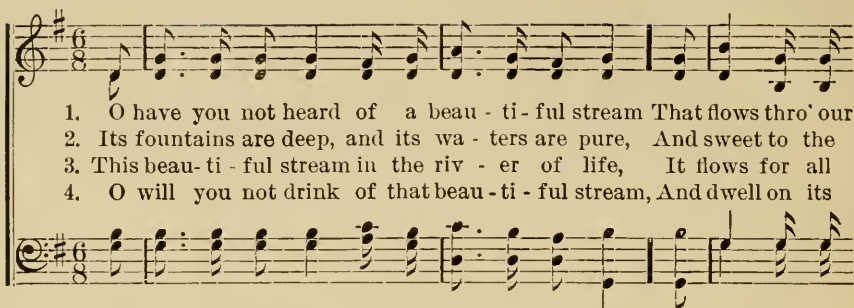
wea - ry bird Flies to her nest: "Now" the ac - cept - ed time,
 give thee all; On - ly be - lieve. Joy to the mourn - ing heart
 shades of night Close on Thy way. Life is a fleet - ing dream;
 la - den one, Come un - to Me."

D. C. Chorus.

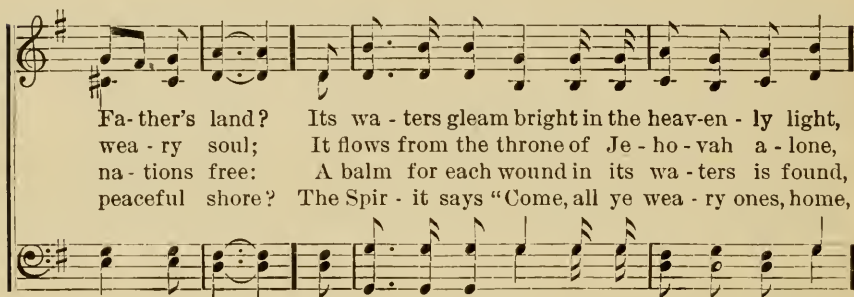
"Now" is the day; Come to the mer - cy - seat—Why wilt Thou stay?
 He will re - store; Turn from the path of sin, Wan - der no more.
 Soon 'twill be o'er; Turn from its fad - ing joys, Wan - der no more.

J. MONTGOMERY.

J. C. Englebrecht, alt.

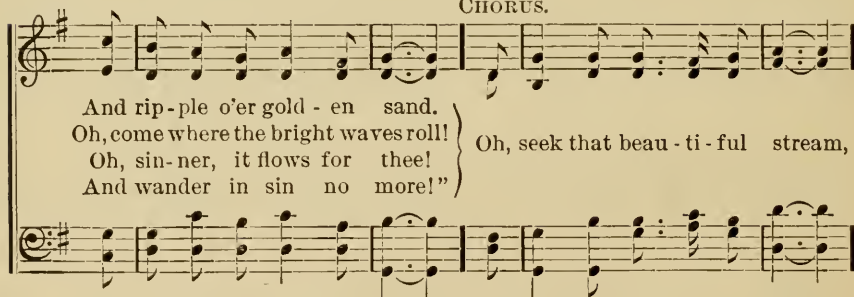


1. O have you not heard of a beau - ti - ful stream That flows thro' our
 2. Its fountains are deep, and its wa - ters are pure, And sweet to the
 3. This beau - ti - ful stream in the riv - er of life, It flows for all
 4. O will you not drink of that beau - ti - ful stream, And dwell on its

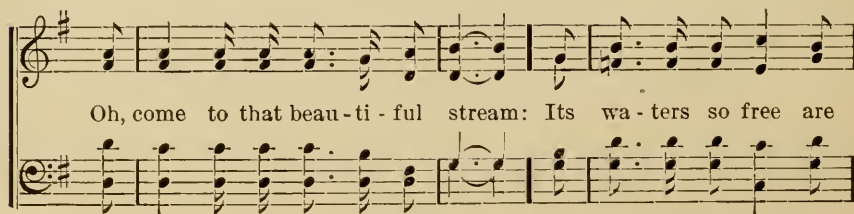


Fa - ther's land? Its wa - ters gleam bright in the heav - en - ly light,
 wea - ry soul; It flows from the throne of Je - ho - vah a - lone,
 na - tions free: A balm for each wound in its wa - ters is found,
 peaceful shore? The Spir - it says "Come, all ye wea - ry ones, home,

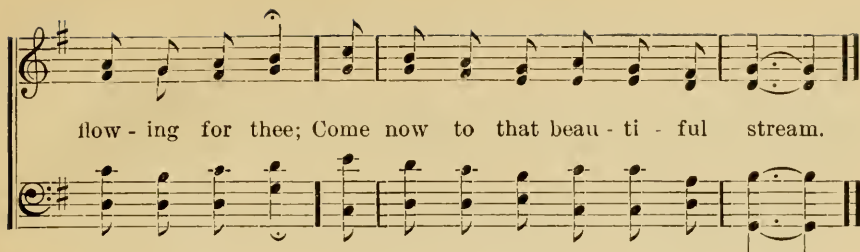
CHORUS.



And rip - ple o'er gold - en sand.
 Oh, come where the bright waves roll! } Oh, seek that beau - ti - ful stream,
 Oh, sin - ner, it flows for thee!
 And wander in sin no more!" }



Oh, come to that beau - ti - ful stream: Its wa - ters so free are



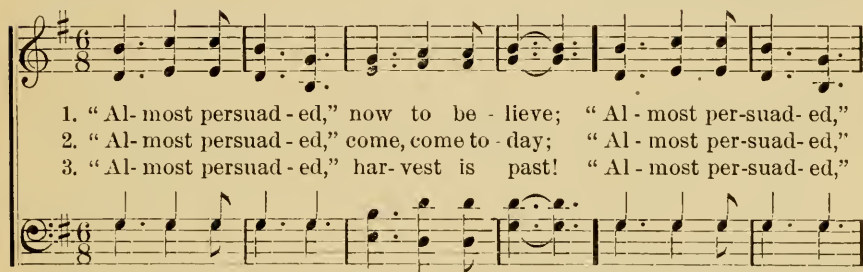
flow - ing for thee; Come now to that beau - ti - ful stream.

50

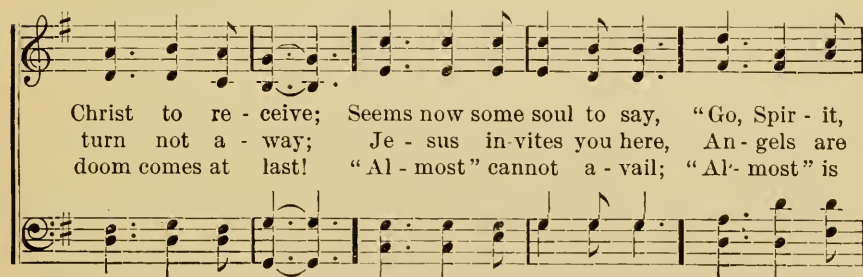
ALMOST PERSUADED.

P. P. BLISS.

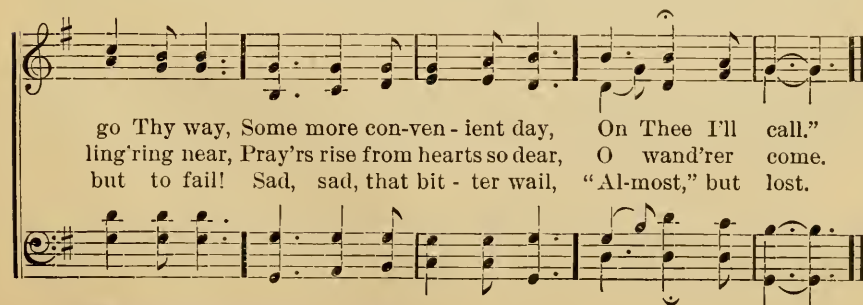
P. P. Bliss.



1. "Al-most persuad-ed," now to be - lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
2. "Al-most persuad-ed," come, come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
3. "Al-most persuad-ed," har-vest is past! "Al-most per-suad-ed,"



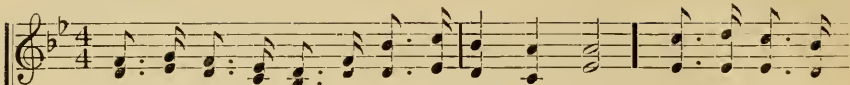
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
 turn not a - way; Je - sus in-vites you here, An - gels are
 doom comes at last! "Al-most" cannot a - vail; "Al-most" is



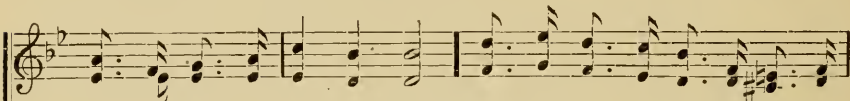
go Thy way, Some more con-ven - ient day, On Thee I'll call."
 ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear, O wand'rer come.
 but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail, "Al-most," but lost.

JULIA H. JOHNSON.

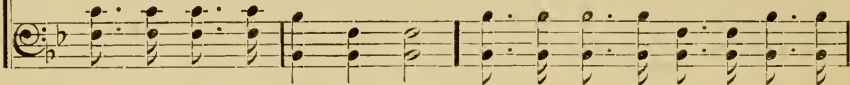
D. B. Towner.



1. Come, for all is read - y, and the feast is spread, Come, for Je - sus
2. Gos - pel bells are ringing, hear the ech - o sweet, Call - ing in the
3. Welcome, ev - er welcome to the feast of love, Who - so - ev - er
4. You who know how precious is His grace so free, Take the gift of

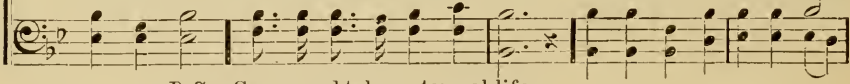


of - fers you the liv - ing Bread. Hear His in - vi - ta - tion 'mid the
wand'ring to the Sav - iour's feet. Heed the ten - der message, seek the
will, may see His face a - bove. Hark, with hal - le - lu - jahs, how the
life yet more a - bund - ant - ly. Spread the in - vi - ta - tion, there is



FINE. CHORUS.

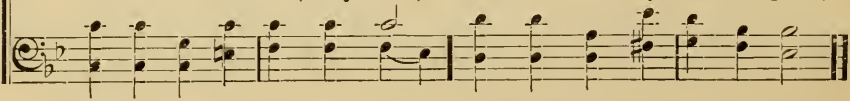
toil and strife, Come, and take the gift of life. } Hear..... the word,
great re - ward, Hear the voice of Christ your Lord. }
high courts ring, Come, and crown the Saviour King. }
room for all, Sound abroad the lov - ing call. } Hear the word of God's own Son,



D.S.—Come, and take e - ter - nal life.



All..... may come, With - - out price,.....
Who - so - ev - er will, may come, With - out mon - ey, with - out price,

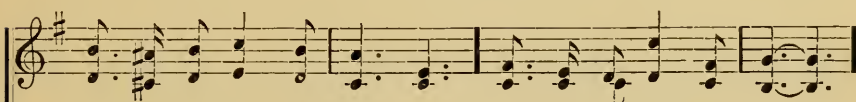


MISS ELIZA E. HEWITT.

Daniel B. Towner, (1853—) 1899.



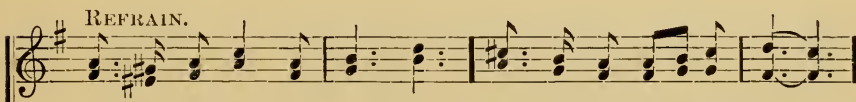
1. Gath - er the fair - est rose - buds, Spark - ling with morning dew ;
 2. Out in the gold - en sun - shine, Out in the shad - ows dim,
 3. Tell them the dear old sto - ry, Won - der - ful words of love ;
 4. Gath - er the lit - tle chil - dren In - to the Sab - bath School ;

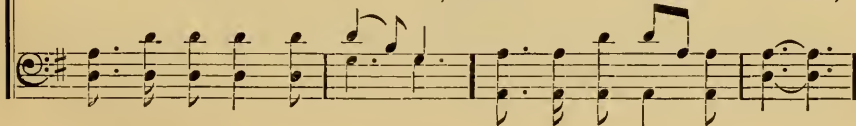

Gath - er the pur - est lil - ies, Blos - soms of brightest hue.
 Gath - er the lit - tle chil - dren, Gath - er them all for Him.
 Tell them of Christ, the Sa - vior, Liv - ing for them a - bove.
 Give them a kind - ly wel - come, Fol - low - ing love's sweet rule.



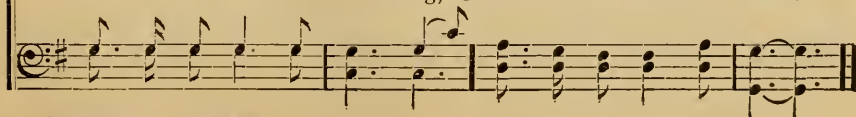
REFRAIN.



Gath - er them all for Je - sus, Beau - ti - ful sum - mer flowers ;

Yet will the sweet - est of - fer - ing, Come from these hearts of ours.



PETITION.

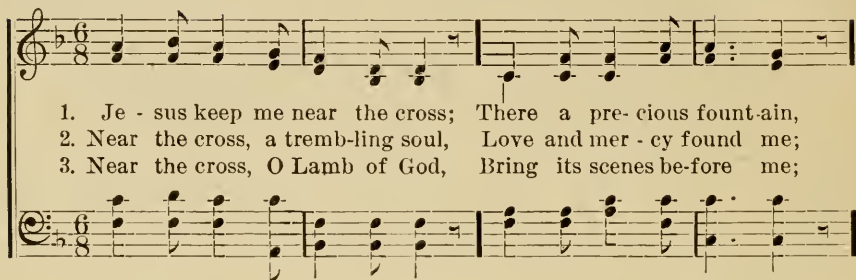
53

JESUS KEEP ME NEAR THE CROSS.

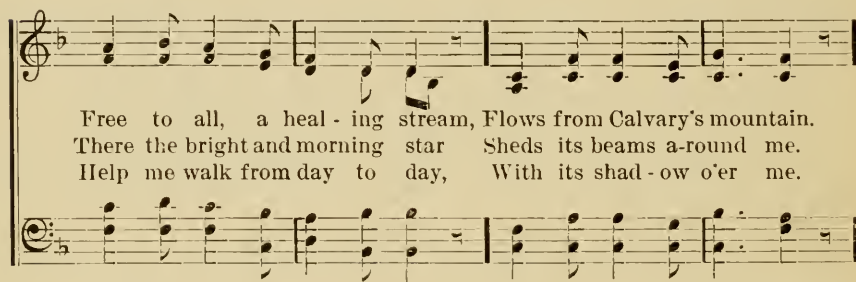
FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Near the Cross." P. M.

W. H. DOANE.

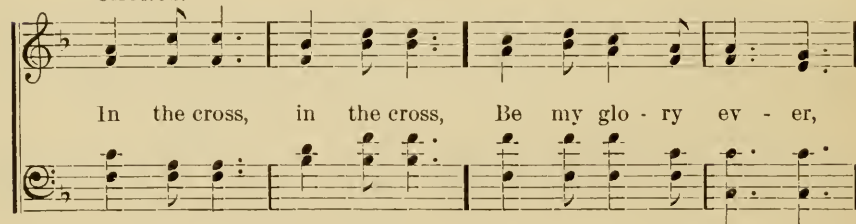


1. Je - sus keep me near the cross; There a pre - cious fount - ain,
 2. Near the cross, a tremb - ling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
 3. Near the cross, O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;



Free to all, a heal - ing stream, Flows from Calvary's mountain.
 There the bright and morning star Sheds its beams a - round me.
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ow o'er me.

CHORUS.



In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er,



Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

HORATIUS BONAR.

Geo. C. Hugg.

1. Lord, give me light to do Thy work, For on - ly, Lord, from Thee
 2. The way is nar - row, oft - en dark, With lights and shadows strewn:
 3. Oh, send me light to do Thy work! More light, more wisdom give;
 4. The work is Thine, not mine, O Lord; It is Thy race we run;

Can come the light, by which these eyes The way of life can see.
 I wan - der oft, and think it Thine, When walking in my own.
 Then shall I work Thy work in - deed, While on Thine earth I live.
 Give light! and then shall all I do, Be well and tru - ly done.

CHORUS.

Send me light! send me light! Light a-long the toilsome way!
 Send me light, send me light,

Send me light, dear Lord, that I may labor on, Till I rest in e - ternal day.

O, TO BE MORE LIKE JESUS

WILL L. THOMPSON, (1849—) 1898.

Will L. Thompson, (1849—) 1898.

1. O, to be more like Je - sus, Oh, to have more of His love;
 2. O, to be more like Je - sus, Help-ing the fall - en to rise.
 3. O, to be more like Je - sus, Mer - ci-ful, lov-ing and kind;

His love;
 to rise;
 and kind;

Deep in my heart, Fill-ing my soul, From the great heart a - bove.
 Giv-ing a hand, Bid-ding, to stand, Firm in the faith we prize.
 Lead-ing the way, Bright-ning the day, Help - ing the lame and blind.

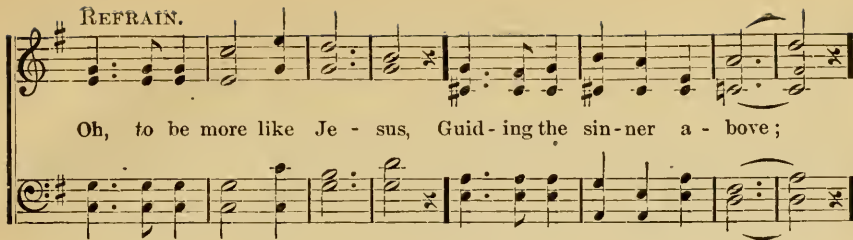
Je - sus came lov-ing and cheer-ing, Giv-ing the hun-gry food,
 Cheer-ing the bro-ken-heart - ed, Wi-ping a-way their tears,
 Je - sus came saving the fall - en, Help-ing them sin o'er - come,

the hun-gry
 a - way their
 them sin o'er-

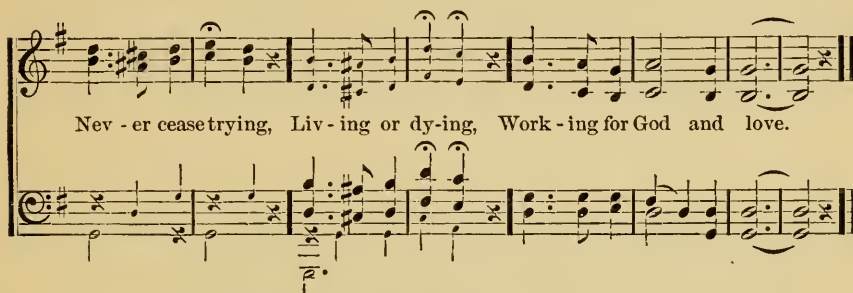
Help-ing the poor and the need - y, Je - sus was kind and good.
 Com-fort-ing ma - ny in sor - row, Ban-ish-ing doubts and fears.
 Res - cu - ing per-ish-ing sin - ners, Bring-ing the way-ward home.

food,
 tears,
 come,
 Help-ing the need - y,
 Com-fort-ing sor - row,
 Res - cu - ing sin - ners,

REFRAIN.



Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Guid - ing the sin - ner a - bove ;



Nev - er cease trying, Liv - ing or dy - ing, Work - ing for God and love.

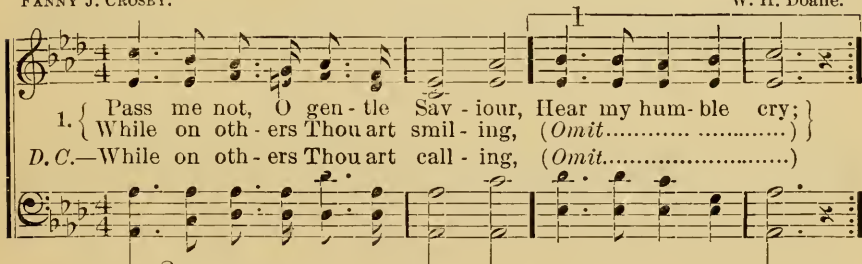
56

PASS ME NOT, O GENTLE SAVIOUR.

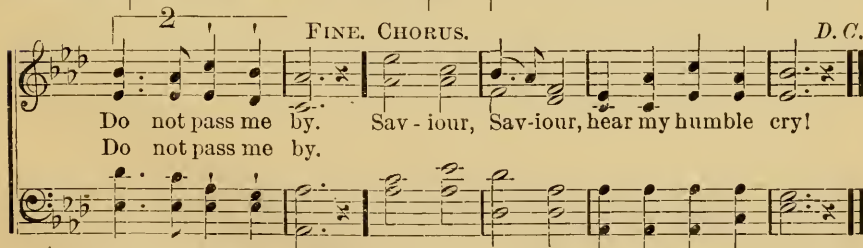
"Pass Me Not." 8s. & 5s.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. { Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry ;
While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, (*Omit*.....) }
D. C.—While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, (*Omit*.....)



Do not pass me by. Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my humble cry!
Do not pass me by.

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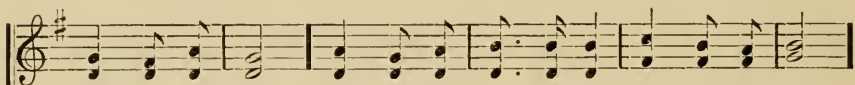
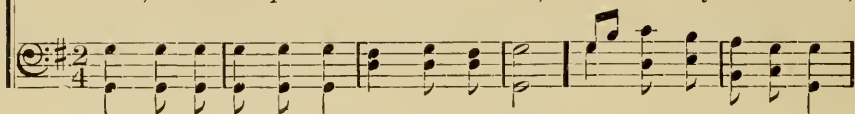
- 2 Let me at Thy throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.
- 3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;

- Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.
- 4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom on earth have I beside Thee,
Whom in heaven but Thee!

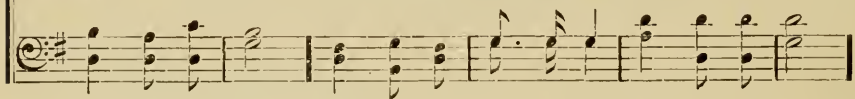
MRS. FANNY JANE (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE, (1823—) William James Kirkpatrick, (1838—) 1885.



1. Out on the midnight deep Hear Thou my cry; Come to my res-cue, Lord,
 2. Hope of the des - o - late, Light of the soul, Now of my lone - ly bark
 3. Lord, at the o - pen door Let me come in; Heal Thou my broken heart,



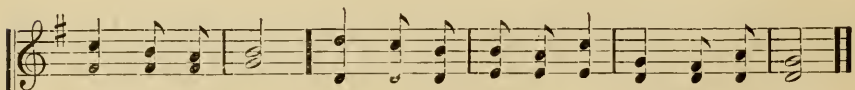
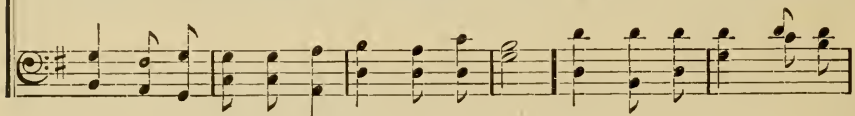
Save, or I die. Let not the storm - y waves Break o - ver me,
 Take Thou con-trol. Yon - der the Ark of Grace Dim - ly I see,
 Wear - y of sin. Close to Thy bleed-ing side Still would I be,



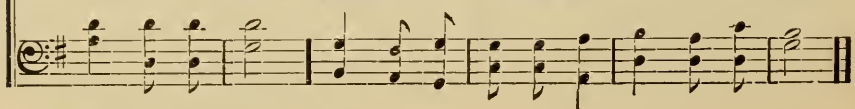
REFRAIN.



Reach out Thy loving arm, Draw me to Thee. Draw me to Thee, Sa-vior,

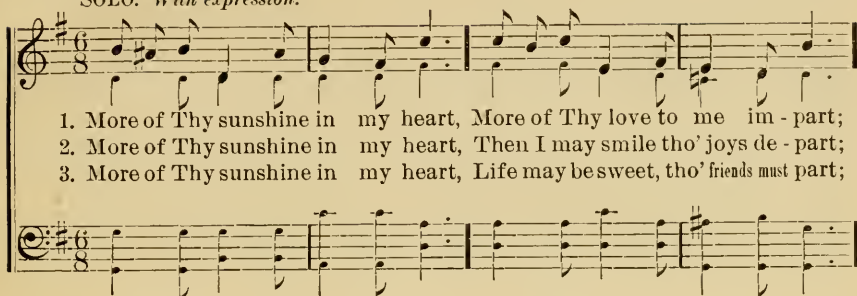


Draw me to Thee, Reach out Thy lov-ing arm, Draw me to Thee.

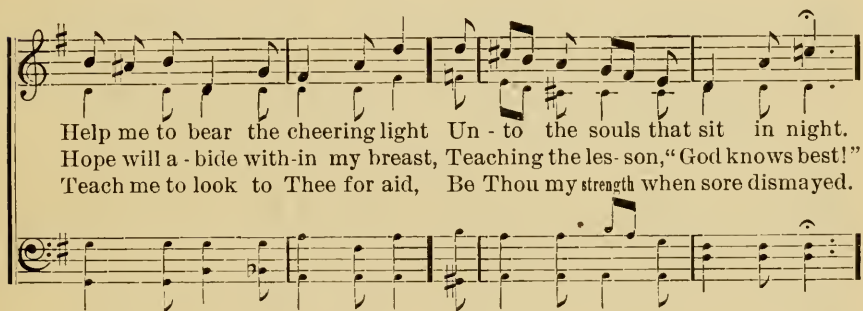


BIRDIE BELL.

Geo. C. Hugg.

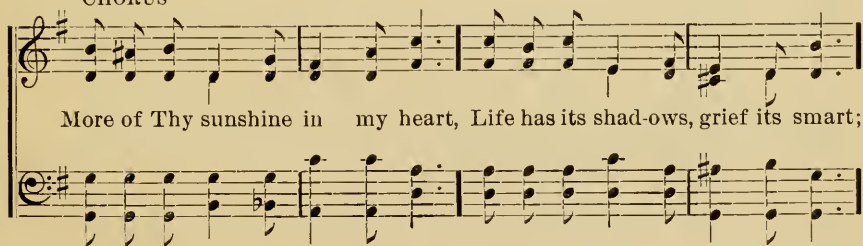
SOLO. *With expression.*


1. More of Thy sunshine in my heart, More of Thy love to me im-part;
 2. More of Thy sunshine in my heart, Then I may smile tho' joys de-part;
 3. More of Thy sunshine in my heart, Life may besweet, tho' friends must part;

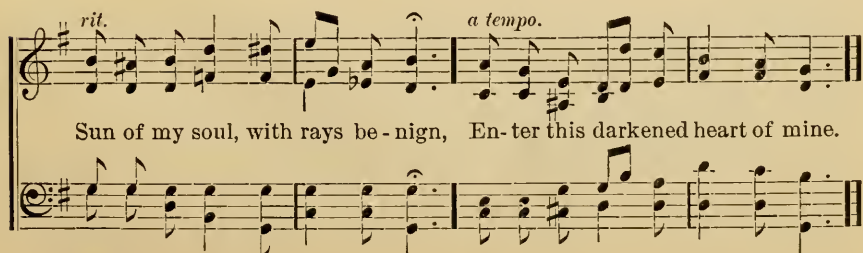


Help me to bear the cheering light Un-to the souls that sit in night.
 Hope will a-bide with-in my breast, Teaching the les-son, "God knows best!"
 Teach me to look to Thee for aid, Be Thou my strength when sore dismayed.

CHORUS



More of Thy sunshine in my heart, Life has its shad-ows, grief its smart;



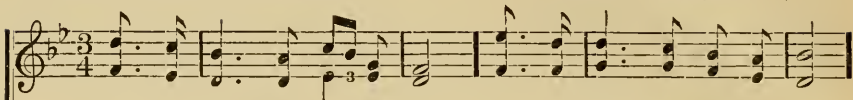
rit. Sun of my soul, with rays be-nign, *a tempo.* En-ter this darkened heart of mine.

JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME.

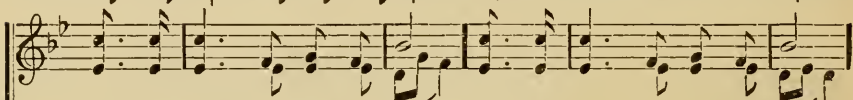
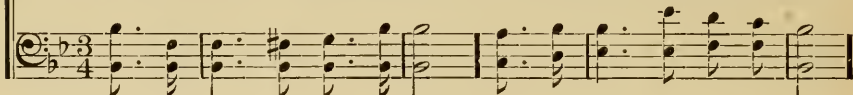
"Pilot." 7s. 6 lines.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER, (1818—1888) 1871.

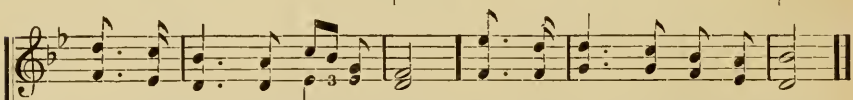
John Edgar Gould, (1822—1875) 1871.



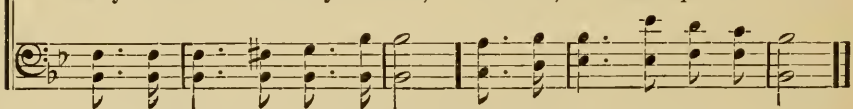
1. Je - sus, Sa - vior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea;
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar



- Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hi-ding rock and treacherous shoal;
 Boisterous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou sayest to them "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,



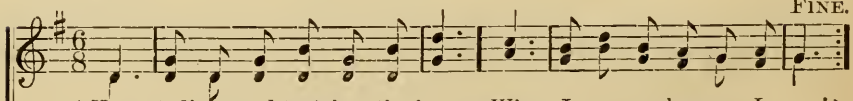
- Chart and com-pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sa - vior, pi - lot me.
 Won-drous Sov-ereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sa - vior, pi - lot me.
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"



HOW TEDIOUS AND TASTELESS THE HOURS.

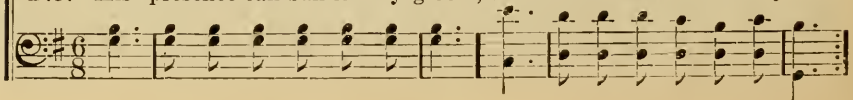
"De Fleury." 8s. D.

ISAAC NEWTON.


German.
FINE.

1. { How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Je-sus no lon-ger I see! }
 { The woodlands, the fields, and the flow'rs, Have lost all their sweetness to me. }

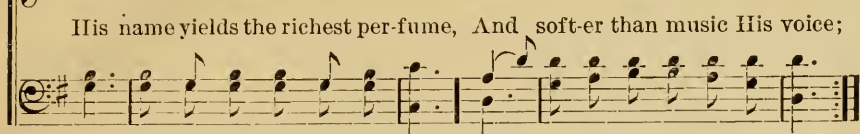
D.C.—His presence can ban-ish my gloom, And bid all within me re-joice.



D.C.



His name yields the richest per-fume, And soft-er than music His voice;



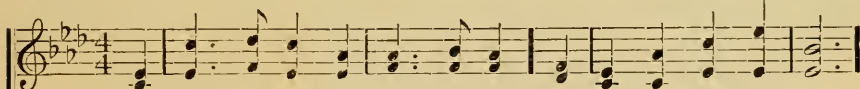
- 2 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine, Oh, drive these dark clouds from the sky,
 And Thou art my light and my song; Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
 Say, why do I languish and pine, Or bid me soar upward on high,
 And why are my winters so long? Where winters and storms are no more.

61

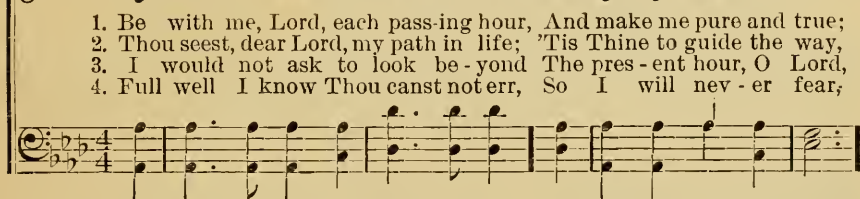
TEACH ME TO BE TRUE.

M. VICTOR STALEY.


Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Be with me, Lord, each pass-ing hour, And make me pure and true;
 2. Thou seest, dear Lord, my path in life; 'Tis Thine to guide the way,
 3. I would not ask to look be-yond The pres-ent hour, O Lord,
 4. Full well I know Thou canst not err, So I will nev-er fear,

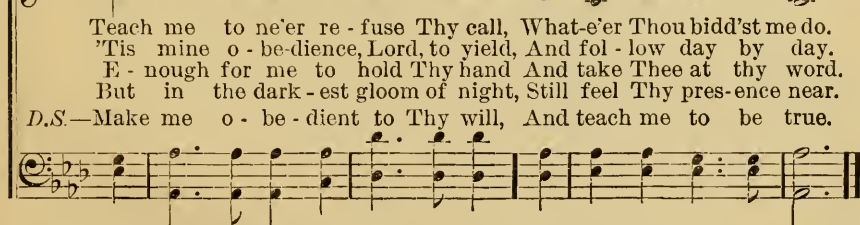


FINE.




Teach me to ne'er re-fuse Thy call, What-e'er Thou bidd'st me do.
 'Tis mine o-be-dience, Lord, to yield, And fol-low day by day.
 E-nough for me to hold Thy hand And take Thee at thy word.
 But in the dark-est gloom of night, Still feel Thy pres-ence near.

D.S.—Make me o-be-dient to Thy will, And teach me to be true.

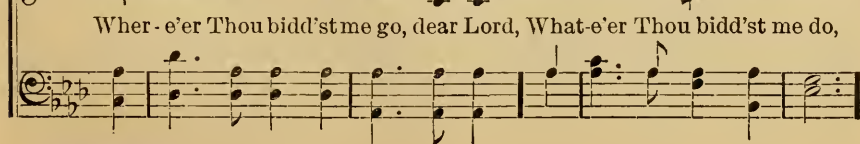


CHORUS.

D.S.



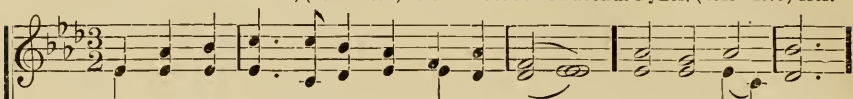
Wher-e'er Thou bidd'st me go, dear Lord, What-e'er Thou bidd'st me do,



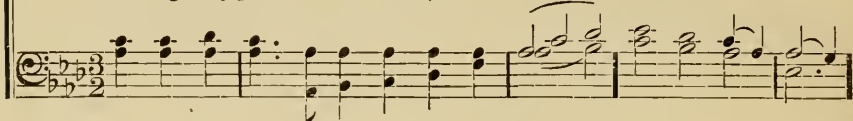
LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

"Lux Benigna." 10s. & 4s. 10s.

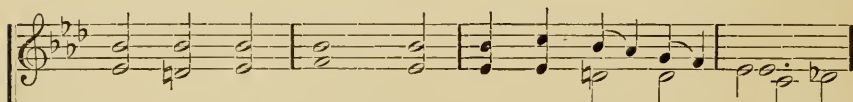
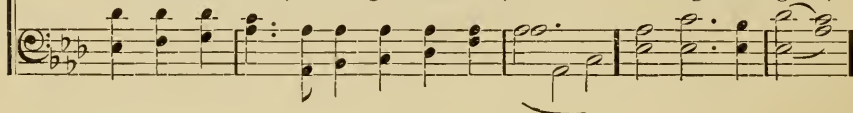
CARDINAL JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, (1801—1890) 1833. Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, (1823—1876) 1861.



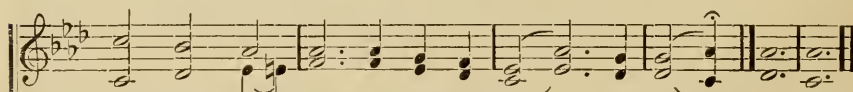
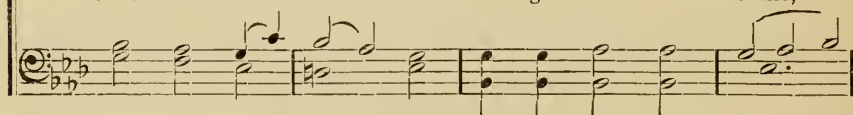
1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on



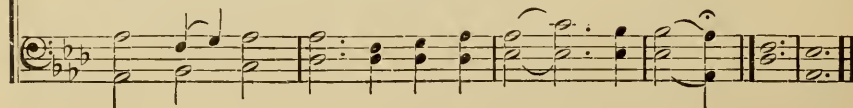
The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on.
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on.
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone;



Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 I loved the gar - ish day; and, spite of fears,
 And with the morn those an - gel - fa - ces smile,



The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 Pride ruled my will; re-mem-ber not past years.
 Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while. A - men.



IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

"Penitence." 6. 5. D.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, (1771—1854) 1834.

Spencer Lane, () 1879.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me;
 2. With for - bid - den pleas - ures Would this vain world charm;
 3. Should Thy mer - cy send me Sor - row, toil, and woe;
 4. When my last hour com - eth, Fraught with strife and pain,

Lest by base de - ni - al, I de - part from Thee;
 Or its sor - did treas - ures Spread to work me harm;
 Or should pain at - tend me On my path be - low;
 When my dust re - turn - eth To the dust a - gain;

When Thou seest me wa - ver, With a look re - call,
 Bring to my re - mem - brance Sad Geth - sem - a - ne,
 Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to see;
 On Thy truth ra - ly - ing, Through that mor - tal strife,

Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
 Or, in dark - er semblance, Cross - crowned Cal - va - ry.
 Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
 Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life. Amen.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

"Refuge." 7s. D.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
 4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to par - don all my sin;

While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me.
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Let the heal - ing streams abound, Make and keep me pure within;

Hide me, O my Sav - iour! hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed; All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eousness;
 Thou of life the fountain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!
 Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

PRAYER.

65

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

"Sweet Hour." L. M. D.

W. W. WALFORD, 1846.

W. B. Bradbury, (1816—1863.)

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,

And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known;
D.S.—And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re-lief,

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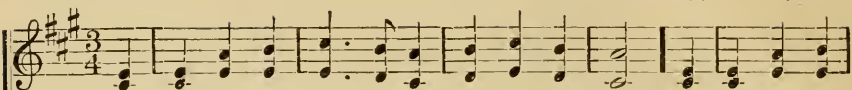
2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! 3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

Thy wings shall my petition bear,
 To Him whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless;
 And since He bids me seek His face,
 Believe His word, and trust His grace,
 I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

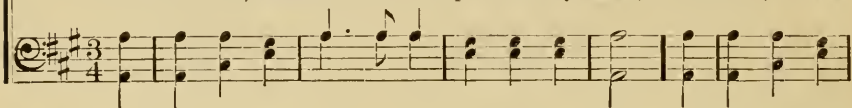
May I thy consolation share;
 Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
 I view my home, and take my flight;
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
 To seize the everlasting prize;
 And shout, while passing through the air,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

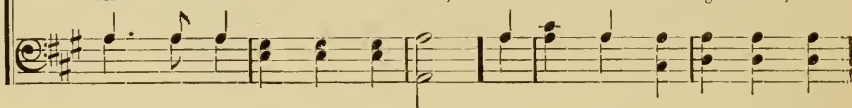
Wm. G. Fischer, (1835—) 1871.



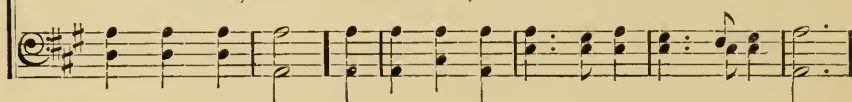
1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I wait, bless - ed
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait; Come now, and with -



ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down ev - ery i - dol, cast
 make a complete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what
 Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I
 in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou



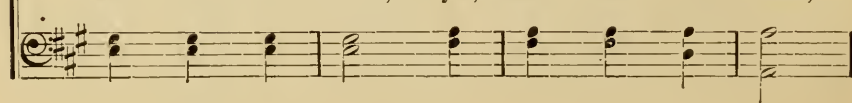
out ev - ery foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 see Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 nev - er saidst, "No"—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.



REFRAIN.



Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow;



Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

67

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

8s, 7s. D.

C. C. Converse.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our griefs and sins to bear!

What a priv-i-lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!
D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!

Oh, what peace we often for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,

2 Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a friend so faithful
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?—
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. In Thy cleft, O Rock of A - ges, Hide Thou me;
 2. From the snare of sin - ful pleas - ure, Hide Thou me;
 3. In the lone - ly night of sor - row, Hide Thou me;

When the fit - ful tem - pest ra - ges, Hide Thou me;
 Thou, my soul's e - ter - nal treas - ure, Hide Thou me;
 Till in glo - ry dawns the mor - row, Hide Thou me;

Where no mor - tal arm can sev - er From my heart Thy love for -
 When the world its pow'r is wield - ing, And my heart is al - most
 In the sight of Jor - dan's bil - low, Let Thy bo - som be my

ev - er, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.
 yield - ing, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.
 pil - low, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee,

FRANK M. DAVIS, (1839—1897)

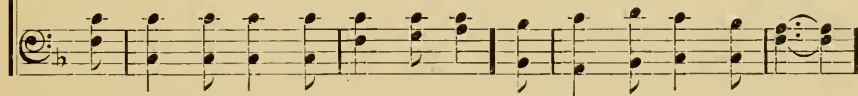
Frank M. Davis, (1839—1897)



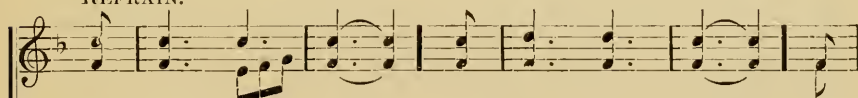
1. When wear-y with the ills of life, Its bur-dens and its cares,
2. When tempt-ed by the power of sin, That would the soul en-snare,
3. There's grace to help in time of need, A full sup-ply is there,
4. When doubts a-rise and faith is weak, And cross-es hard to bear,



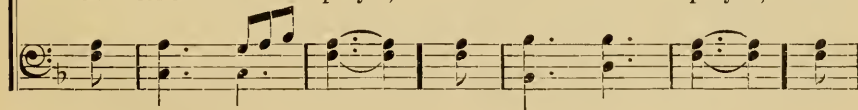
There is a balm, a sa-cred joy, 'Tis found a-lone in prayer.
 There is a sure, a safe re-treat, 'Tis found a-lone in prayer.
 Go find it at the Mas-ter's feet, In hum-ble, heart-felt prayer.
 Then seek the Fa-ther at His throne, And find re-lief in prayer.



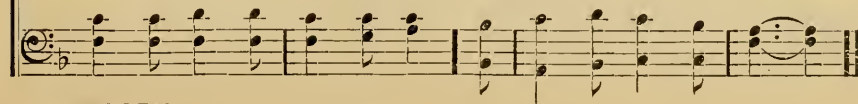
REFRAIN.



A-lone in prayer, A-lone in prayer; There



is a balm, a sa-cred joy, 'Tis found a-lone in prayer.



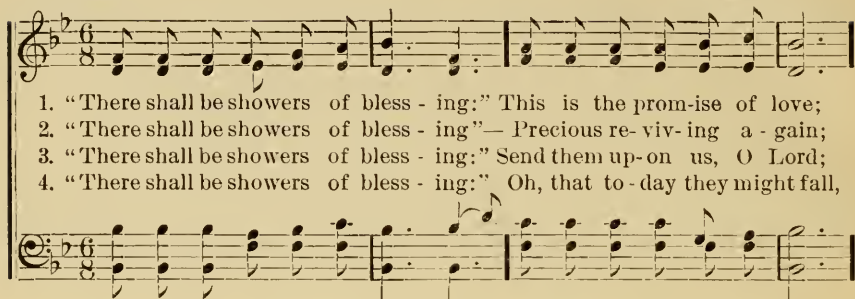
FORGIVENESS.

70

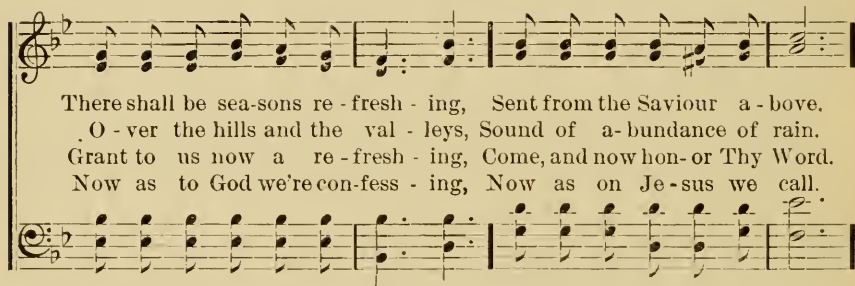
THERE SHALL BE SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

EL. NATHAN.

James McGranahan.

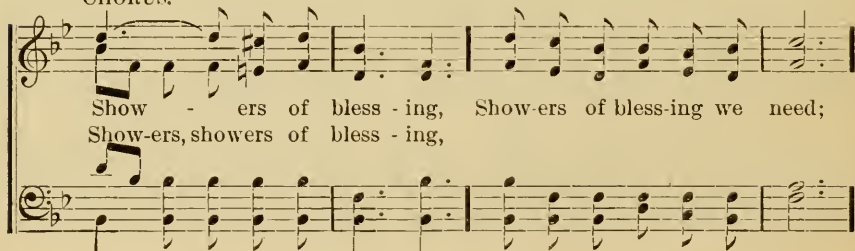


1. "There shall be showers of bless - ing:" This is the prom - ise of love;
 2. "There shall be showers of bless - ing"— Precious re - viv - ing a - gain;
 3. "There shall be showers of bless - ing:" Send them up - on us, O Lord;
 4. "There shall be showers of bless - ing:" Oh, that to - day they might fall,

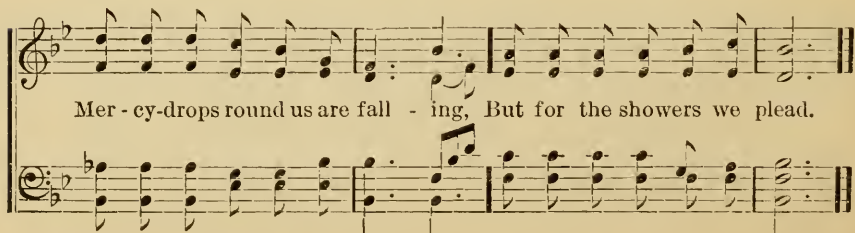


There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Saviour a - bove.
 O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bundance of rain.
 Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word.
 Now as to God we're con - fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call.

CHORUS.



Show - ers of bless - ing, Show - ers of bless - ing we need;
 Show - ers, showers of bless - ing,



Mer - cy - drops round us are fall - ing, But for the showers we plead.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Tell to sin - ners far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steep and cross the waves,
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hill and deep - est caves,

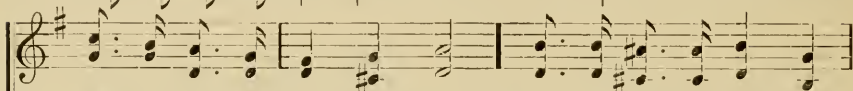
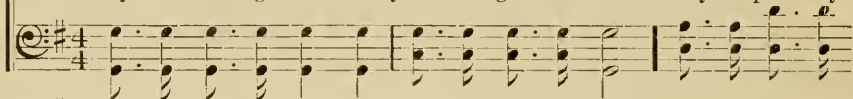
On - ward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Earth shall keep her Ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

RICHARD HENRY BUCK.

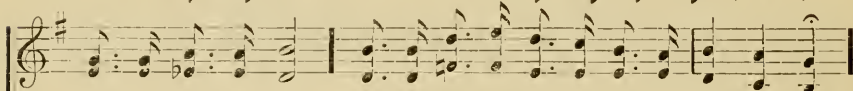
Adam Gelbel.



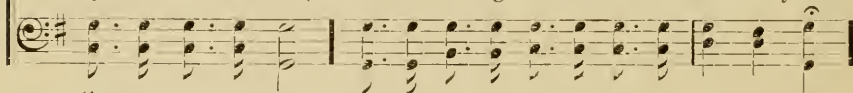
1. Are you heav-y la-den, are you sad at heart? Is your spir-it
 2. He is ev-er faith-ful, He is ev-er true, He is ev-er
 3. Is your burden greater than your strength can bear? Is your pathway



wea-ry with the sin-ner's part? There is One who heed-eth
 hold-ing out His hand to you. Won't you let Him help you
 dark-ened by the clouds of care? Take your troubles to Him—



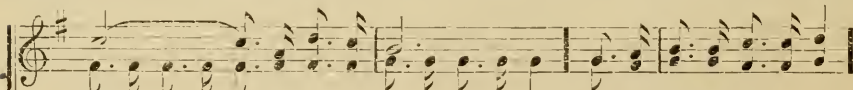
e'en the sparrow's fall, And you'll find Him waiting, when He hears you call.
 in the bit-ter fight? He will ev-er lead you in the paths of right.
 lay them at His feet, For there's naught but kindness at the mercy-seat.



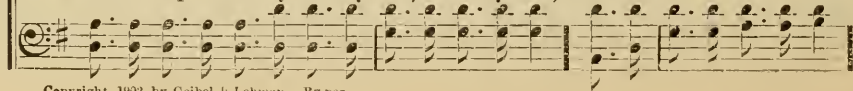
CHORUS.

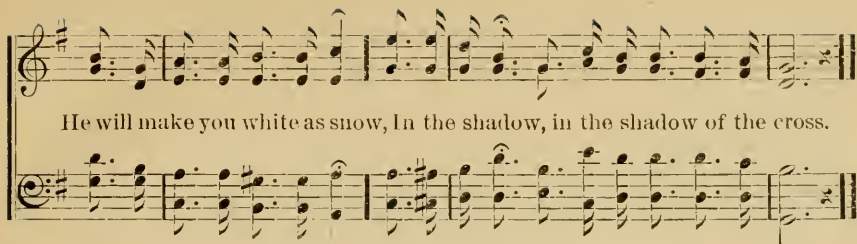


He is wait-ing, He is wait-ing, With
 In the shad-ow of the cross He is wait-ing, With



hope..... for ev-ry loss, If you'll only let Him know,
 words of hope for ev-ry earthly loss, for ev-ry loss;





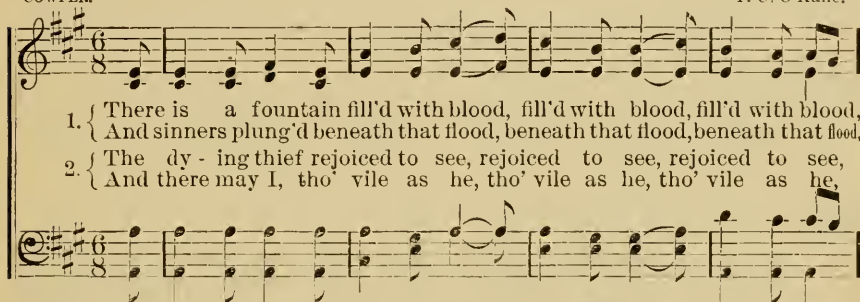
He will make you white as snow, In the shadow, in the shadow of the cross.

73

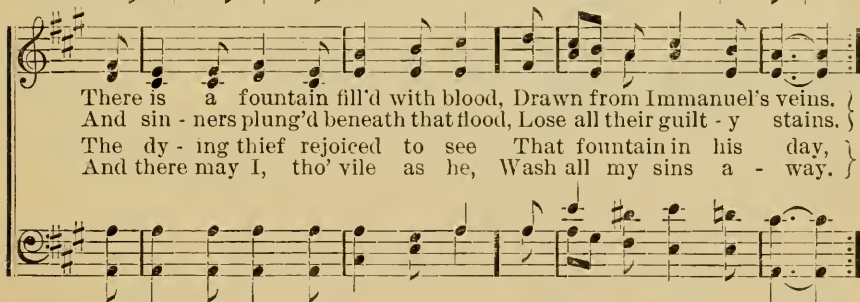
GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN.

COWPER.

T. C. O'Kane.

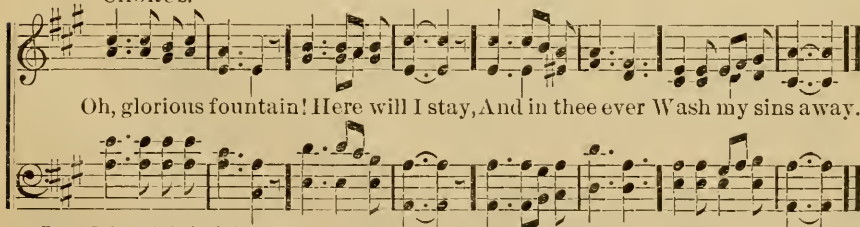


1. { There is a fountain fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood, fill'd with blood,
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,
2. { The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see,
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he,



There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins. {
And sin - ners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains. }
The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day, {
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. }

CHORUS.



Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ever Wash my sins away.

From "Redeemer's Praise." By per.

3. Thou dying Lamb, || Thy precious blood, || Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd || church of God, || Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith || I saw the stream, || Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love || has been my theme, || And shall be till I die.

LOVE AND FAITH.

LOVE DIVINE.

74

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

J. Faure.

Andante maestoso.

1. Love, Love divine, exhaustless, pure, and free,
2. Faith, Hope, and Love, eternal gifts di - vine,
3. Love, wondrous Love, thro' earth's long cloudy night

Life of our life, from heav'nly fountains flow-ing, Hail, wondrous Love, forever-
Love, all-excelling, in its high bestow-ing, Radiant and fair, oh, may it
Still in these human hearts divine-ly grow-ing, O royal grace, with heav'nly

more to be In all our sin and shame our on-ly plea.
ev-er shine Of God's own presence here, the proof and sign.
glo-ry bright, Let earth be filled with all thy fruits of light.

CHORUS. Unison.
a tempo.

MALE VOICES.

Glo - ry to God! Lift up the voice, Let all who know His name break

mf *p*

This system contains a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. It begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, and a quarter note C5. This is followed by a half note D5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note F5, and a quarter note G5. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef and features a series of chords, primarily triads and dyads, in the right hand, and single notes in the left hand. The dynamics are marked *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano).

FULL CHORUS.

forth in sing-ing, Ho-san - na! Sing and rejoice,

cres. *ff*

This system continues the musical score. The vocal line and piano accompaniment follow the same pattern as the first system. The dynamics are marked *cres.* (crescendo) and *ff* (fortissimo).

Loye, Love, has come to earth sal - va - tion bring - ing.

rit. *rit.*

This system concludes the musical score. The vocal line and piano accompaniment follow the same pattern as the previous systems. The dynamics are marked *rit.* (ritardando) twice.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

Hubert P. Main.



1. Won - der - ful love that found us Out on the mountain cold!
 2. Won - der - ful love whose pres - ence, Beam ing with light di - vine,
 3. Won - der - ful love that keeps us Near to the Sav - iour's throne!
 4. When to the gate of E - den Gath - ered in peace we come,



Won - der - ful love that brought us In - to the Sav - iour's fold!
 Ev - er thro' clouds and dark - ness Mak - eth the sun to shine.
 Drop - ping in ten - der bless - ings, Filled with a joy un - known.
 Won - der - ful love our pass - word In - to the soul's dear home.



CHORUS.



Won - der - ful love of Je - sus! Tell it in thank ful song;



Tell of its pow'r and great - ness; Sing it the whole day long.



LONDON HYMN BOOK.

Rev. A. J. Gordon, (1836—1895) 1875.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
 3. I will love Thee in life, I'll love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
 long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

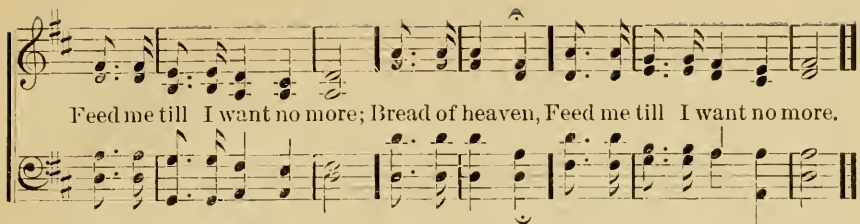
Sav - iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

"Zion." 8, 7, 4.

Thomas Hastings.

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land; } Bread of heaven,
 { I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Keep me with Thy pow'ful hand; }



Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

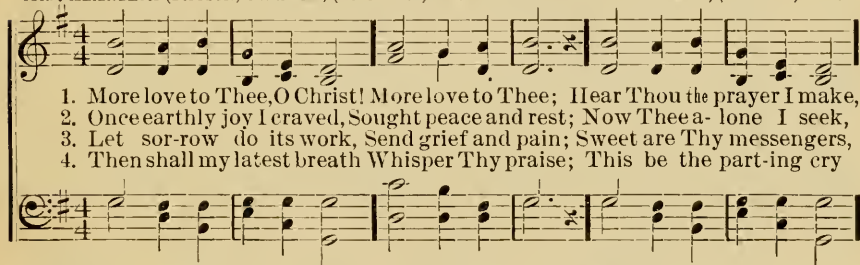
3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

79

MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST.

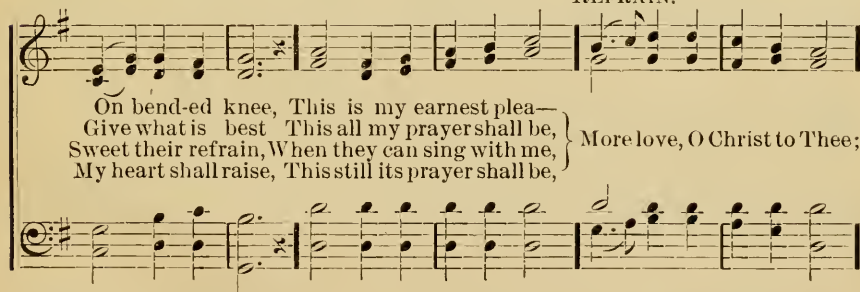
"More Love." 6s. & 4s.

MRS. ELIZABETH (PAYSON) PRENTISS, (1818—1878) 1869. Theodore Edson Perkins, (1831—) 1875.

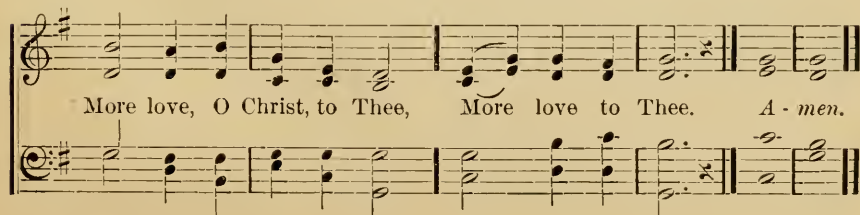


1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the prayer I make,
2. Once earthly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee alone I seek,
3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy messengers,
4. Then shall my latest breath Whisper Thy praise; This be the part-ing cry

REFRAIN.



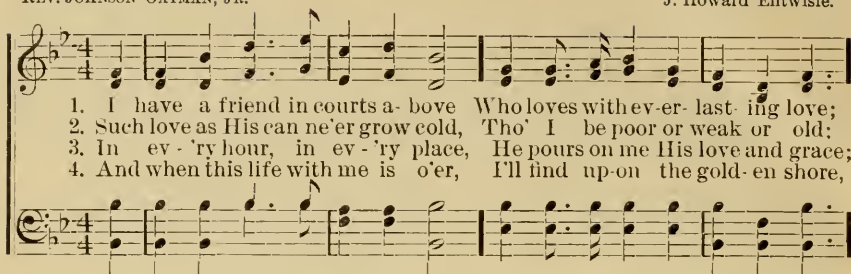
On bend-ed knee, This is my earnest plea—
Give what is best This all my prayer shall be,
Sweet their refrain, When they can sing with me, } More love, O Christ to Thee;
My heart shall raise, This still its prayer shall be,



More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee. A - men.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

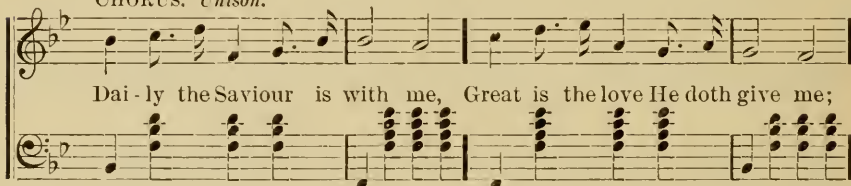
J. Howard Entwisle.



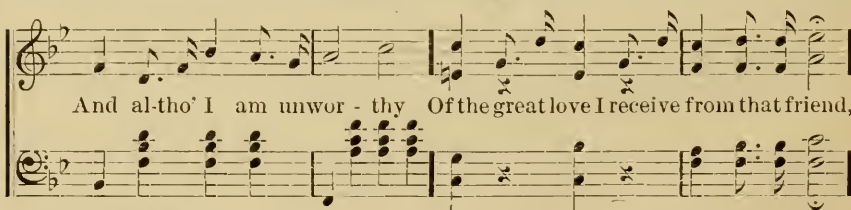
1. I have a friend in courts a-bove Who loves with ev-er-last-ing love;
 2. Such love as His can ne'er grow cold, Tho' I be poor or weak or old;
 3. In ev-'ry hour, in ev-'ry place, He pours on me His love and grace;
 4. And when this life with me is o'er, I'll find up-on the gold-en shore,



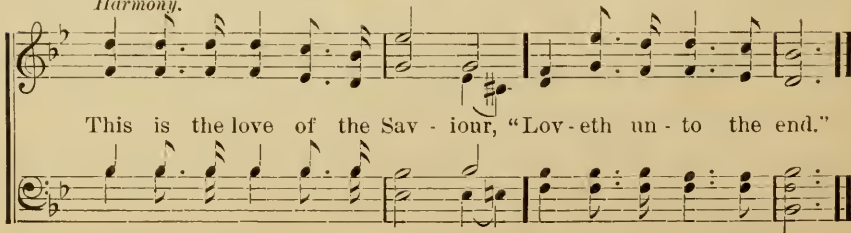
Sur-passing an-y earth-ly friend, He lov-eth me un-to the end.
 Tho' I may all the world of-fend, He lov-eth me un-to the end.
 Thus all my life He will at-tend, He lov-eth me un-to the end.
 As a-ges with Him I shall spend, He lov-eth me un-to the end.

CHORUS. *Unison.*


Dai-ly the Saviour is with me, Great is the love He doth give me;



And al-tho' I am unwor-thy Of the great love I receive from that friend,

Harmony.


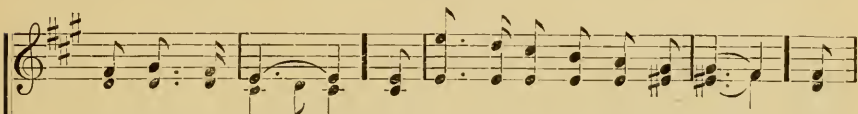
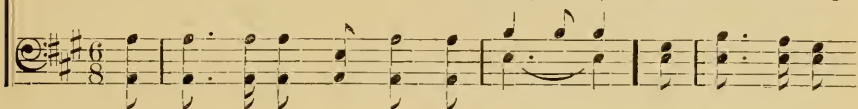
This is the love of the Sav-iour, "Lov-eth un-to the end."

PETER BILHORN.

Peter Bilhorn.



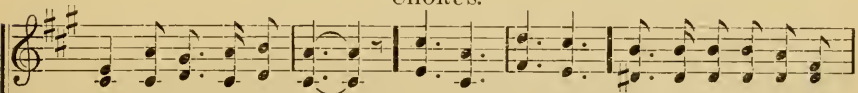
1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain (sweet strain), A glad and a
2. Thro' Christ on the cross peace was made (was made), My debt by His
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crown'd (had crown'd), My heart with this
4. In Je - sus at peace I a - bide (a-bide), And while I keep



joy - ous re - frain (refrain), I sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet
 death was all paid (all paid), No oth - er foun - da - tion is laid For
 peace did a bound (abound), In Him a rich bless - ing I found, Sweet
 close to His side (His side), There's nothing but peace can betide, Sweet

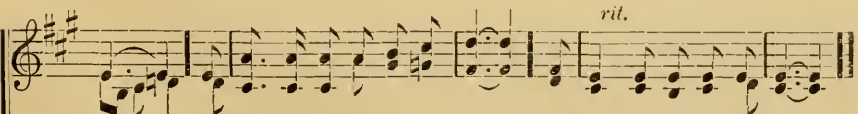
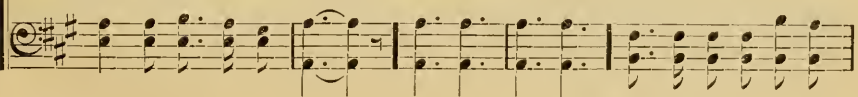


CHORUS.

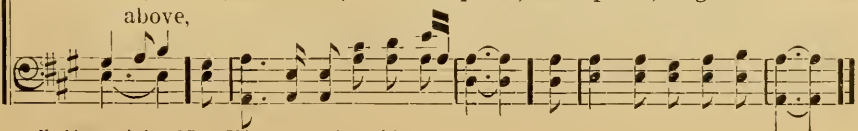


peace, the gift of God's love.
 peace, the gift of God's love.
 peace, the gift of God's love.
 peace, the gift of God's love.

} Peace, peace, sweet peace, Wonderful gift from a -



bove, Oh, wonderful, wonderful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love,
 above,



MISS ELIZA E. HEWITT.

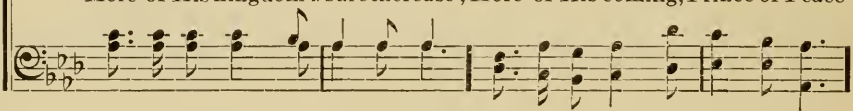
John R. Sweney, (1831—1899) 1887.



1. More about Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show ;
2. More about Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern ;
3. More about Je-sus ; in His word, Holding communion with my Lord ;
4. More about Je-sus ; on His throne, Rich - es in glo - ry all His own ;



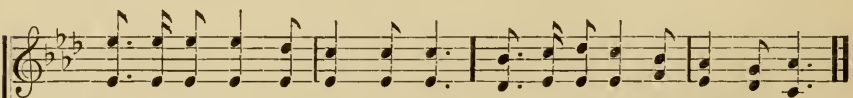
More of His sa - ving full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
 Spir - it of God, my teach - er be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
 Hear - ing His voice in ev - ery line, Ma - king each faithful say - ing mine.
 More of His kingdom's sure increase ; More of His coming, Prince of Peace



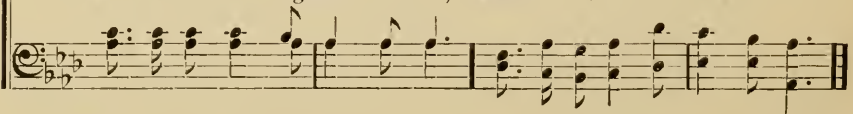
REFRAIN.



More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus ;



More of His sa - ving full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.



ASSURANCE AND TRUST.

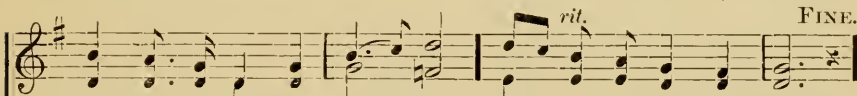
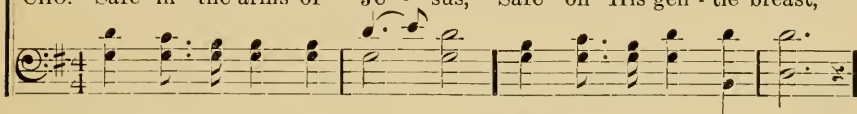
SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



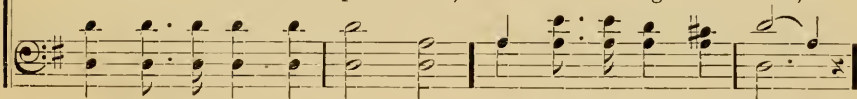
1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care,
 3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;
 CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,



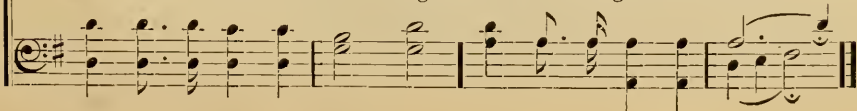
There by His love o'er - sha - ded, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.
 Safe from the world's temp - ta - tions Sin can - not harm me there.
 Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.
 There by His love o'er - sha - ded, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.



Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
 Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
 Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

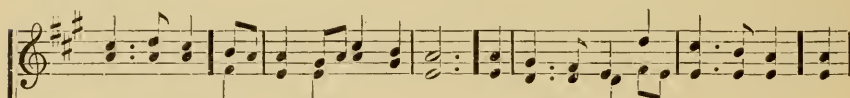
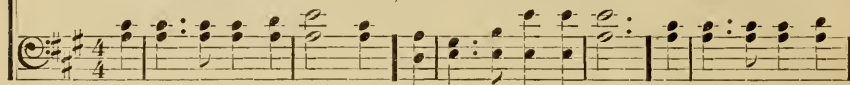
*D. C. for Chorus.*

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
 On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
 Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

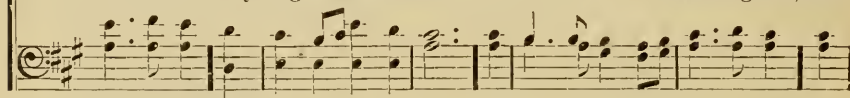




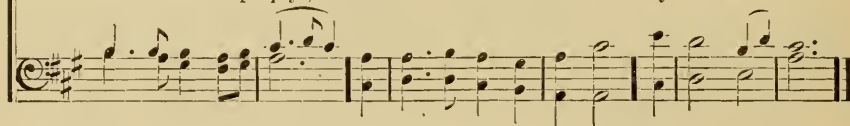
1. I have a Friend so precious, So ver - y dear to me; He loves me with such
2. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well. But with what love He



ten - der love, He loves so faithful - ly. I could not live a - part from Him, I
lov - eth me My tongue can never tell. It is an ev - er - last - ing love, In




love to feel Him nigh, And so we dwell togeth - er— My Lord and I.
ev - er rich sup - ply; And so we love each other— My Lord and I.





3 Sometimes I'm faint and weary,
He knows that I am weak,
And so He bids me lean on Him,
His help I gladly seek.
He leads me in the paths of light,
Beneath a sunny sky,
And so we walk together—
My Lord and I.

4 I tell Him all my sorrows,
I tell Him all my joys;
I tell Him all that pleases me,
I tell Him what annoys.
He tells me what I ought to do,
He tells me what to try,
And so we talk together—
My Lord and I.

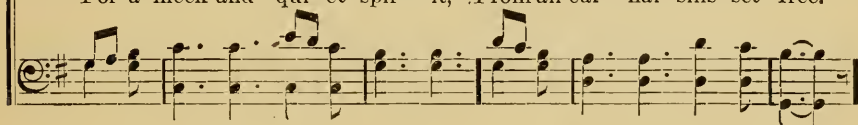
5 He knows how I am longing
Some weary soul to win,
And so He bids me go and speak
A loving word for Him;
He bids me tell His wondrous love,
And why He came to die;
And so we work together—
My Lord and I.



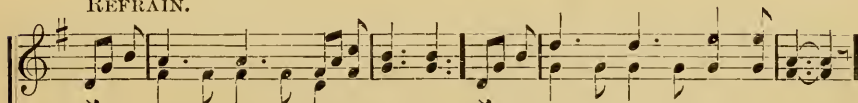
1. Lord, my heart is rest-ed, strengthened, By this qui-et hour with Thee;—
 2. Here Thy peace like mu-sic steal-ing, Stills all dis-cord, tumult, strife,—
 3. For more per-fect self-sur-ren-der, For a clos-er walk with Thee!



In the sun-shine of Thy pres-ence, Earthly gloom and shad-ows flee.
 Fills the heart with ten-der yearnings For a no-bler, sweet-er life.
 For a meek and qui-et spir-it, From all car-nal sins set free.



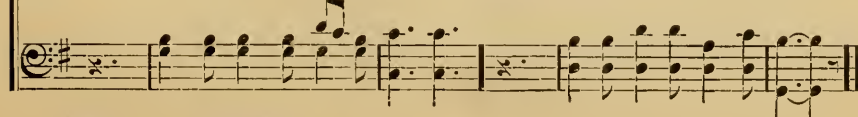
REFRAIN.



Lord, while still on earth a pil-grim, I would in Thy love a-bide;
 Lord, while still on earth a pil-grim, I would in Thy love a-bide;

Safely through life's shades and sunshine, Keep me ev-er near Thy side.
 Safely through life's shades and sunshine, Keep me ever near Thy side.

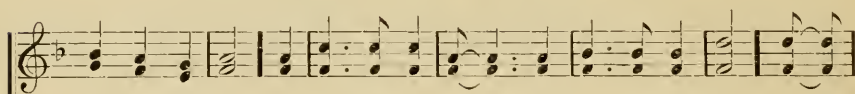


HATTIE E. BUELL.

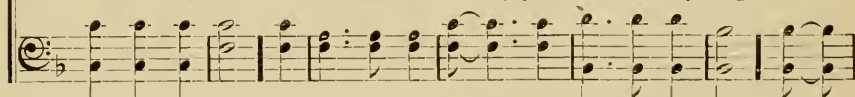
John B. Sumner, arr.



1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav-iour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out - cast stranger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're building a palace for



world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His
 poor - est of them; But now He is reigning for ev - er on high, And will
 a - lien by birth! But I've been a - dopt - ed, my name's written down—And
 me o - ver there! Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing: All



CHORUS.

cof - fers are full, He has rich - es un - told,
 give me a home in heav'n by and by. } I'm the child of a King!
 heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown!
 glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King!

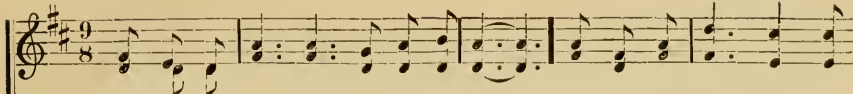


The child of a King! With Je - sus my Saviour, I'm the child of a King!

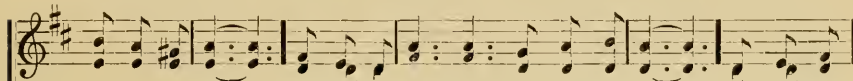
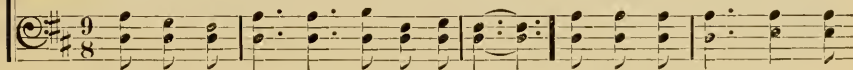


MRS. FANNY J. (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE, (1823—)

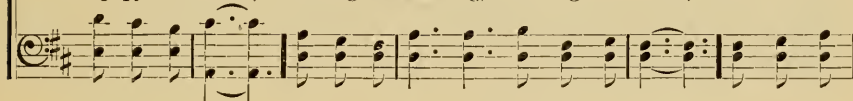
MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP, () 1873.



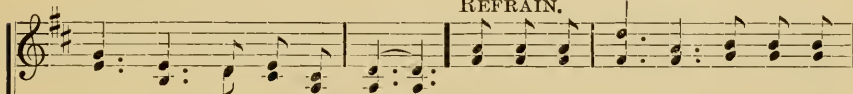
1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sa-vior, am



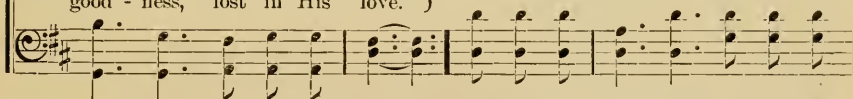
glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His
burst on my sight; An-gels descend-ing, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of
hap-py and blest; Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His



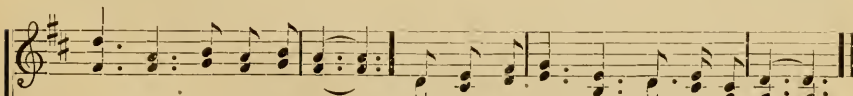
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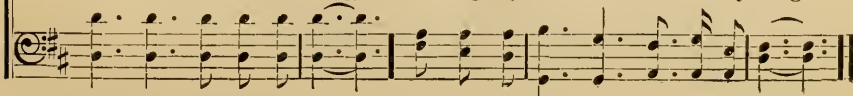
Spir-it, washed in His blood. } This is my sto-ry, this is my
mer-cy, whispers of love. }
good-ness, lost in His love. }



song, Prais-ing my Sa-vior all the day long; This is my

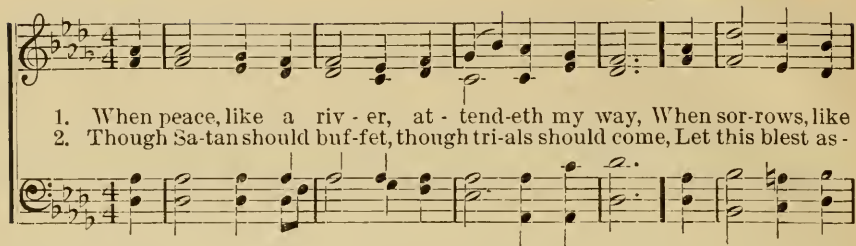


sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sa-vior all the day long.



H. G. SPAFFORD.

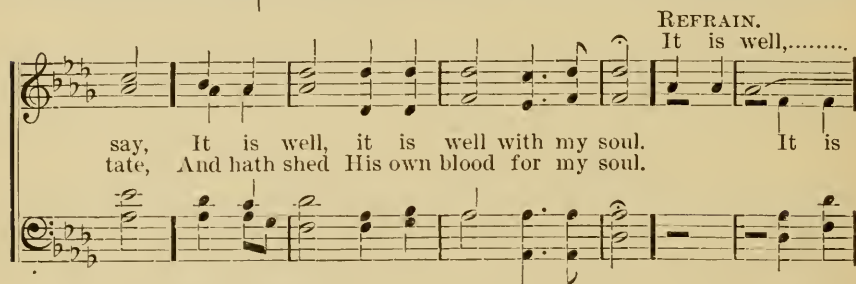
Philip P. Bliss, (1838—1876)



1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend-eth my way, When sor - rows, like
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should come, Let this blest as -

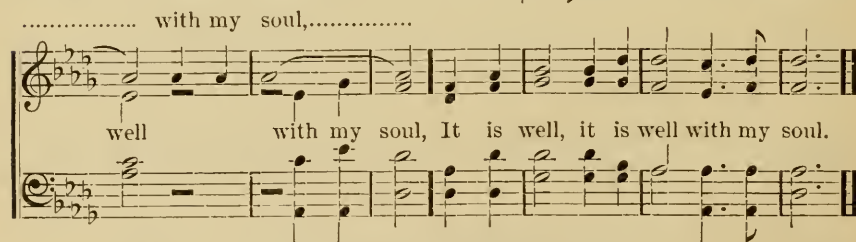


sea - bil - lows, roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es -



REFRAIN.
It is well,.....

say, It is well, it is well with my soul. It is
tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.



..... with my soul,.....

well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin—not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,—
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!

4 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
“Even so”—it is well with my soul.

L. M.

J. H. GILMORE, 1861.

W. B. Bradbury, (1816—1868)

1. He lead-eth me! Oh, bless-ed tho't! Oh, words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine:
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the victory's won,

Whate'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
 Content what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me;

His faith-ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

MISS ELIZA E. HEWITT.

John R. Sweney, (1838—1899) 1887

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
 2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to my King,
 3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near
 4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in an-y earth-ly sky, For Je-sus is my light.
 And Je-sus list-en-ing can hear The songs I can-not sing.
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap-pear.
 For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up a-bove."

REFRAIN.

Oh, there's sun - - - shine, bless-ed sun - - - shine,
 sun-shine in the soul, bless-ed sun-shine in the soul,

When the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll;
 hap-py mo-ments roll;

When Je- sus shows His smiling face There is sunshine in the soul.

91

MY JESUS, AS THOU WILT!

"Jewett." 6s. D.

B. SCHMOLKE,
TR. BY JANE BORTHWICK.

C. M. Von Weber, (1786—1826)
Arr. by H. P. Main.

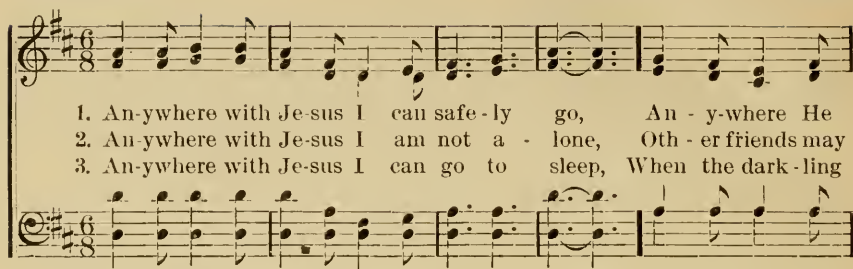
1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine! Into Thy hand of love
2. My Je sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my star of hope
3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing future scene

I would my all re - sign; Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Con - duct me
Grow dim or dis - ap - pear; Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed
I glad - ly trust with Thee: Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el

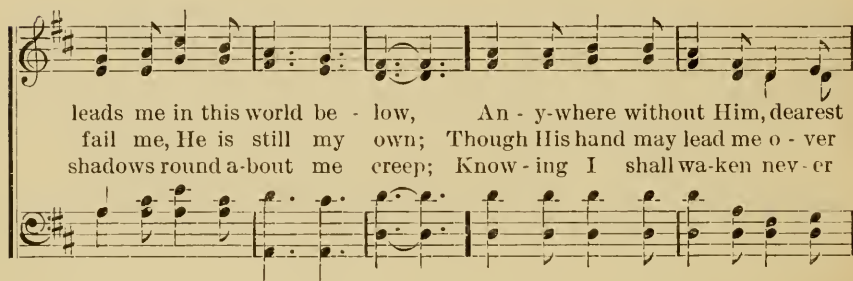
Rit.
as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!
oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done!
calm - ly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done!

JESSIE H. BROWN.

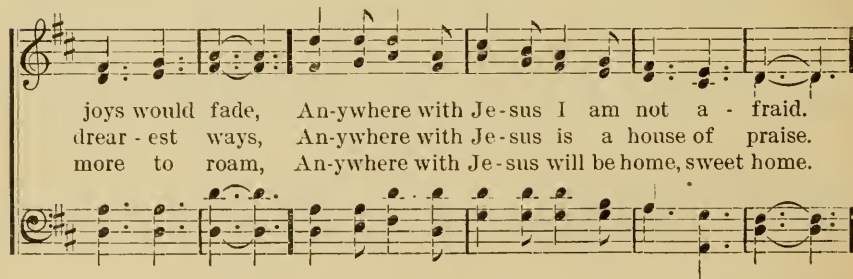
Daniel B. Towner, (1850—) 1887.



1. An-ywhere with Je-sus I can safe-ly go, An-y-where He
 2. An-ywhere with Je-sus I am not a-lone, Oth-er friends may
 3. An-ywhere with Je-sus I can go to sleep, When the dark-ling

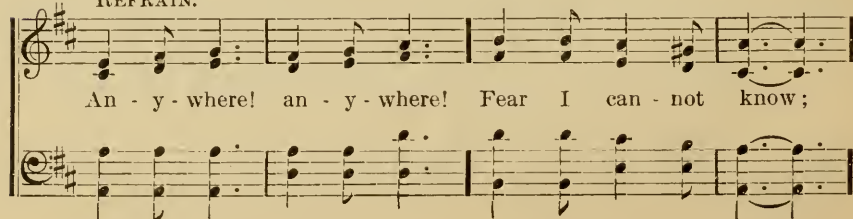


leads me in this world be-low, An-y-where without Him, dearest
 fail me, He is still my own; Though His hand may lead me o-ver
 shadows round a-bout me creep; Know-ing I shall wa-ken nev-er

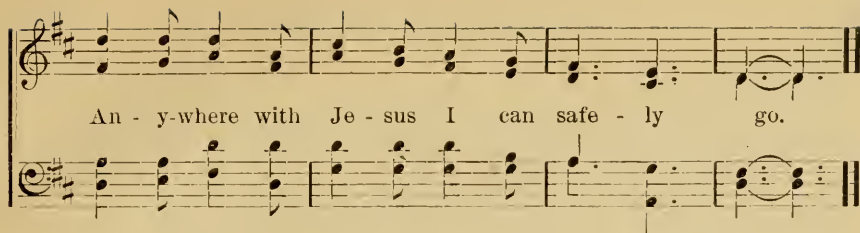


joys would fade, An-ywhere with Je-sus I am not a-fraid.
 drear-est ways, An-ywhere with Je-sus is a house of praise.
 more to roam, An-ywhere with Je-sus will be home, sweet home.

REFRAIN.



An-y-where! an-y-where! Fear I can-not know;

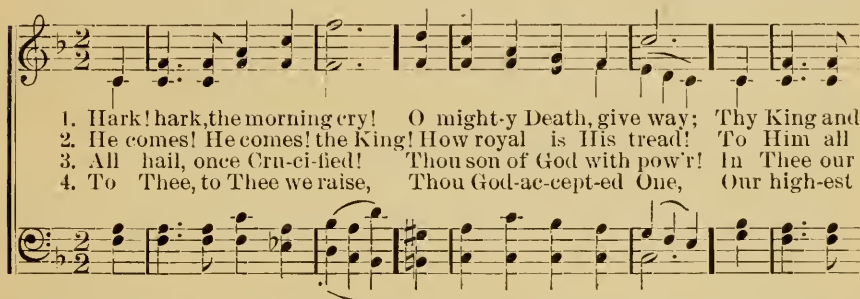


An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

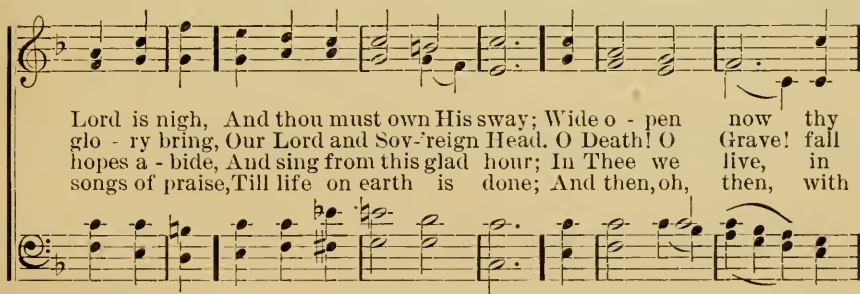
93

CHRIST IS RISEN.

George Edward Smith.



1. Hark! hark, the morning cry! O might-y Death, give way; Thy King and
 2. He comes! He comes! the King! How royal is His tread! To Him all
 3. All hail, once Cru-ci-fied! Thou son of God with pow'r! In Thee our
 4. To Thee, to Thee we raise, Thou God-ac-cept-ed One, Our high-est



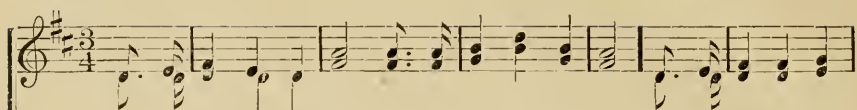
Lord is nigh, And thou must own His sway; Wide o - pen now thy
 glo - ry bring, Our Lord and Sov-reign Head. O Death! O Grave! fall
 hopes a - bide, And sing from this glad hour; In Thee we live, in
 songs of praise, Till life on earth is done; And then, oh, then, with



mass-ive door, For Christ, the Lord, thy prey no more!
 back, give place; Now comes the King with wondrous grace!
 Thee shall die, And share Thy throne in worlds on high!
 songs most sweet, Our King in all His beau - ty greet! A - men.

F. M. DAVIS.

Frank M. Davis, by per.



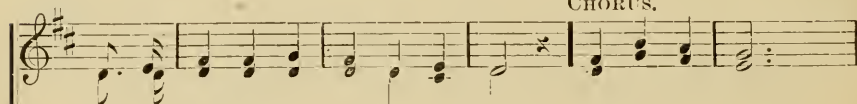
1. I am safe in the Rock that is high-er than I, This my ref-uge thro'
2. I am safe in the Rock that was riv-en for me, From the pow'r of the
3. I am safe in the Rock, let what-ev-er betide, Death and hell have no



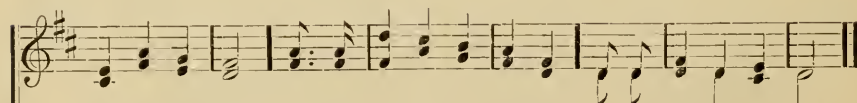
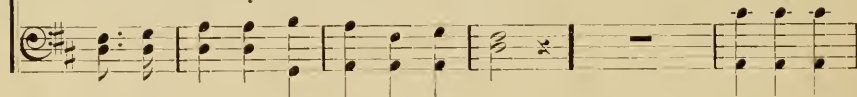
storms e'er shall be; Tho' my frail bark is toss'd on the billow's mad foam,
 temp-ter I'm free; Tho' my pathway be dark and the storms sweep the sky,
 ter - ror to me; I can walk without fear thro' the shad - ow - y vale,



CHORUS.



Yet I'm shel-ter'd for - ev - er in Thee; } Shel-ter'd in Thee,
 Yet se - cure - ly I'm shel-ter'd in Thee. }
 For se - cure - ly I'm shel-ter'd in Thee. }



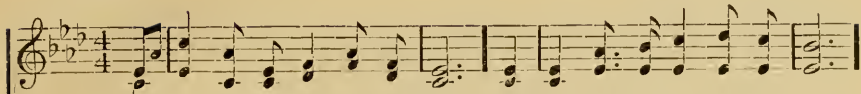
shel-ter'd in Thee, O Thou blest Rock of Ages, I am shel-ter'd in Thee.
 Thee, in Thee,



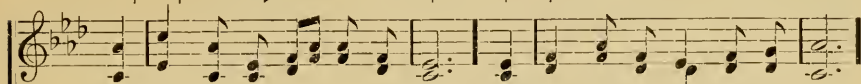
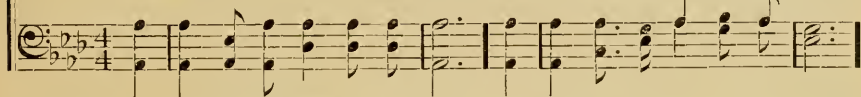
THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

E. JOHNSON.

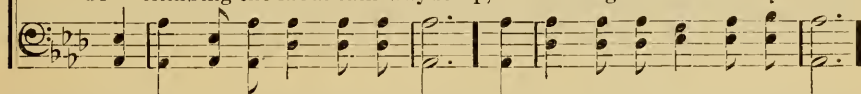
Wm. G. Fischer, by per.



1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings, or sor-rows pre-vail;



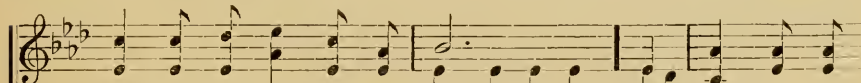
And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
 But toiling in life's dust-y way, The Rock's blessed shadow how sweet!
 Or climbing the mountain-way steep, Or walking the shad-ow-y vale.



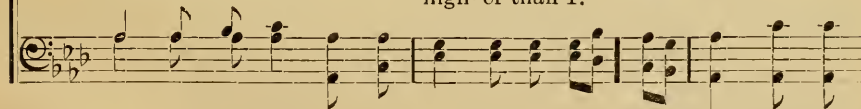
CHORUS.



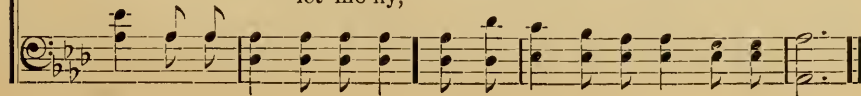
Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the



Rock that is high-er than I: high-er than I: Oh, then to the



Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I.
 let me fly,

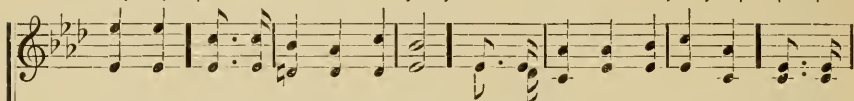
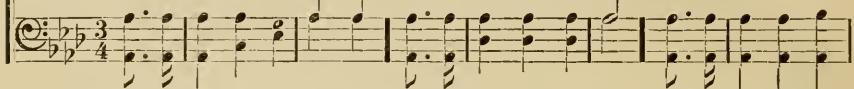


MRS. MARY A. KIDDER.

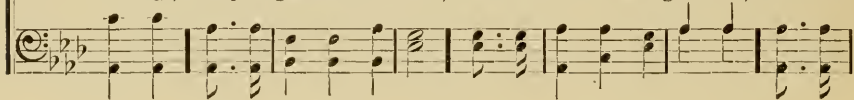
Frank M. Davis, (1839—1897) 1878.



1. Lord, I care not for rich-es, Neither sil-ver nor gold; I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, oh, my
3. Oh! that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its mansions of light, With its glo-ri-fied



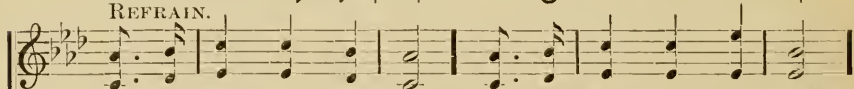
heav-en, I would en-ter the fold. In the book of Thy kingdom, With its
Sa-vior! Is suf-fi-cient for me; For Thy promise is writ-ten, In bright
be-ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e-vil thing cometh, To de-



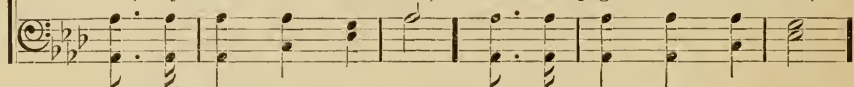
pa-ges so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Sa-vior, Is my name writ-ten there?
let-ters that glow. "Though your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."
spoil what is fair; Where the an-gels are watching, Yes, my name's writ-ten there.



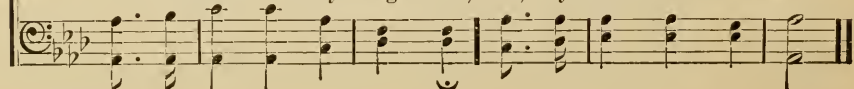
REFRAIN.



Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?
Yes, my name's writ-ten there, On the page white and fair,
Yes, my name's writ-ten there, On the page white and fair,



In the book of Thy king-dom, Is my name writ-ten there?
In the book of Thy king-dom; Yes, my name's writ-ten there.
In the book of Thy king-dom; Yes, my name's writ-ten there.



Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. Showalter.

1. O what fel-low-ship, O what joy divine, Lean-ing on the ev-er -
 2. O how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er -
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er -

last - ing arms; O what bless - ed ness, O what peace is mine,
 last - ing arms; O how bright the path grows from day to day,
 last - ing arms; I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

REFRAIN.

Lean-ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing, Lean-ing on Je - sus,

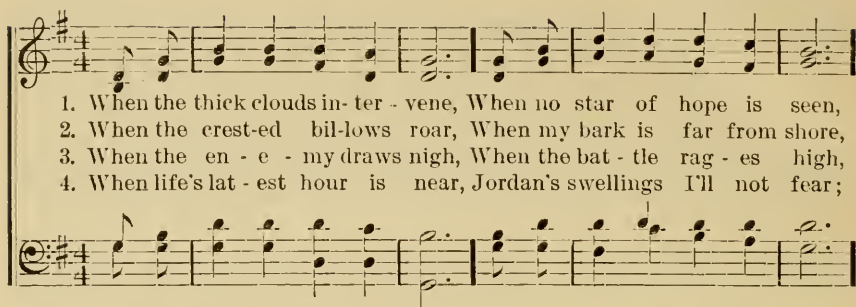
Lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a - larms;
 Lean-ing on Je - sus,

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms.
 Leaning on Je-sus, leaning on Jesus,

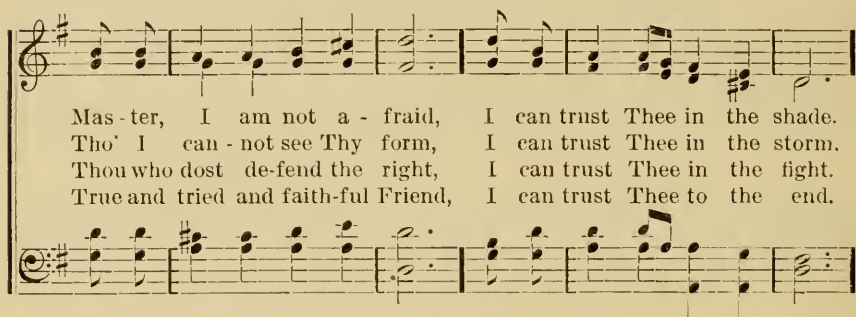
M. FRASER.

Isa. 12: 2.

James McGranahan.

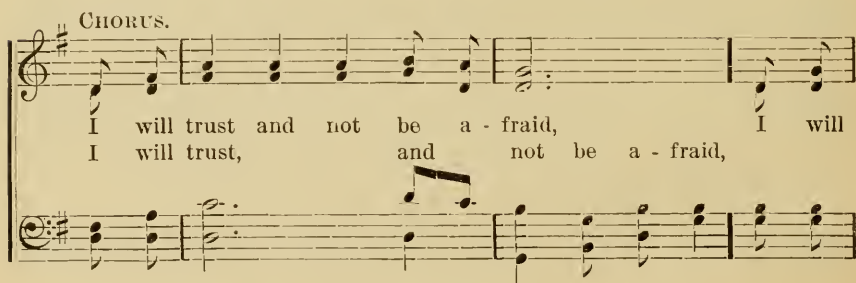


1. When the thick clouds in - ter - vene, When no star of hope is seen,
 2. When the crest-ed bil-lows roar, When my bark is far from shore,
 3. When the en - e - my draws nigh, When the bat - tle rag - es high,
 4. When life's lat - est hour is near, Jordan's swellings I'll not fear;

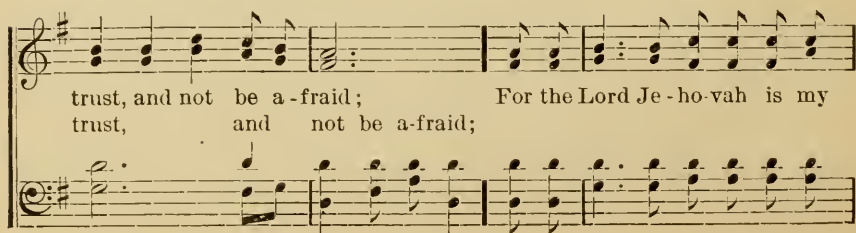


Mas - ter, I am not a - fraid, I can trust Thee in the shade.
 Tho' I can - not see Thy form, I can trust Thee in the storm.
 Thou who dost de-fend the right, I can trust Thee in the fight.
 True and tried and faith-ful Friend, I can trust Thee to the end.

CHORUS.



I will trust and not be a - fraid, I will
 I will trust, and not be a - fraid,



trust, and not be a - fraid; For the Lord Je - ho - vah is my
 trust, and not be a - fraid;



strength and song; He al - so is be - come my sal - va - tion.

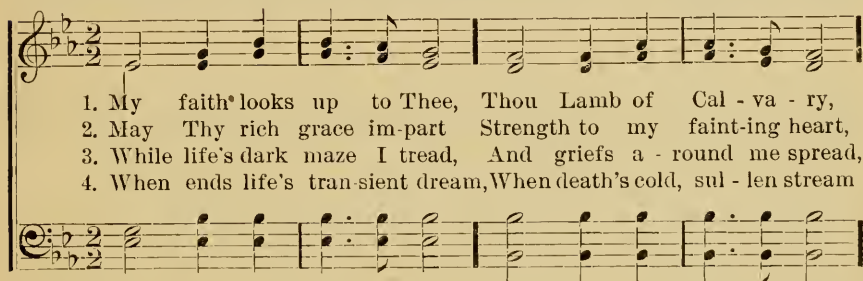
99

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

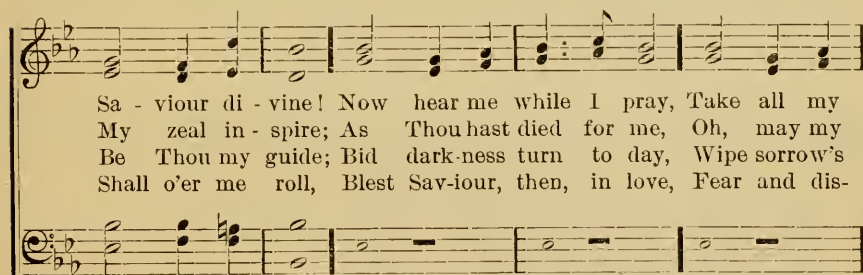
RAY PALMER, 1830.

"Olivet." 6s. & 4s.

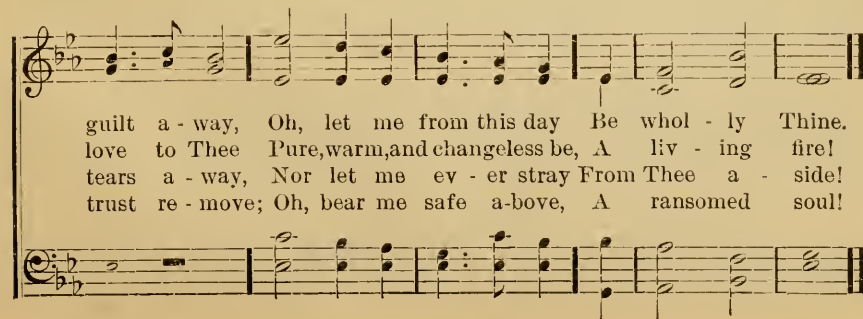
Lowell Mason, 1832.



1. My faith* looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint-ing heart,
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When ends life's tran-sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream



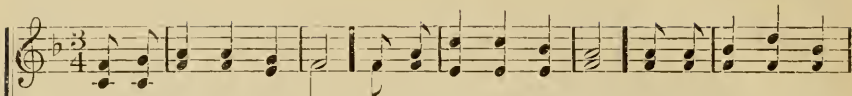
Sa - viour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
 Be Thou my guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's
 Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav-iour, then, in love, Fear and dis-



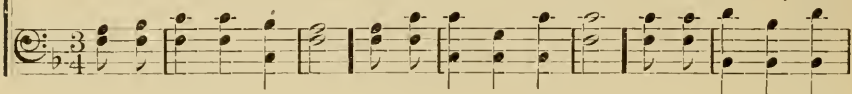
guilt a - way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
 love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side!
 trust re - move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove, A ransomed soul!

REV J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo - ry He
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev - er can prove The delights of His love, Un - til all on the
5. Then in fel - low - ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His



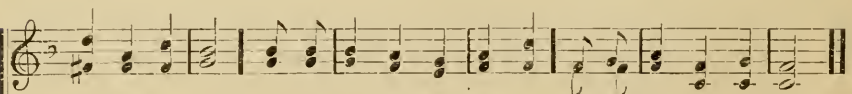
sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a bides with us still,
drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear,
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross,
al - tar we lay, For the fa - vor He shows, And the joy He be - stows,
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go,



CHORUS.



And with all who will trust and	o - bey.	} Trust and o - bey, For there's
Can a - bide while we trust and	o - bey.	
But is blest if we trust and	o - bey.	
Are for them who will trust and	o - bey.	
Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and	o - bey.	



no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus, But to trust and o - bey.



OUT AMID THE WAVES OF OCEAN.

"Petra."

M. D. JAMES.

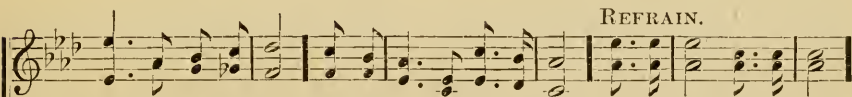
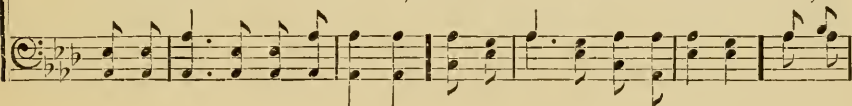
William James Kirkpatrick, (1838—) 1875.



1. Out a - mid the waves of o - cean, Ra - ging oft in wild com - mo - tion,
2. What though darkness now surround me? What though winds be howling round me,
3. With my Sa - vior, what can harm me? Sa - tan's hosts can - not a - harm me!
4. Praise the Rock of our sal - va - tion! With in - creas - ing ad - o - ra - tion,

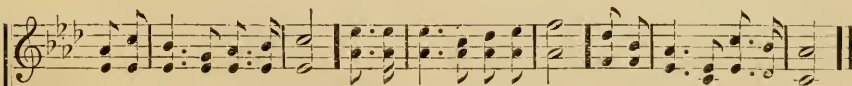
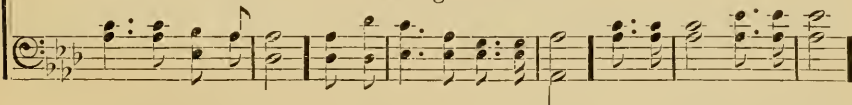


Kept se - cure - ly I am sing - ing, For to Christ my soul is cling - ing, Safe when
Threatening me with des - o - la - tion? Christ the Rock is my sal - va - tion! Calm a -
Je - sus' might - y arms en - clo - sing, Sweetly is my soul re - po - sing, Sheltered
Land and bless His name for ev - er, From whose love no force can sever! Saved, we

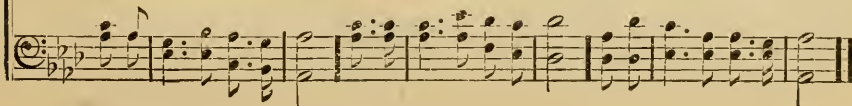


REFRAIN.

comes the tempest's shock, Resting on the sol - id Rock.
mid the wildest shock, On the ev - er - last - ing Rock. } On the Rock, on the Rock,
from the fiercest shock, By the ev - er - blessed Rock.
wait the fi - nal shock On the strong eter - nal Rock.



Resting safely on the Rock; On the Rock, the solid Rock, Resting safely on the Rock.

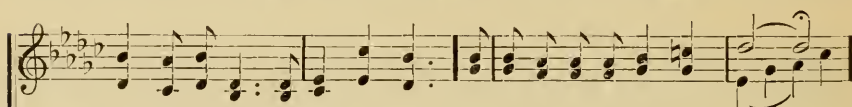


JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

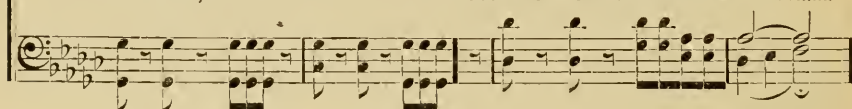
D. B. Towner.



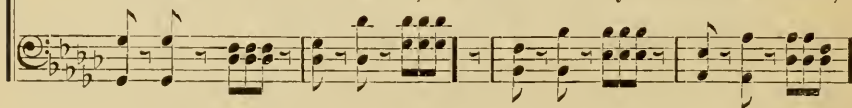
1. O golden day, when light shall break And dawn's bright glories shall unfold,
2. Life's upward way, a narrow path, Leads on to that fair dwelling-place,
3. I dim-ly see my journey's end, But well I know who guideth me.



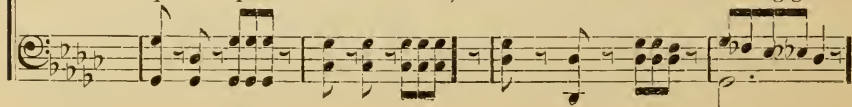
When He who knows the path I take, Shall ope for me the gates of gold.....
 Where, safe from sin, and storm and wrath, They live who trust redeeming grace.....
 I follow Him, that wondrous Friend Whose matchless love is full and free.....



Earth's little while will soon be past, My pilgrim song will soon be o'er,
 Sing, sing, my heart along the way, The grace that saves will keep and guide,
 And when with Him I en-ter in, And all the way look back to trace,



The grace that saves, shall time outlast, And be my theme on yonder shore.
 Till breaks the glorious crowning day, And I shall cross to yonder side.
 The conqueror's palm I then shall win, Thro' Christ, and His redeeming grace.



CHORUS.

Then I shall know, as I am known, And stand complete before the throne;

Then I shall see my Saviour's face, And all my song be say-ing grace.

103

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED.

"Avon." C. M.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

Hugh Wilson, 1768.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die!
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned up - on the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,

Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I!
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
 When God the might - y Mak - er died For man the creature's sin.

- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face, 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 While His dear cross appears, The debt of love I owe:
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, Here, Lord, I give myself away;
 And melt mine eyes to tears, 'Tis all that I can do,

CONSECRATION.

OH, HAPPY DAY.

104

L. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

From E. F. Rimbault.

1. { Oh, hap-py day, that stays my choice On Thee, my Saviour, and my God! }
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. }

S: CHORUS. FINE.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way!

D.S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic - ing ev-'ry day.

2 O happy bond! that seals my vows
 To Him who merits all my love;
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
 While to His sacred throne I move.

4 Here rest my oft divided heart,
 Fixed on thy God, thy Saviour, rest;
 Who with the world would grieve to part,
 When called on angel's food to feast?

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
 Deign, gracious Lord, to make me
 Thine;
 Help me, through grace, to follow on,
 Glad to confess Thy voice divine,

5 High heaven that hears the solemn
 vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

JESUS, I LIVE TO THEE.

"Lake Enon." S. M. (Second Tune.)

REV. HENRY BARBAUGH, (1817—1867) 1850.

Isaac Baker Woodbury, (1819—1858)

1. Je - sus, I live to Thee, The love - li - est and best;
 2. Je - sus, I die to Thee, When - ev - er death shall come;
 3. Wheth - er to live or die, I know not which is best—
 4. Liv - ing or dy - ing, Lord, I ask but to be Thine;

My life in Thee, Thy life in me, In Thy blest love I rest.
 To die in Thee is life to me, In my e - ter - nal home.
 To live in Thee is bliss to me, To die is end - less rest.
 My life in Thee, Thy life in me Makes heaven forever mine. A - men.

Per. of O. Ditson & Co.

MY LIFE, MY LOVE I GIVE TO THEE.

R. E. HUDSON.

C. R. Dunbar.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
 2. I now believe Thou dost receive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
 3. Oh, Thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free,
 REF.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God!
 And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
 I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
 I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - iour and my God!

By per.

MARY BROWN.

Carrie E. Rounsefell.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o-ver the storm-y sea;
 2. Perhaps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Jesus would have me speak—
 3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—

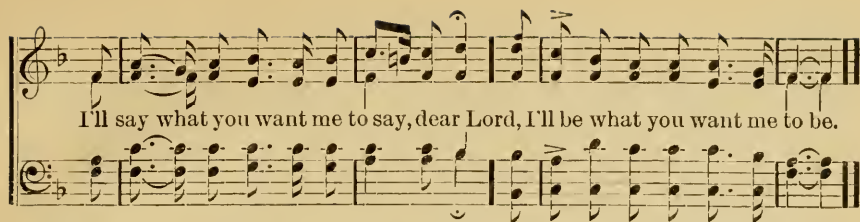
It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
 There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
 Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je-sus, the Cru-ci-fied—

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
 O Sav-iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
 So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And knowing Thou lovest me,

I'll answer, "Dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go."
 My voice shall ech-o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;



I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

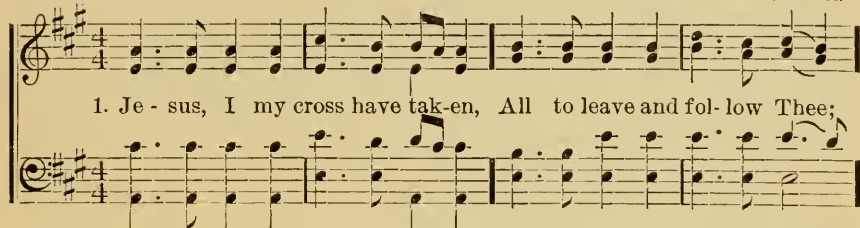
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JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

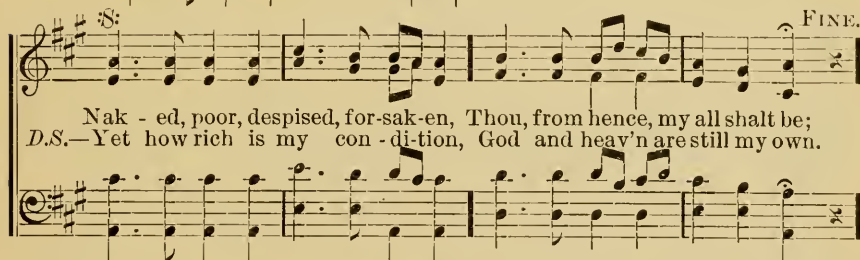
"Ellesdie." 8s. 7s. D.

H. F. LYTE.

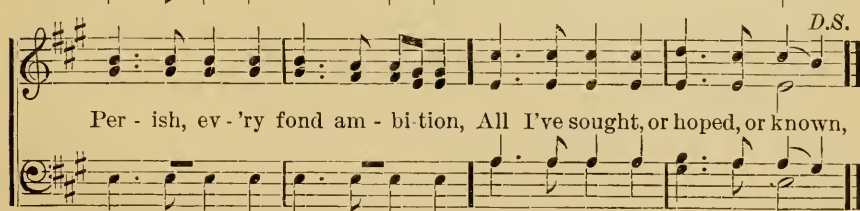
From J. C. W. A. Mozart.



1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee;



Nak - ed, poor, despised, for-sak-en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
D.S.—Yet how rich is my con-di-tion, God and heav'n are still my own.



Per-ish, ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh, while Thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

4 Go then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn, and pain;
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee—Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

IDA L. REED.

Adam Geibel.

1. Sav - iour, I come to Thee, On Thee I call, Thou art my
 2. Sav - iour, I come to Thee, Give me I pray, Thro' Thy great
 3. Sav - iour, I come to Thee, Be Thou my Light, Up - ward my

hope and plea, Je - sus my all; Thou, Lord, my ref - uge art,
 love so free, Strength for each day; Thou know - est all my care,
 foot-steps lead, Out of the night; In - to the heav - en - ly day,

Com - fort Thou me, Heal Thou my ach - ing heart, Thine would I be.
 Je - sus my King, Know - est the griefs I bear, To Thee I cling.
 Bright with Thy love, Lead me, O Lord, I pray, Homeward a - bove.

Copyright, 1898, by Geo. C. Hugg.

6s. & 4s.

MRS. FANNY JANE (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE, (1823—) William James Kirkpatrick, (1838—) 1883.

1. Je - sus, I come to Thee, Long - ing for rest; Fold Thou Thy
 2. Je - sus, I come to Thee, Hear Thou my cry; Save, or I
 3. Now let the roll - ing waves Bend to Thy will, Say to the
 4. Swift - ly the part - ing clouds Fade from my sight; Yon - der Thy

Copyright, 1884, by John J. Hood.

REFRAIN.



wea - ry child Safe to Thy breast.
 per - ish, Lord, Save or I die.
 trou - bled deep, "Peace, peace be still."
 bow ap - pears, Love - ly and bright.

Rocked on a storm - y sea,

Oh, be not far from me; Lord, let me cling to Thee, On - ly to Thee.

111

PEACE, PERFECT PEACE.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

"Pax Tecum." 10. 10.

G. T. Caldbeck.



1. Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin?
 2. Peace, per - fect peace, by throng - ing du - ties pressed?
 3. Peace, per - fect peace, with sor - rows surg - ing round?
 4. Peace, per - fect peace, with loved ones far a - way?

The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in.
 To do the will of Je - sus, this is rest.
 On Je - sus' bo - som naught but calm is found.
 In Je - sus' keep - ing we are safe, and they.

- 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
 Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
- 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
 Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
- 7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
 And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

SERVICE.

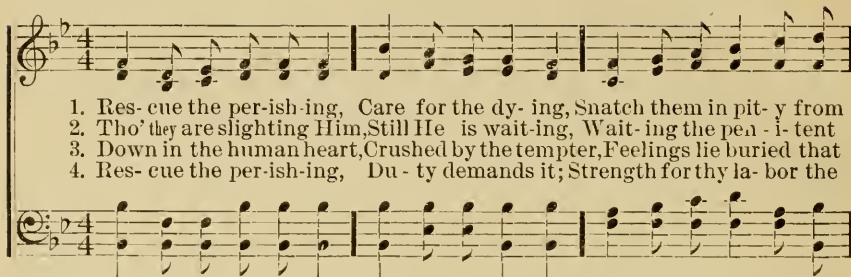
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RESCUE THE PERISHING.

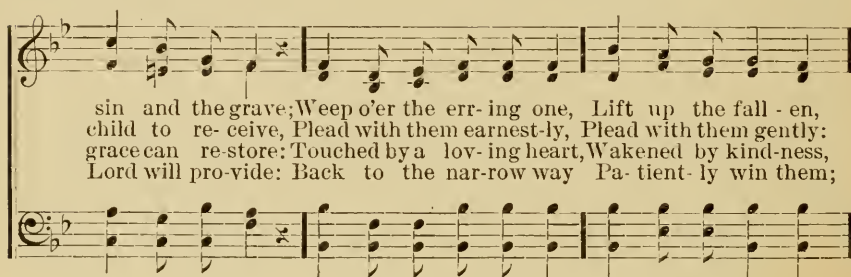
P. M.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

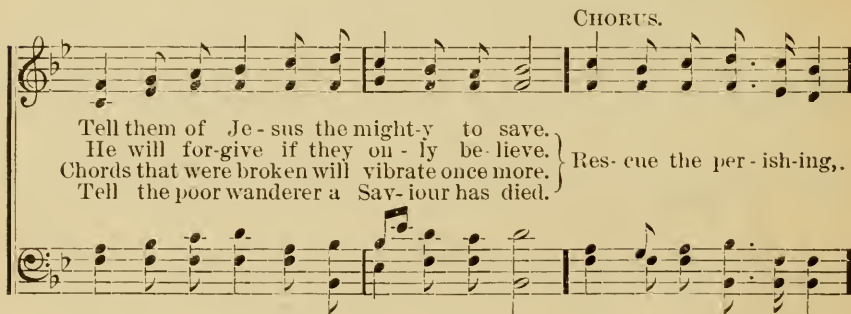


1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
 2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent
 3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that
 4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du-ty demands it; Strength for thy la-bor the

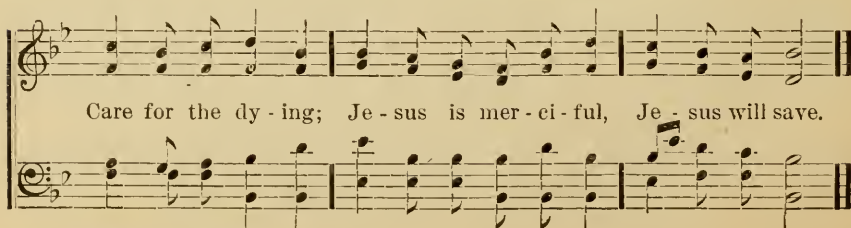


sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en,
 child to re-ceive, Plead with them earnest-ly, Plead with them gently:
 grace can re-store: Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kind-ness,
 Lord will pro-vide: Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them;

CHORUS.



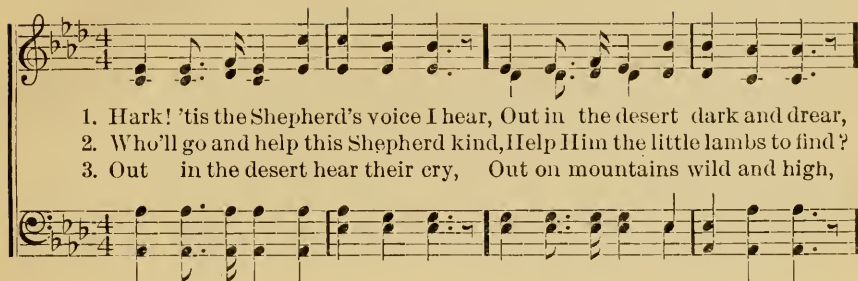
Tell them of Je-sus the might-y to save.
 He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve.
 Chords that were broken will vibrate once more. } Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
 Tell the poor wanderer a Sav-iour has died.



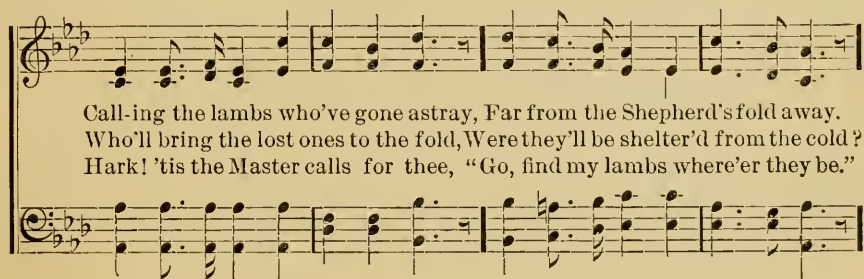
Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

W. A. Ogden.

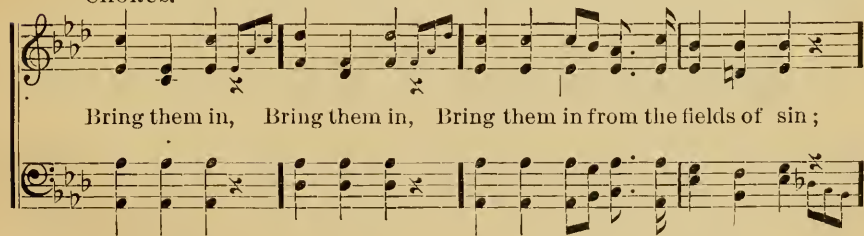


1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the desert dark and drear,
 2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the little lambs to find?
 3. Out in the desert hear their cry, Out on mountains wild and high,

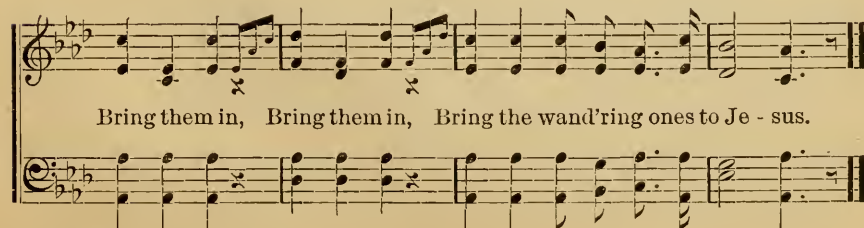


Call-ing the lambs who've gone astray, Far from the Shepherd's fold away.
 Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Were they'll be shelter'd from the cold?
 Hark! 'tis the Master calls for thee, "Go, find my lambs where'er they be."

CHORUS.



Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;



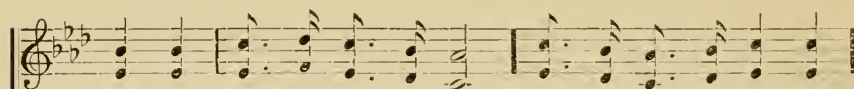
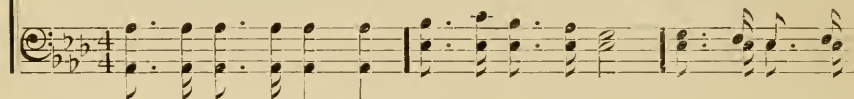
Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je - sus.

FANNY A. KIMBALL.

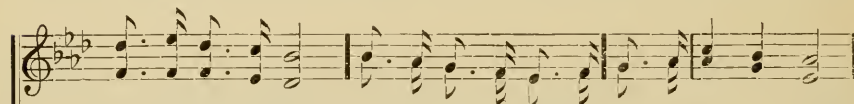
Adam Geibel.



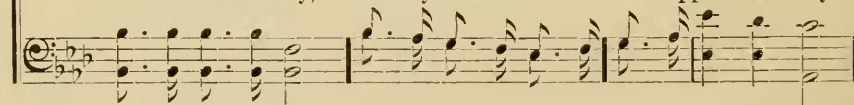
1. Try to car - ry sun-shine Ev - 'ry-where you go; Try to brighten,
2. Try to be a sun-beam Shin - ing for the Lord, Liv - ing in His
3. If you walk with Je - sus, Joy - ful - ly each day, Try - ing to tell
4. If your life is glad - some, Full of joy and love, It will point to



some way, Lives of those you know. If the day be drear - y,
 pres - ence, Feed - ing on His word. Storms may o - ver - take you,
 oth - ers Of the bless - ed way, Nev - er fear temp - ta - tion,
 Je - sus, And the life a - bove. If you are but faith - ful,



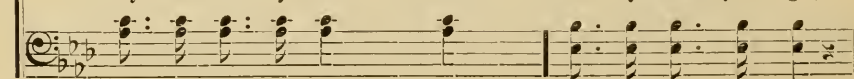
And the way seem long, Try to make it brighter By a bit of song.
 Fear - ful in their might; Trust to Je - sus' guiding, For with Him 'tis light.
 He'll not let you fall; Christ, the Lord, is near you When you on Him call.
 Thro' life's lit - tle day, You may show to oth - ers God's appoint - ed way.



CHORUS.



Try..... to car - ry sun - shine
 Try to car - ry sun - shine Ev - 'ry-where you go;



Ev - - - rywhere you go;
Try to car - ry sun - shine Ev'rywhere you go; Try to brighten, some way,

Lives of those you know; Try to car - ry sunshine Ev'ry-where you go.

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GIVE TO THE WINDS THY FEARS.

"Thatcher." S. M.

P. GERHARDT, 1653.

TR. BY J. WESLEY, 1739, AB.

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1732

1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be not dismayed; God
2. Thro' waves and clouds and storms He gen - tly clears the way; Wait
3. Still heav - y is thy heart? Still sink thy spir - its down? Cast

hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head.
thou His time, so shall this night Soon end in joy - ous day.
off the weight, let fear de - part, And ev - 'ry care be gone. A - men.

4 What though thou rulest not?
Yet Heaven and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne
And ruleth all things well,

5 Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

E. E. HEWITT.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Always helping somewhere, As the Mas - ter did, For the blessed
 2. Always helping oth - ers, When to mankind grown, Still the light of
 3. Always helping oth - ers, May we thus be found, In our field of


love-light Nev - er could be hid; Beau-ti-ful His home life 'Mid the
 heav-en Round His path-way shone; Speaking like no oth - er, Lov - ing,
 serv - ice, Mak - ing songs re-sound; Looking up to Je-sus, E - ven

grand old hills, Making sweet - er mu - sic Than the mountain rills.
 pure and meek, Com - fort - ing the saddened, Strengthening the weak.
 chil - dren may, Treading in His footsteps, His sweet grace dis-play.

CHORUS.

Lov - ing, lov - ing, giv - ing all the while, Here a kind and

friend-ly word and there a sun - ny smile; Help - ing, help - ing



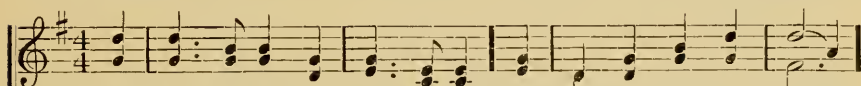
somewhere ev-'ry day, Always helping somewhere, that's the Master's way.

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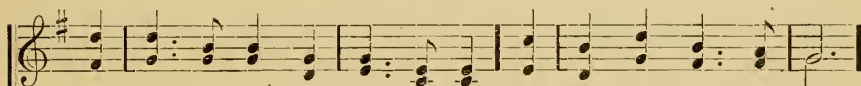
LIKE JESUS.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

Adam Geibel.




1. In truth and grace I want to grow Like Je - sus, day by day;
 2. I want to live a life of love Like Je - sus, day by day;
 3. I want to do some kind - ly deed Like Je - sus, day by day;




And scat - ter sunshine where I go, A - long my pil - grim way.
 And point some soul to Heav'n a - bove, A - long my pil - grim way.
 And for His kingdom sow the seed A - long my pil - grim way.

CHORUS.



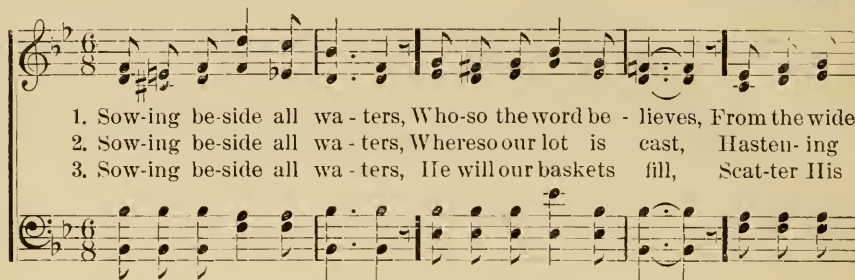
Like Je - sus, like Je - sus, I want to be like Je - sus



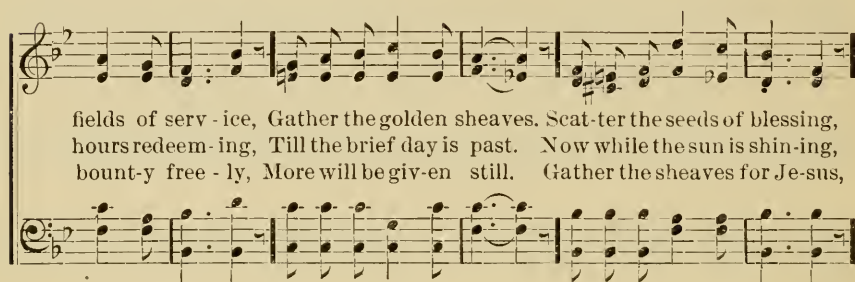
I love Him so, I want to grow Like Je - sus, day by day.

E. E. HEWITT.

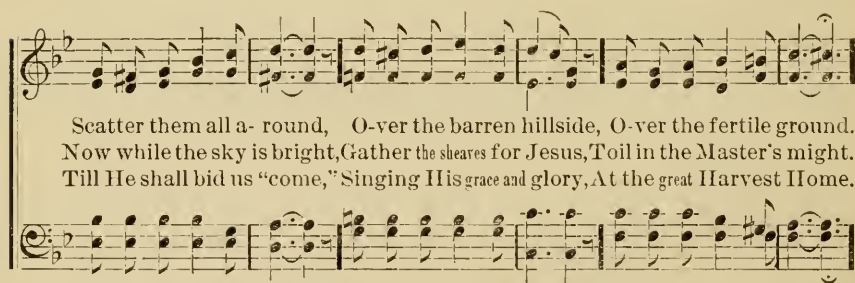
Adam Geibel.



1. Sow-ing be-side all wa - ters, Who-so the word be - lieves, From the wide
 2. Sow-ing be-side all wa - ters, Wher-so our lot is cast, Hasten-ing
 3. Sow-ing be-side all wa - ters, He will our baskets fill, Scat-ter His

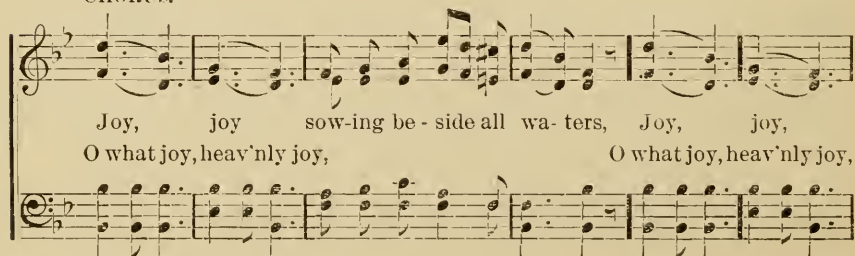


fields of serv - ice, Gather the golden sheaves. Scat-ter the seeds of blessing,
 hours re-deem-ing, Till the brief day is past. Now while the sun is shin-ing,
 bount-y free - ly, More will be giv-en still. Gather the sheaves for Je-sus,



Scatter them all a-round, O-ver the barren hillside, O-ver the fertile ground.
 Now while the sky is bright, Gather the sheaves for Jesus, Toil in the Master's might.
 Till He shall bid us "come," Singing His grace and glory, At the great Harvest Home.

CHORUS.



Joy, joy sow-ing be - side all wa - ters, Joy, joy,
 O what joy, heav'nly joy, O what joy, heav'nly joy,



joy the heart re-ceives, Sheaves, sheaves, Gather the sheaves for
Golden sheaves, golden sheaves,

Je - sus, Sheaves, sheaves, Gather the gold-en sheaves.
Golden sheaves, golden sheaves, golden sheaves.

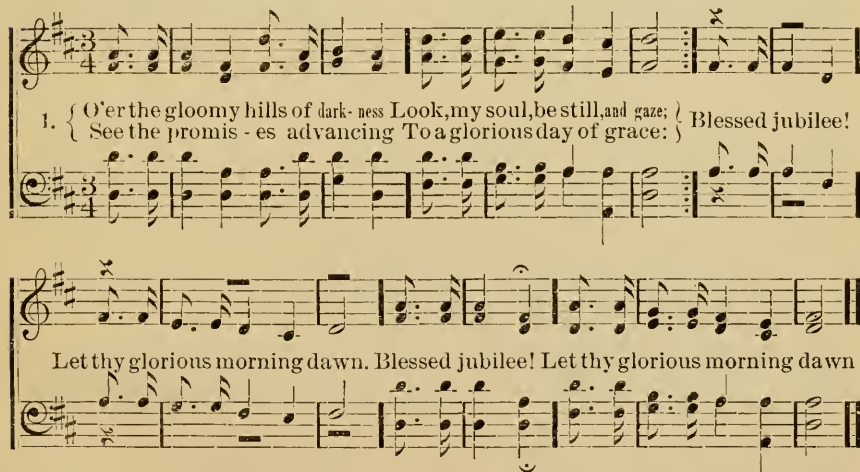
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O'ER THE GLOOMY HILLS.

"Zion." 8, 7, 4.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1772.

Thomas Hastings, (1784—1872.)



1. { O'er the gloomy hills of dark-ness Look, my soul, be still, and gaze; } Blessed jubilee!
{ See the promis-es advancing To a glorious day of grace: }

Let thy glorious morning dawn. Blessed jubilee! Let thy glorious morning dawn

2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtained on Calvary:
Let the Gospel
Loud resound, from pole to pole.

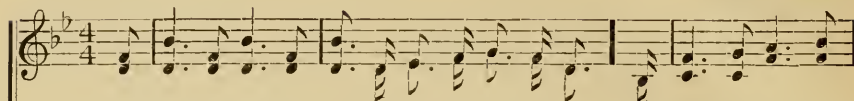
3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness—
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now from eastern coast to western

May the morning chase the night;
Let redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

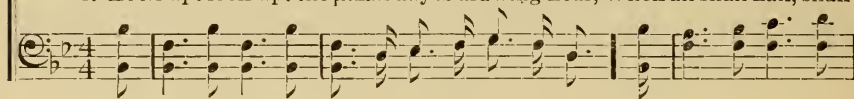
4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel!
Win and conquer,—never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase:
Sway Thy scepter,
Saviour, all the world around.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

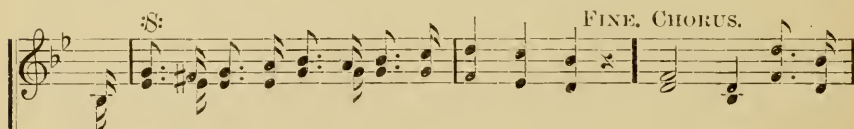
Jno. R. Sweney.



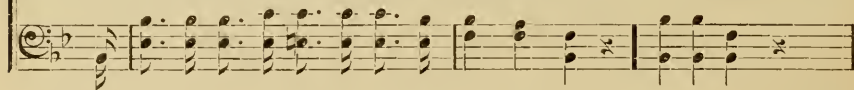
1. A- wake, awake! the Master now is call- ing us, A - rise! a- rise! and
2. O Church of God, extend thy kind maternal arms To save the lost on
3. Look up! look up! the promised day is drawing near, When all shall hail, shall



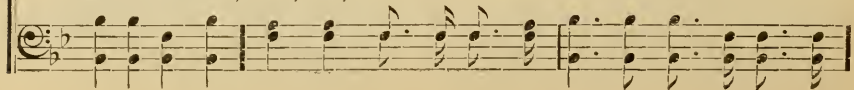
trusting in His word, Go forth! go forth! proclaim the year of Ju-bi-lee,
mountains dark and cold, Reach out Thy hand with loving smile to rescue them,
hail the Saviour King, When peace and joy shall fold their wings in ev'ry clime,

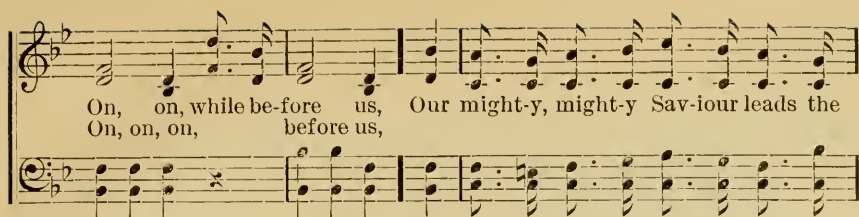


And take the cross, the blessed cross of Christ, our Lord. } On, on, swell the
And bring them to the shelter of the Saviour's fold. }
And "glory, hal-le-lu-jah," o'er the world shall ring. } On, on, on,
D. S.—Shouting "free salvation," O'er the world we go.

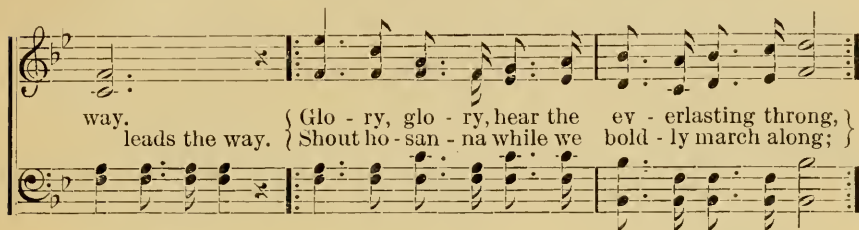


cho - rus; On, on, the morning star is shining o'er us;
swell the chorus; On, on,

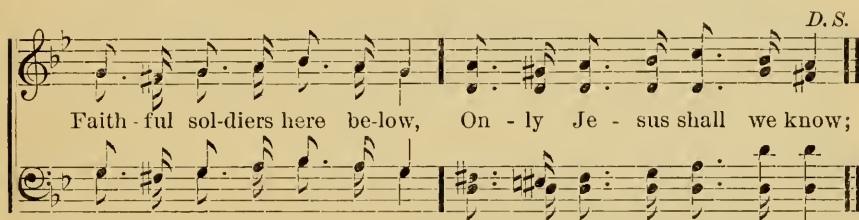




On, on, while be-fore us, Our might-y, might-y Sav-iour leads the
On, on, on, before us,



way. { Glo - ry, glo - ry, hear the ev - er-lasting throng, }
leads the way. { Shout ho-san-na while we bold - ly march along; }



D. S.
Faith-ful sol-diers here be-low, On - ly Je - sus shall we know;

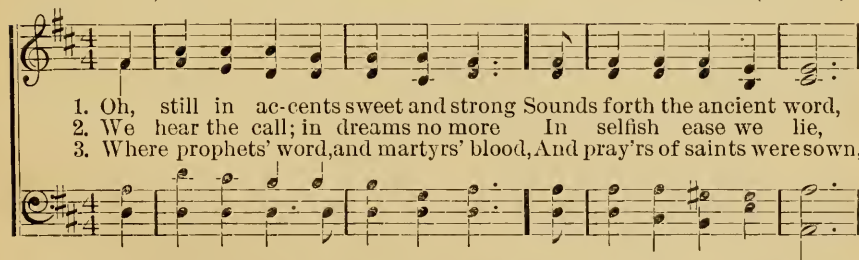
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OH, STILL IN ACCENTS SWEET.

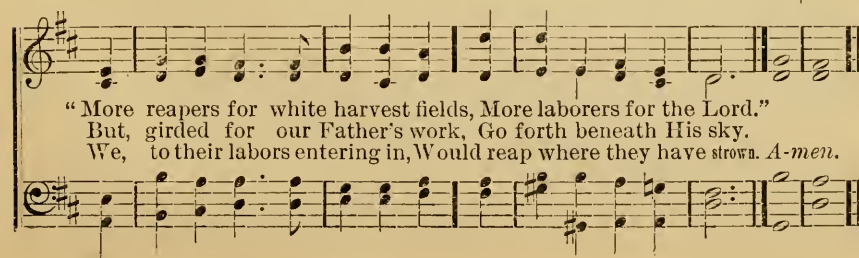
"St. Mark." C. M.

S. LONGFELLOW, 1864.

H. J. Gauntlett (1805-1876.)



1. Oh, still in ac-cents sweet and strong Sounds forth the ancient word,
2. We hear the call; in dreams no more In selfish ease we lie,
3. Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood, And pray'rs of saints were sown,



"More reapers for white harvest fields, More laborers for the Lord."
But, girded for our Father's work, Go forth beneath His sky.
We, to their labors entering in, Would reap where they have strown. *A-men.*

W. A. OGDEN.

Geo. C. Hugg.

1. Scattering precious seed by the way - side, Scattering precious seed
 2. Scattering precious seed for the grow-ing, Scattering precious seed
 3. Scattering precious seed, doubting nev-er, Scattering precious seed

by the hill - side; Scattering precious seed o'er the field, wide,
 free-ly sow - ing; Scattering precious seed, trusting, knowing,
 trusting ev - er; Sowing the word with prayer and endeavor,

CHORUS.

Scattering precious seed by the way. { Sow - - - ing in the
 Surely the Lord will send it the rain. Sow - - - ing in the
 Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield. Sowing the precious seed,

morn - - - ing, Sow - - - ing at the
 ev - - - ning, [Omit] Sow-ing the precious seed, Sow-ing the seed at noon - tide,

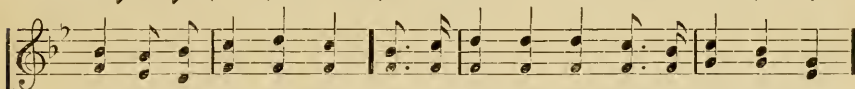
noon - - - tide; Sowing the precious seed by the way..... by the way.
 Sow-ing the precious seed;

C. R. BLACKALL.

W. H. DOANE.

Spirited.

1. In the har-vest field there is work to do, For the grain is
2. Crowd the gar-ner well with its sheaves all bright, Let the song be
3. In the gleamer's path may be rich re-ward, Tho' the time seems
4. Lo! the Har-vest Home in the realms a-bove Shall be gained by



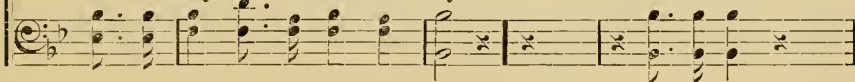
ripe, and the reap-ers few; And the Mas-ter's voice bids the workers true
glad, and the heart be light; Fill the pre-cious hours, ere the shades of night
long, and the la-bor hard; For the Mas-ter's joy, with His cho-sen shar'd,
each who have toil'd and strove, When the Master's voice, in its tones of love,



CHORUS.



Heed the call that He gives to-day. La-bor on! la-bor
Take the place of the gold-en day. }
Drives the gloom from the darkest day. }
Calls a-way to e-ter-nal day. la-bor on!



on! Keep the bright re-ward in view; For the
la-bor on!



Master has said, He will strength renew; La-bor on till the close of day.

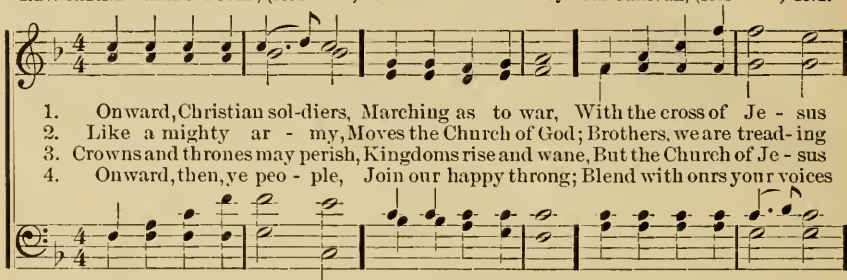


CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

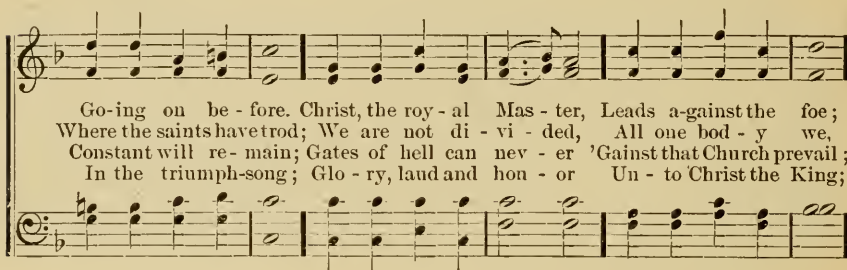
ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

"St. Gertrude." 6s. & 5s.

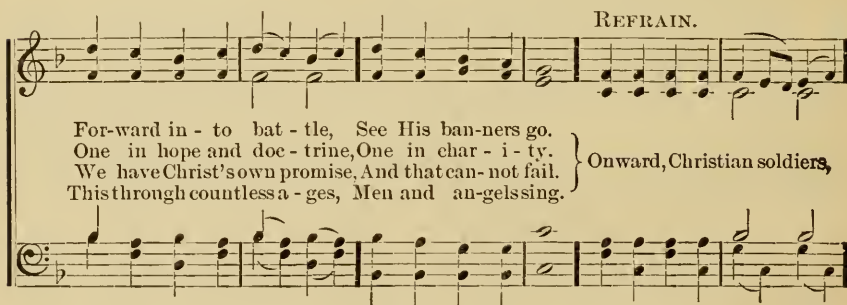
REV. SABINE BARING-GOULD, (1834—) 1865. Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan, (1842—) 1872.



1. Onward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
 2. Like a mighty ar - my, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
 4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your voices

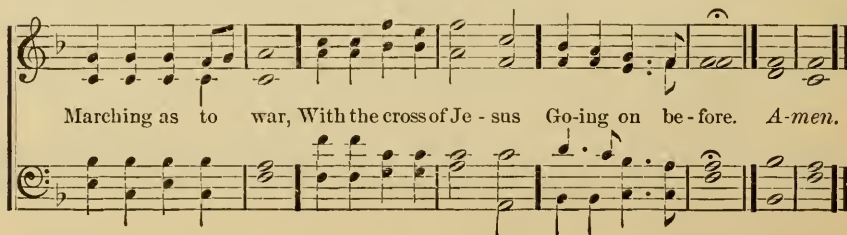


Go-ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-against the foe;
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vi - ded, All one bod - y we,
 Constant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
 In the triumph-song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ the King;



REFRAIN.

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ners go.
 One in hope and doc-trine, One in char - i - ty. } Onward, Christian soldiers,
 We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.
 This through countless a - ges, Men and an-gel-sing.



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore. A-men.

"All Saints." (Cutler.) C. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

BP. REGINALD HEBER, (1783—1826) 1827.

Henry Stephen Cutler, (1824—) 1872.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
 2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
 3. A glo - rious band, the chos - en few, On whom the Spir - it came,
 4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,

His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far; Who fol - lows in His train?
 Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save;
 Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame;
 A - round the Sa - vior's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed;

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain;
 Like Him, with par - don on His tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
 They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The li - on's gor - y mane;
 They climbed the steep as - cent of heaven Through peril, toil, and pain:

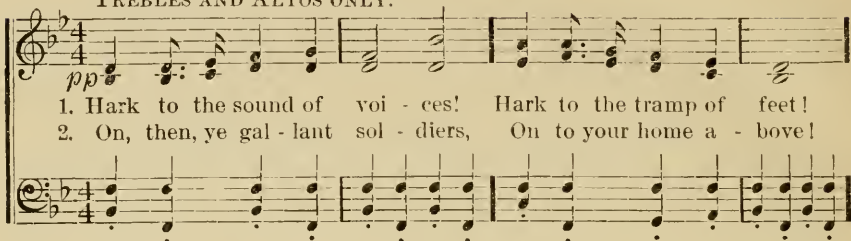
Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?
 They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?
 O God, to us may grace be given To fol - low in their train. A - men.

COLIN STERNE, (1862—) 1896.

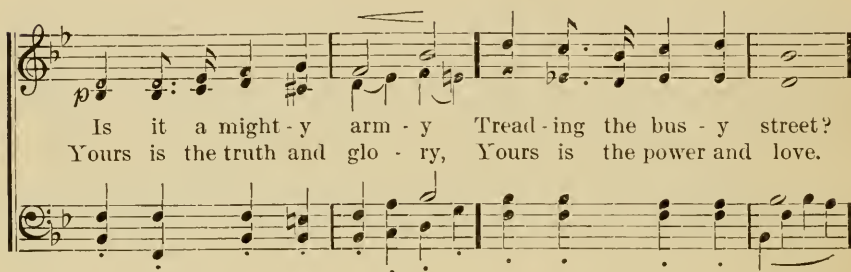
H. Ernest Nichol, (1862—) 1896.

In march time.

TREBLES AND ALTOS ONLY.

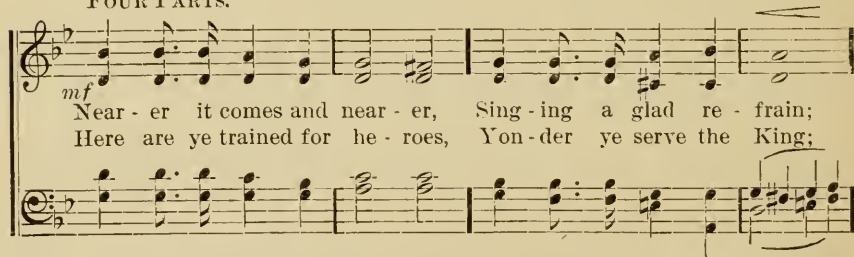


1. Hark to the sound of voi - ces! Hark to the tramp of feet!
2. On, then, ye gal - lant sol - diers, On to your home a - bove!

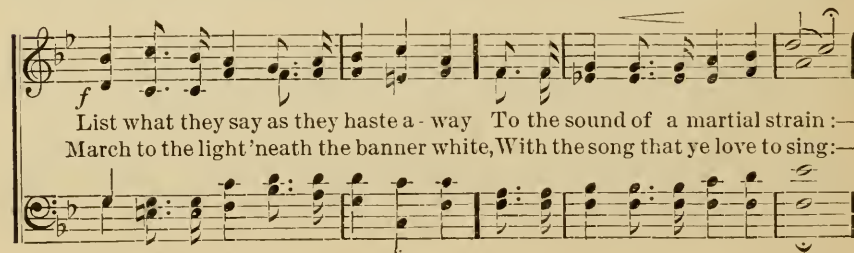


Is it a might - y arm - y Tread - ing the bus - y street?
Yours is the truth and glo - ry, Yours is the power and love.

FOUR PARTS.



Near - er it comes and near - er, Sing - ing a glad re - frain;
Here are ye trained for he - roes, Yon - der ye serve the King;



List what they say as they haste a - way To the sound of a martial strain:—
March to the light 'neath the banner white, With the song that ye love to sing:—
Well marked in the bass.

REFRAIN. *Unison.*

f
 "Marching beneath the ban - ner, Fight - ing beneath the cross,

Trusting in Him who saves us, Ne'er shall we suf - fer loss;

Harmony.

ff
 Sing - ing the songs of home - land, Loud - ly the cho - rus rings; We

march to the fight in our ar - mor bright, At the call of the King of kings."

MRS. FANNY JANE (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE, (1823—) Horatio Richmond Palmer, (1834) 1881.

1. Praise ye the Lord! joy-ful-ly shout ho - san - na! Praise the Lord with
 2. Praise we the Lord! He is the King e - ter - nal; Glo - ry be to

glad ac - claim; Lift up our hearts un-to His throne with gladness,
 God on high! Praise we the Lord, tell of His lov-ing kind-ness,

Mag - ni-fy His ho - ly name. Marching a - long un - der His
 Join the cho-rus of the sky. Still marching on, cheer-i - ly

ban - ner bright, Trust-ing in His mer - cy as we go, (trusting we go),
 march-ing on, In the ranks of Je - sus we will go, (ev-er we'll go),

His light di - vine ten - der - ly o'er us will shine; We shall be
Home to our rest, joy - ful - ly home, where the blest Gath - er and

REFRAIN.

guid - ed by His hand now and for ev - er. } Stead - i - ly marching on,
praise the Sa - vior's name, praise Him for ev - er.

With our ban - ner wa - ving o'er us, Stead - i - ly marching on, while we

sing the joy - ful cho - rus; Stead - i - ly march - ing on, pil - lar and

cloud go - ing before us, To the realms of glo - ry, to our home on high.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

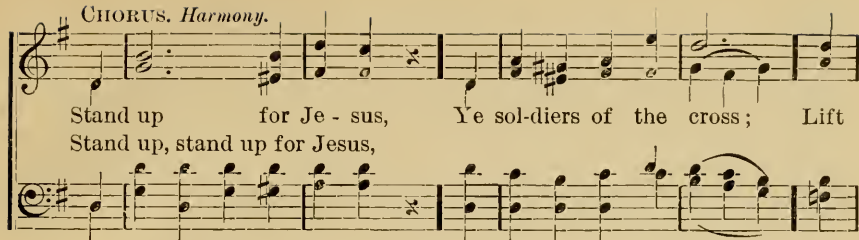
Adam Geibel.

1. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high His royal
 2. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, The trumpet call obey; Forth to the mighty
 3. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will
 4. Stand up, stand up for Jesus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of

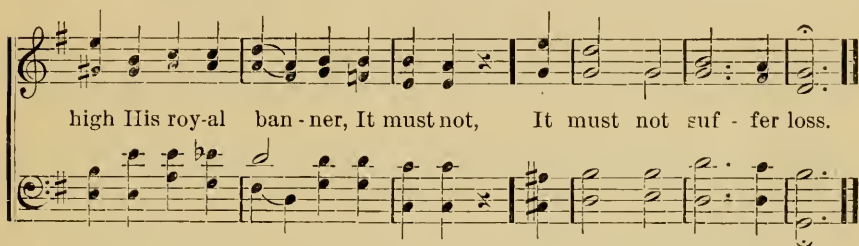
ban - ner, It must not suffer loss: From vic'try unto vic - t'ry His
 con - flict, In this His glorious day: "Ye that are men now serve Him" A-
 fail you, Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gospel arm - or, Each
 bat - tle, The next, the victor's song: To Him that overcom - eth, A

army shall He lead, Till ev'-ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord indeed.
 gainst unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
 piece put on with pray'r; Where duty calls, or danger, Be nev-er wanting there.
 crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo-ry Shall reign e-ter-nal-ly.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*



Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift
Stand up, stand up for Jesus,



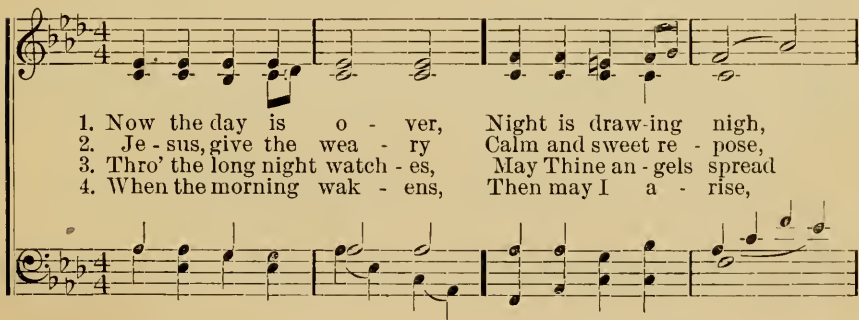
high His roy-al ban-ner, It must not, It must not suf-fer loss.

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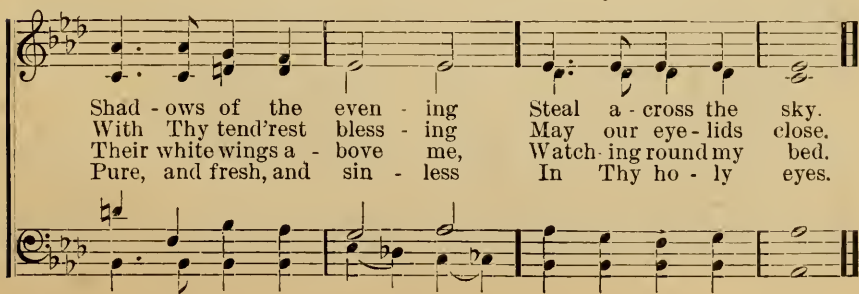
NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

Rev. S. BARING GOULD.

J. Barnby.



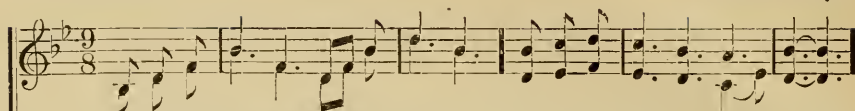
1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose,
3. Thro' the long night watch - es, May Thine an - gels spread
4. When the morning wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,



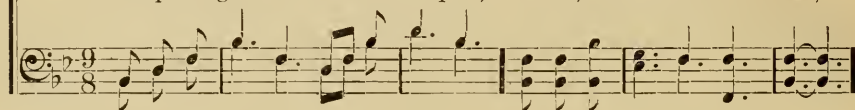
Shad - ows of the even - ing Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy tend'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

SALLIE MARTIN.

Jno. R. Sweney.



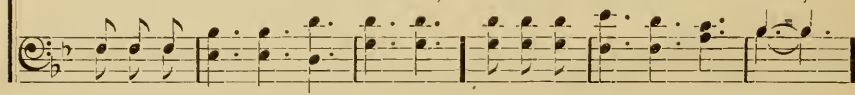
1. Conquering now and still to conquer, Rid-eth a King in His might,
2. Conquering now and still to conquer, Who is this won-der - ful King?
3. Conquering now and still to conquer, Je-sus, Thou Ruler of all,



Leading the host of all the faithful In-to the midst of the fight;
 Whence are the armies which He leadeth, While of His glory they sing?
 Thrones and their sceptres all shall perish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,



See them with courage ad-vanc-ing, Clad in their brilliant ar - ray,
 He is our Lord and Re-deem - er, Saviour and Monarch di - vine,
 Yet shall the armies Thou lead-est, Faithful and true to the last,

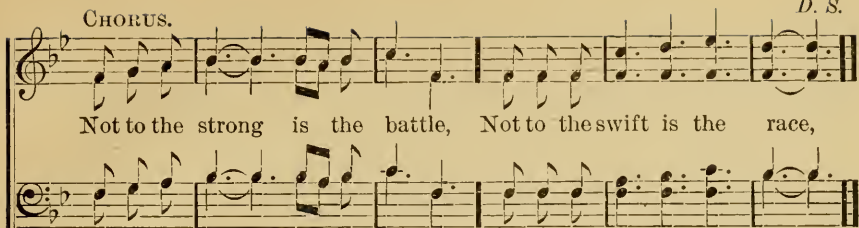


Shouting the name of their Leader, Hear them exulting - ly say:
 They are the stars that for - ev - er Bright in His kingdom shall shine.
 Find, in Thy mansions e - ter - nal, Rest when their warfare is past.
D. S.—Yet to the true and the faith-ful Vict'ry is promised thro' grace.



CHORUS.

D. S.



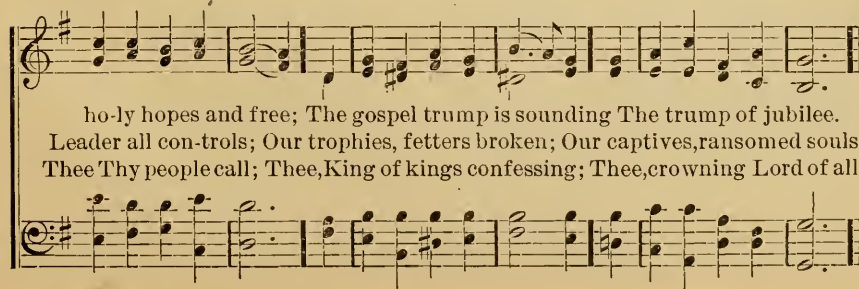
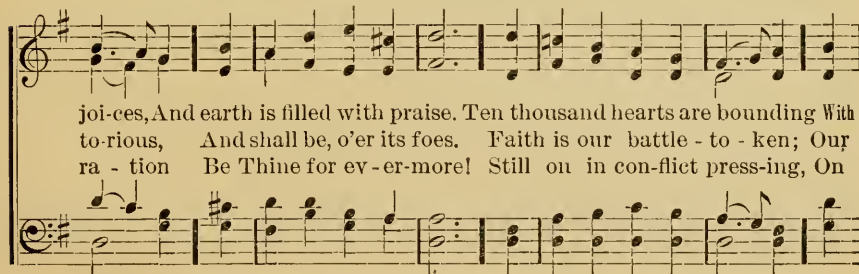
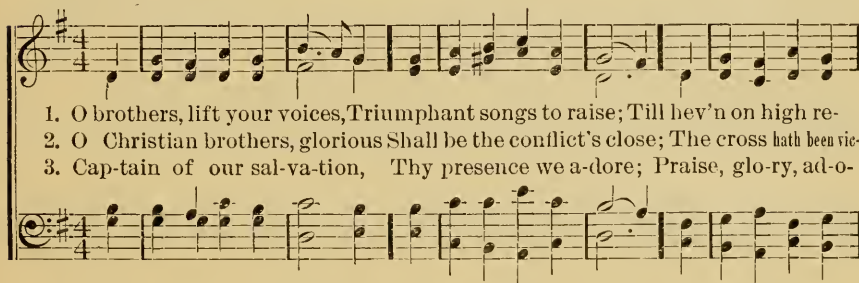
131

O BROTHERS, LIFT YOUR VOICES.

"Bradford." 7, 5, 8 1.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

From Haydn.



E. E. HEWITT.

W. A. Post.

1. Forward, ev - er forward! still let the watchword ring; For - ward, hap - py
 2. Forward, ev - er forward! O, church of God, awake! Ral - ly 'round the
 3. Forward, ev - er forward! recruits we'll gather in; In love's no - ble

sol - diers; we serve a might - y King; In the roy - al high - way, His
 stan - dard, the Gos - pel arm - or take; Je - sus is our Lead - er, we
 war - fare we'll tri - umph o - ver sin; Trust - ing in our Sav - iour, the

prais - es we will sing, Marching un - der the ban - ner of His love.
 bat - tle for His sake, Marching un - der the ban - ner of His love.
 vic - t'ry He will win, Marching un - der the ban - ner of His love.

REFRAIN.

March - ing un - der His ban - ner, our hearts on Him re - ly;

Marching steadi - ly for - ward, our faces t'ward the sky; Marching under His

banner, we lift our voices high, Marching under the banner of His love.

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FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

"Missionary Hymn." 7s. & 6s. D.

REGINALD HEBER, 1819.

Lowell Mason, 1824.

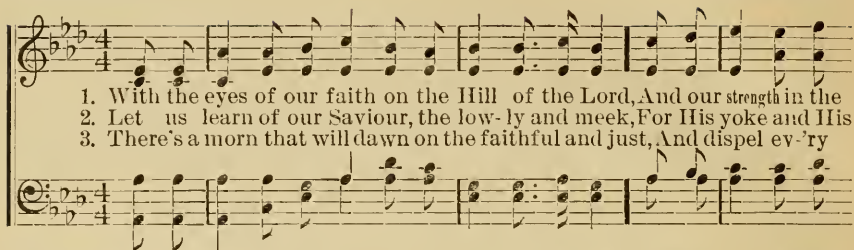
1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's
2. What tho' the spi-cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, Though ev-'ry
3. Can we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high, Can we to
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto-ry, And you, ye waters, roll, Till, like a

sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand, From many an ancient riv - er, From
prospect pleases, And on - ly man is vile: In vain with lavish kindness The
men benight - ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion, O sal - va - tion! The
sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransomed nature, The

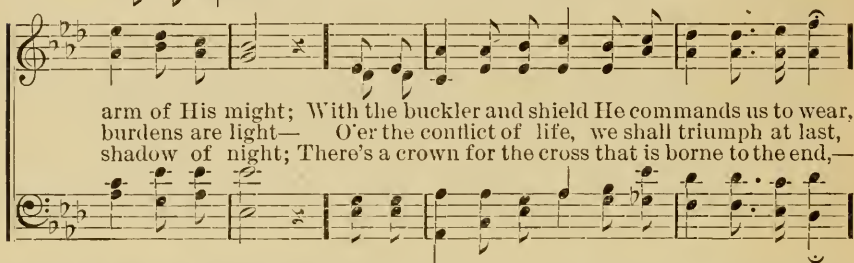
many a palmy plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.
gifts of God are strewn, The heathen in His blindness Bows down to wood and stone.
joy-ful sound proclaim, Till earth's remotest nation Has learned Messiah's name.
Lamb for sinners slain, Re-deemer, King, Crea - tor, In bliss returns to reign.

FANNY CROSBY.

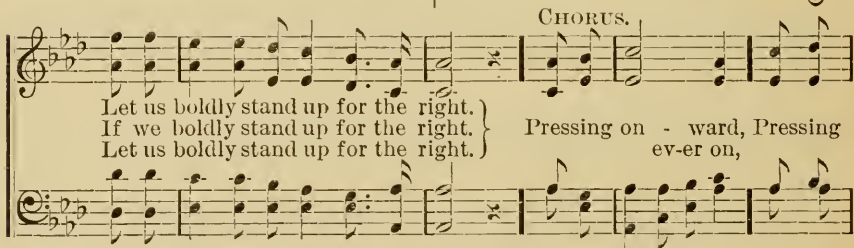
W. H. DOANE.



1. With the eyes of our faith on the Hill of the Lord, And our strength in the
 2. Let us learn of our Saviour, the low-ly and meek, For His yoke and His
 3. There's a morn that will dawn on the faithful and just, And dispel ev-'ry

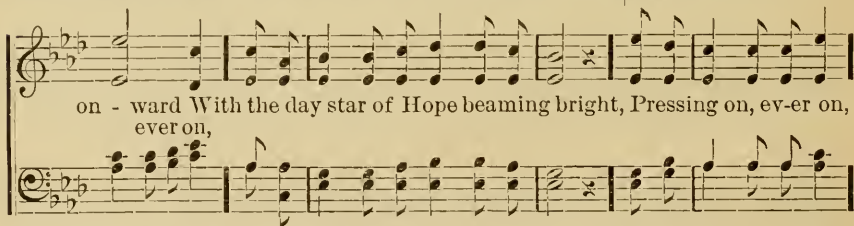


arm of His might; With the buckler and shield He commands us to wear,
 burdens are light— O'er the conflict of life, we shall triumph at last,
 shadow of night; There's a crown for the cross that is borne to the end,—

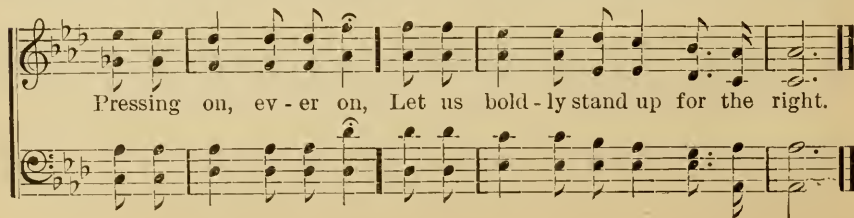


CHORUS.

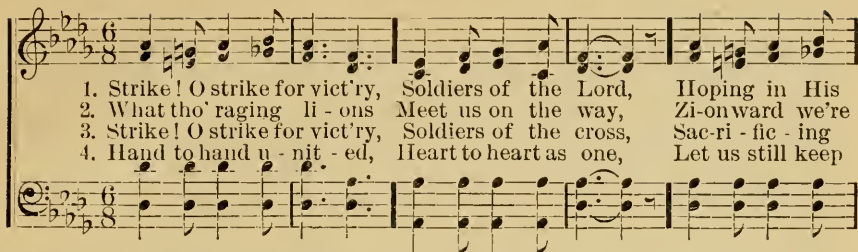
Let us boldly stand up for the right. }
 If we boldly stand up for the right. } Pressing on - ward, Pressing
 Let us boldly stand up for the right. } ev-er on,



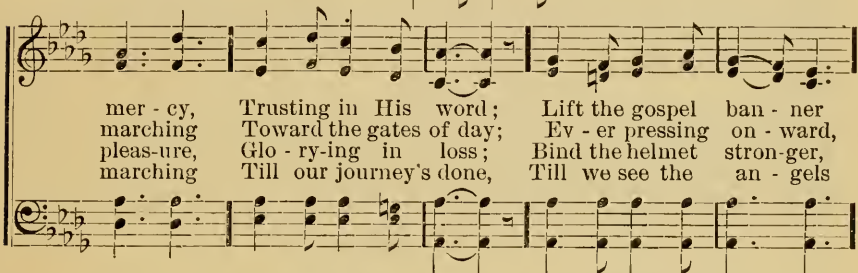
on - ward With the day star of Hope beaming bright, Pressing on, ev-er on,
 ever on,




Pressing on, ev-er on, Let us bold-ly stand up for the right.



1. Strike! O strike for vict'ry, Soldiers of the Lord, Hoping in His
 2. What tho' raging li-ons Meet us on the way, Zi-onward we're
 3. Strike! O strike for vict'ry, Soldiers of the cross, Sac-ri-fic-ing
 4. Hand to hand u-nit-ed, Heart to heart as one, Let us still keep

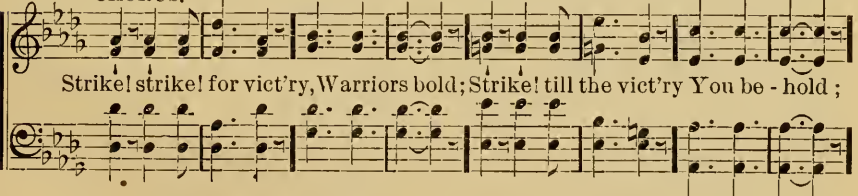


mer-cy, Trusting in His word; Lift the gospel ban-ner
 marching Toward the gates of day; Ev-er pressing on-ward,
 pleas-ure, Glo-ry-ing in loss; Bind the helmet stron-ger,
 marching Till our journey's done, Till we see the an-gels

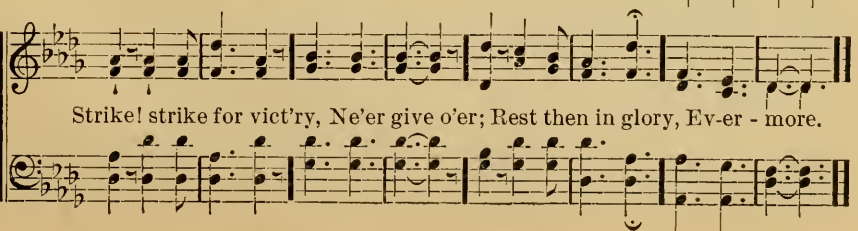


High above the world; Let its folds of beauty Ev-er be un-furled.
 Onward to the light, Till we reach the Jordan, With our home in sight.
 Tight-er grasp the sword; Conq'ring and to conquer, Battle for the Lord.
 Come in glo-ry down, With the shining garments, And the victor's crown,

CHORUS.



Strike! strike! for vict'ry, Warriors bold; Strike! till the vict'ry You be-hold;



Strike! strike for vict'ry, Ne'er give o'er; Rest then in glory, Ev-er-more.

MRS. MARY THAYER.

W. H. Doane.

1. God bless our Gos - pel work - ers, An ar - my grand and strong;
2. The prom - ise stands e - ter - nal, The King of kings shall reign,

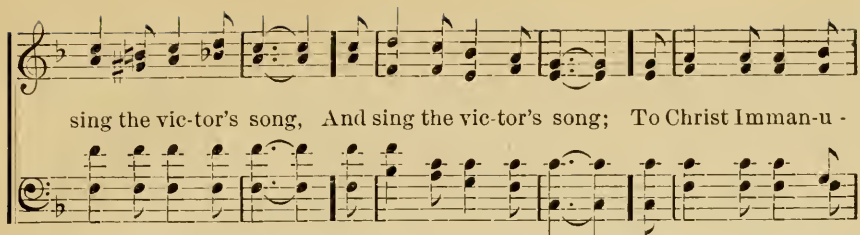
God help you in your bat - tles, To crush out ev - 'ry wrong;
O'er land and sea and na - tion, O'er all our broad do - main;

Your Cap - tain goes be - fore you, He leads you to the fray;
Good cheer, then, com - rades, sure - ly, Should speed us on our way;

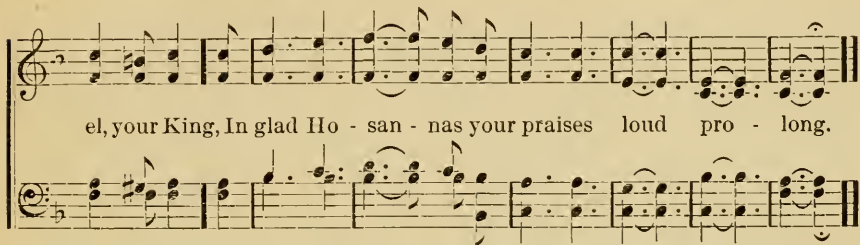
His arm will nev - er fail you, He'll sure - ly win the day.
Each soul won for the King - dom Will has - ten on the day.

CHORUS.

Fling out..... the ban - ner, the Gos - - pel ban - ner, And
Fling out, fling out the ban - ner, the glorious Gos - pel ban - ner,



sing the vic-tor's song, And sing the vic-tor's song; To Christ Imman-u -



el, your King, In glad Ho - san - nas your praises loud pro - long.

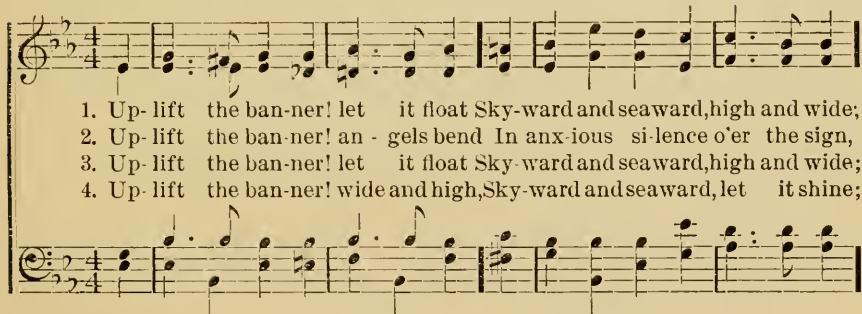
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UPLIFT THE BANNER! LET IT FLOAT.

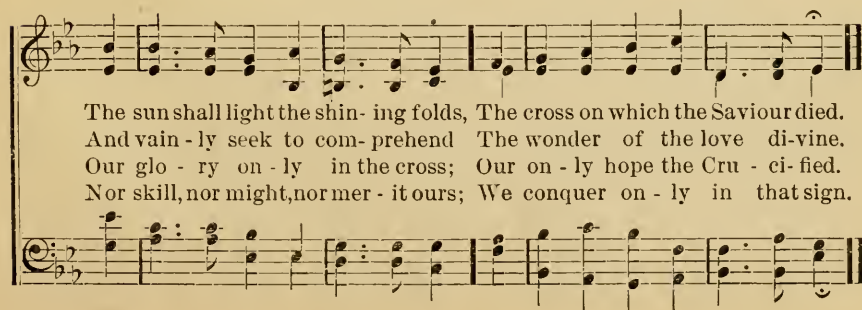
"Waltham."

BP, GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE.

John Baptiste Calkin.



1. Up - lift the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and seaward, high and wide;
2. Up - lift the ban-ner! an - gels bend In anx-ious si-lence o'er the sign,
3. Up - lift the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and seaward, high and wide;
4. Up - lift the ban-ner! wide and high, Sky-ward and seaward, let it shine;



The sun shall light the shin- ing folds, The cross on which the Saviour died.
And vain - ly seek to com- prehend The wonder of the love di-vine.
Our glo - ry on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope the Cru - ci - fied.
Nor skill, nor might, nor mer - it ours; We conquer on - ly in that sign.

ANDREW J. POST.

W. A. Post.

Marital Unison.

1. Keep in step with Je - sus, in the shin - ing way, March - ing
 2. Keep in step with Je - sus, there's a work to do, Nev - er
 3. Keep in step with Je - sus, there's a home a - bove, Help thy

close be - side Him, We shall nev - er stray; If we love and serve Him,
 shunning du - ty He as - signs to you; Prove a faith - ful sol - dier,
 broth - er win it, With the Sav - iour's love; Live to be of serv - ice—

We have naught to fear, Keep - ing step with Je - sus ev - 'ry day.
 Nev - er dis - o - bey, Keep - ing step with Je - sus ev - 'ry day.
 It's the on - ly way, Keep - ing step with Je - sus ev - 'ry day.

CHORUS.

For - ward! we march; faith - ful sol - diers, nev - er

wav - er, Fac - ing the front, serv - ice makes us strong and

cres.

brav - er; Lift up the flag of our bless-ed Lord and

Sav - iour, Em - blem of love, that shall conquer ev'ry foe.

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WATCHING AND PRAYER.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

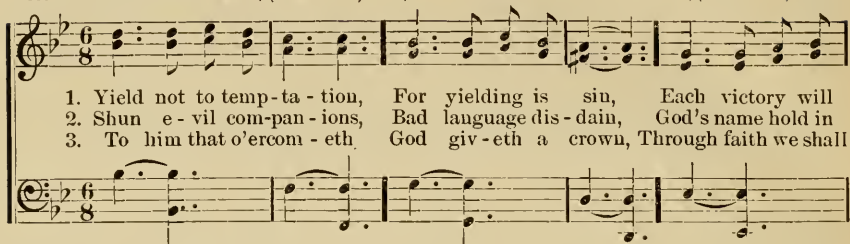
Philip Armes.

1. Christian, seek not yet re-*po*se, Cast thy dreams of ease a - way;
 2. Gird thy heav'n-ly ar - *mor* on, Wear it ev - er night and day;
 3. Hear the vic - *tors* who o'er - *came*; Still they mark each warrior's way;

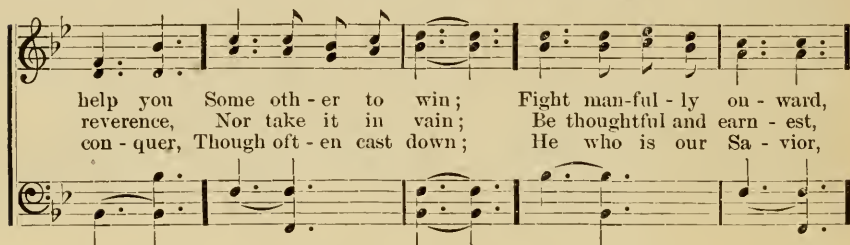
Thou art in the midst of foes: Watch and pray.
 Ambush'd lies the e - vil one: Watch and pray.
 All, with warn - ing voice, ex - claim,— Watch and pray.

HORATIO RICHMOND PALMER, (1834—) 1868,

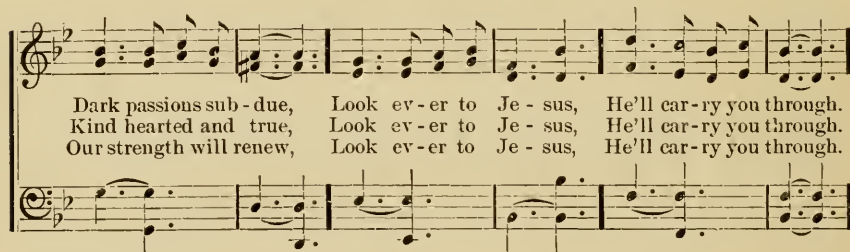
Horatio Richmond Palmer, (1834—) 1868.



1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin, Each victory will
 2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in
 3. To him that o'ercom-eth, God giv-eth a crown, Through faith we shall

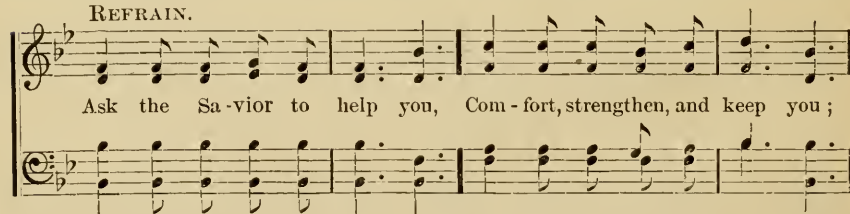


help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
 reverence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn-est,
 con-quer, Though oft-en cast down; He who is our Sa-vior,

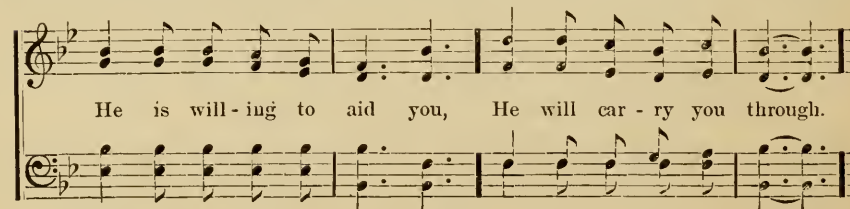


Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Kind hearted and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Our strength will renew, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.

REFRAIN.



Ask the Sa-vior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;



He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

MISSIONS.

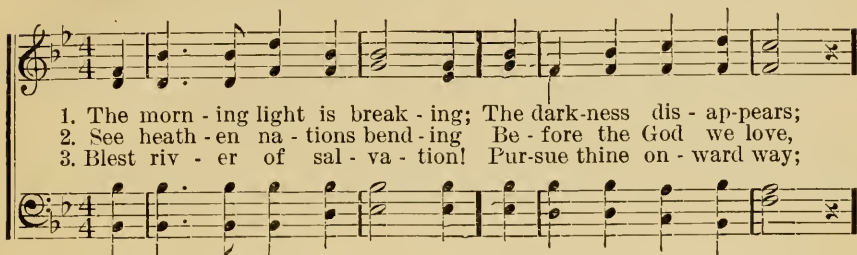
141

THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING.

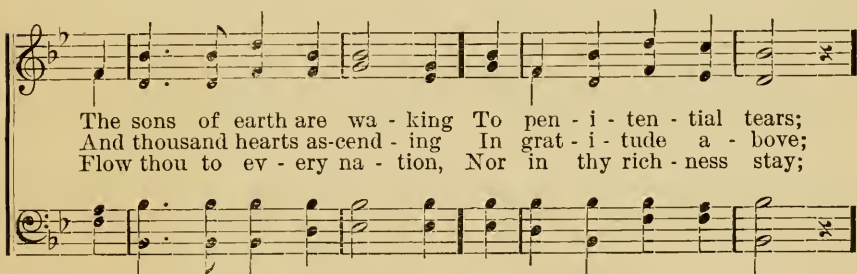
“Webb.” 7s. & 6s. D.

REV. SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, (1808—1895) 1832.

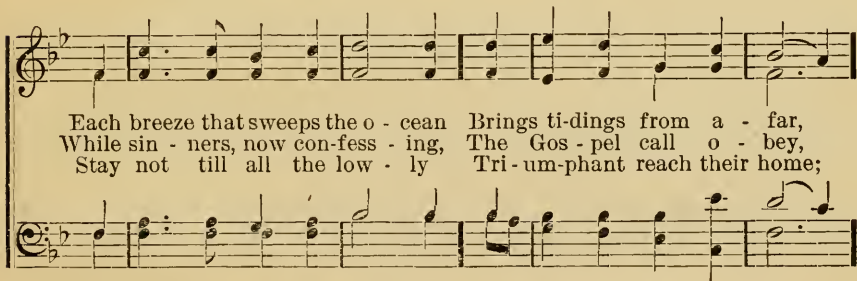
George James Webb, (1803—1887) 1830.



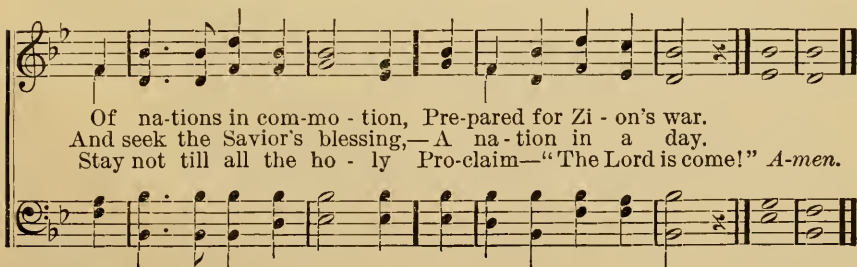
1. The morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark-ness dis - ap-pears;
 2. See heath - en na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God we love,
 3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion! Pur-sue thine on - ward way;



The sons of earth are wa - king To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
 And thousand hearts as-cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;
 Flow thou to ev - ery na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay;



Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti-dings from a - far,
 While sin - ners, now con-fess - ing, The Gos - pel call o - bey,
 Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - um-phants reach their home;



Of na-tions in com-mo - tion, Pre-pared for Zi - on's war.
 And seek the Savior's blessing,—A na-tion in a day.
 Stay not till all the ho - ly Pro-claim—“The Lord is come!” *A-men.*

REV. J. DEMSTER HAMMOND.

William James Kirkpatrick, (1838—) 1885.

1. The whole wide world for Je - sus, This shall our watch-word be,
 2. The whole wide world for Je - sus, In - spire us with the thought
 3. The whole wide world for Je - sus, The march-ing or - der sound,
 4. The whole wide world for Je - sus, In the Fa - ther's home a - bove

Up - on the high - est moun - tain, Down by the wi - dest sea.
 That ev - ery son of Ad - am Hath by the blood been bought.
 Go ye and preach the gos - pel Wher - ev - er man is found.
 Are ma - ny wondrous man - sions, Man-sions of light and love.

The whole wide world for Je - sus, To Him all men shall bow,
 The whole wide world for Je - sus, O faint not by the way!
 The whole wide world for Je - sus, Our ban - ner is un - furled,
 The whole wide world for Je - sus, Ride forth, O conquering King,

In cit - y or on prai - rie, The world for Je - sus now.
 The cross shall sure - ly con - quer In this our glo - rious day.
 We bat - tle now for Je - sus, And faith demands the world.
 Through all the might - y na - tions, The world to glo - ry bring.

REFRAIN.

The whole wide world, the whole wide world, Pro - claim the gos-pel
 tidings through the whole wide world, Lift up the cross for Je - sus, His
 banner be unfurled, Till every tongue confess Him, through the whole wide world.

Copyrighted by J. J. Hood.

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JESUS CALLS US.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

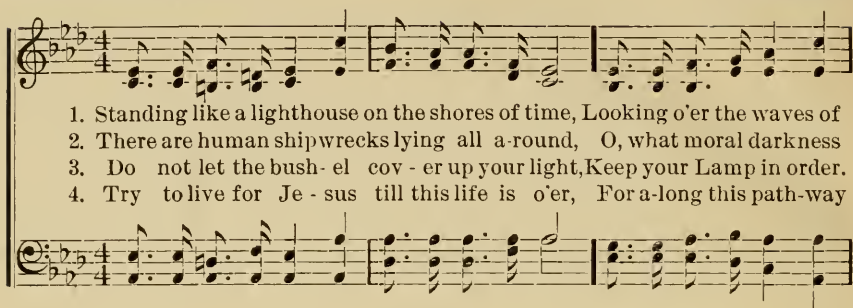
"Talmar." 8s. 7s.

Isaac B. Woodbury.

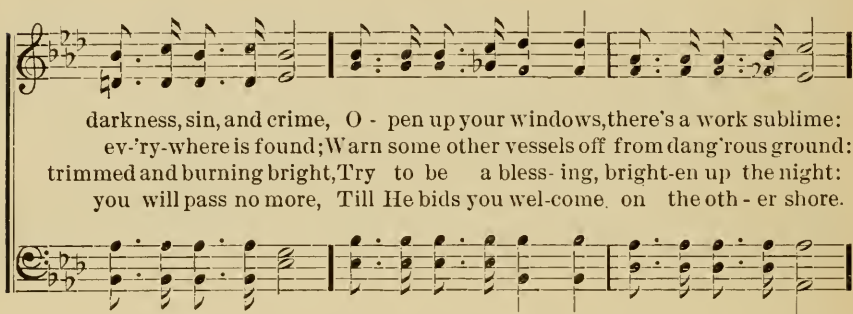
1. Je - sus calls us o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, restless sea;
 2. Je - sus calls us from the wor-ship Of the vain world's golden store;
 3. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
 Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian follow Me."
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love me more."
 Give our hearts to Thine o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

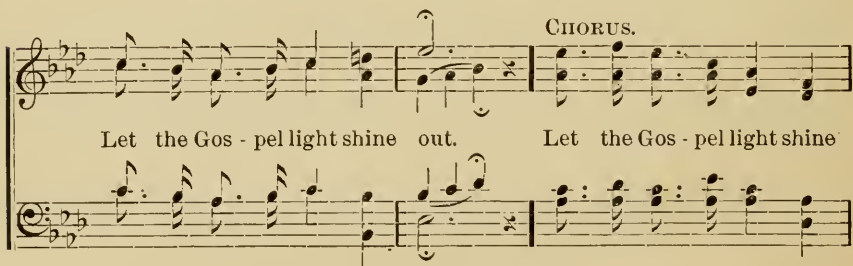
Adam Geibel.



1. Standing like a lighthouse on the shores of time, Looking o'er the waves of
2. There are human shipwrecks lying all a-round, O, what moral darkness
3. Do not let the bush- el cov - er up your light, Keep your Lamp in order.
4. Try to live for Je - sus till this life is o'er, For a-long this path-way

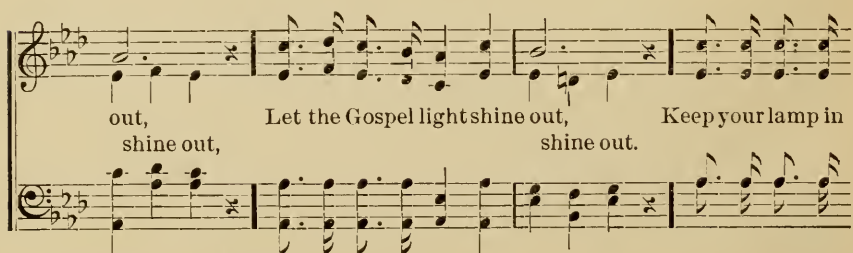


darkness, sin, and crime, O - pen up your windows, there's a work sublime:
 ev'-ry-where is found; Warn some other vessels off from dang'rous ground:
 trimmed and burning bright, Try to be a bless-ing, bright-en up the night:
 you will pass no more, Till He bids you wel-come, on the oth-er shore.



CHORUS.

Let the Gos - pel light shine out. Let the Gos - pel light shine



out, Let the Gospel light shine out, Keep your lamp in
 shine out, shine out.

order, trimm'd and burning bright— Let the Gos- pel light shine out.

145

WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

ANNA L. WALKER.

“Work Song.” P. M.

Lowell Mason.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours;

Work, while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring-ing flow'rs;
D.S.—Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.

cres. Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow-ing sun;
D.S.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny moon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store:
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

KNOWLES SHAW.

George A. Minor.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide
 2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
 3. Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Mas - ter, Though the loss sustained our

and the dew - y eve; Wait - ing for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing,
 winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed,
 spir - it often grieves; When our weeping's o - ver, He will bid us welcome,

REFRAIN.

We shall come, re - joi - ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,

bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, re - joi - ing, bringing in the sheaves;

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

MRS. FANNY JANE (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE, (1823—) George Coles Stebbins, (1846—) 1883.

1. Gath - er them in! for yet there is room At the
 2. Gath - er them in! for yet there is room; But our
 3. Gath - er them in! for yet there is room; 'Tis a

feast that the King has spread; Oh gath - er them in! — let His
 hearts—how they throb with pain, To think of the ma - ny who
 mes - sage from God a - bove; Oh, gath - er them in - to the

house be filled, And the hun - gry and poor be fed.
 slight the call, That may nev - er be heard a - gain!
 fold of grace, And the arms of the Sa - vior's love!

REFRAIN.

Out in the highway, out in the by-way, Out in the dark paths of sin;

Go forth, go forth, with a lov - ing heart, And gath - er the wanderers in!

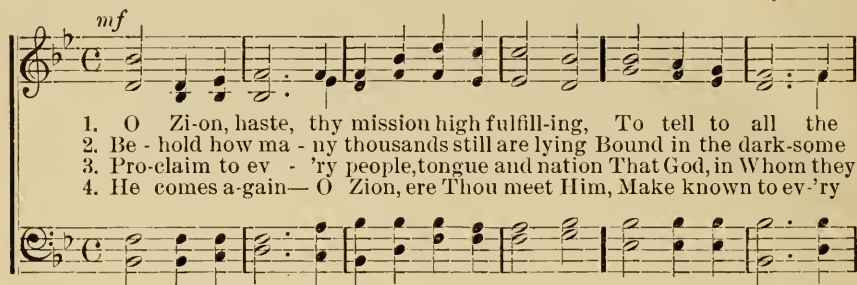
O ZION, HASTE.

"Tidings." P. M.

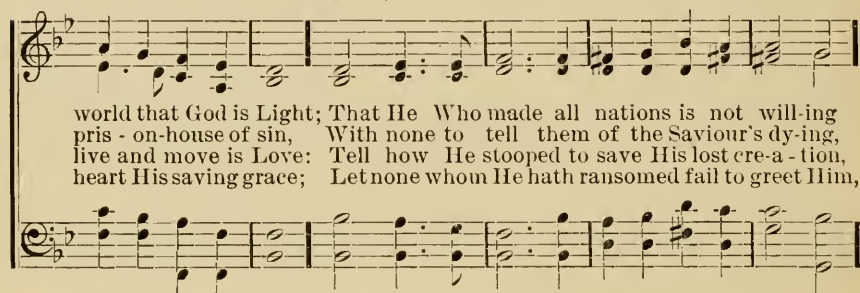
M. A. THOMSON.

J. Walch.

mf

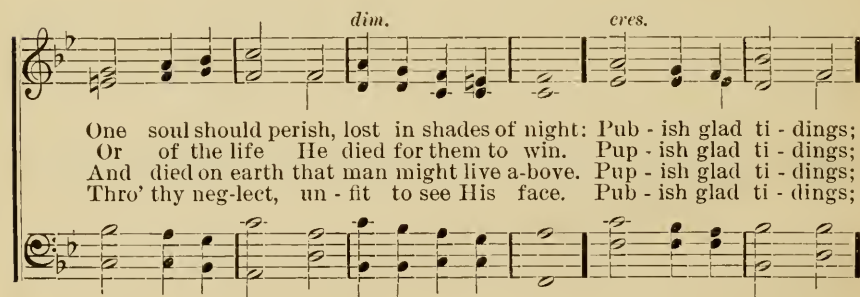


1. O Zi-on, haste, thy mission high fulfill-ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how ma - ny thousands still are lying Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev - 'ry people, tongue and nation That God, in Whom they
4. He comes a-gain— O Zion, ere Thou meet Him, Make known to ev-'ry



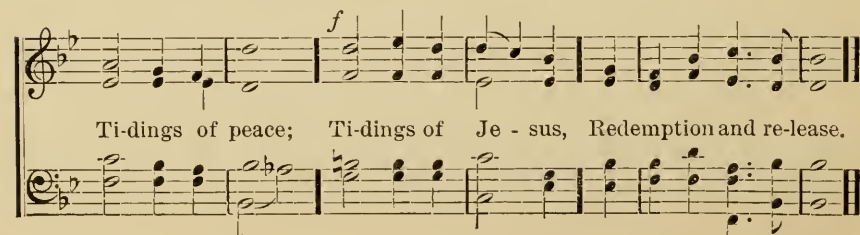
world that God is Light; That He Who made all nations is not will-ing
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Saviour's dy-ing,
live and move is Love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre-a - tion,
heart His saving grace; Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,

dim. *cres.*



One soul should perish, lost in shades of night: Pub - ish glad ti - dings;
Or of the life He died for them to win. Pup - ish glad ti - dings;
And died on earth that man might live a-bove. Pup - ish glad ti - dings;
Thro' thy neg-lect, un - fit to see His face. Pub - ish glad ti - dings;

f



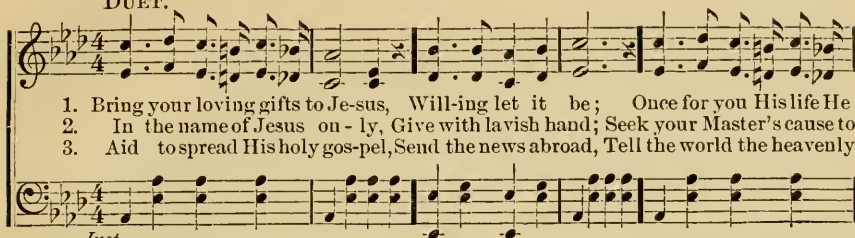
Ti-dings of peace; Ti-dings of Je - sus, Redemption and re-lease.

GIVING.

BRING YOUR LOVING GIFTS TO JESUS.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.
DUET.

W. J. C. Thiel, (1857—) 1880.



1. Bring your loving gifts to Je-sus, Will-ing let it be; Once for you His life He
 2. In the name of Jesus on - ly, Give with lavish hand; Seek your Master's cause to
 3. Aid to spread His holy gos-pel, Send the news abroad, Tell the world the heavenly

Inst.

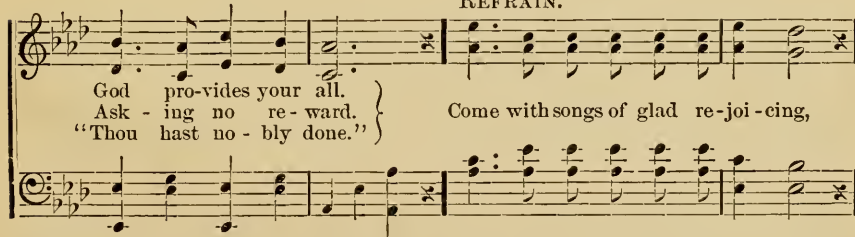


of-fered,—Died on Cal - va - ry; Turn not from His gentle pleadings,
 hon - or, This is His command; Come, oh, come, ye sons of Zi - on,
 ti - dings—Win-ning souls for God; Wear - y not in faithful ser-vice,

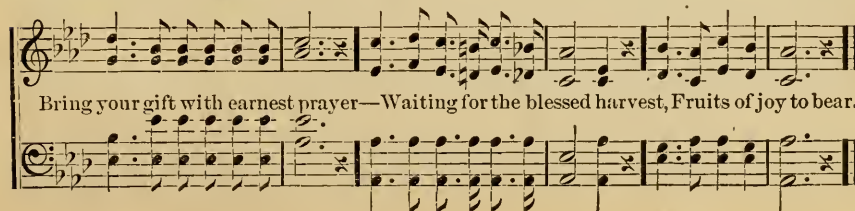


Though perhaps your store is small, From His great and wondrous boun-ty
 Bring your offerings to the Lord, Yield your treasure to His keep - ing,
 Toil - ing on from sun to sun, By and by shall Je - sus whis - per,

REFRAIN.



God pro-vides your all. } Come with songs of glad re-joi-cing,
 Ask - ing no re - ward.
 "Thou hast no - bly done."



Bring your gift with earnest prayer—Waiting for the blessed harvest, Fruits of joy to bear.

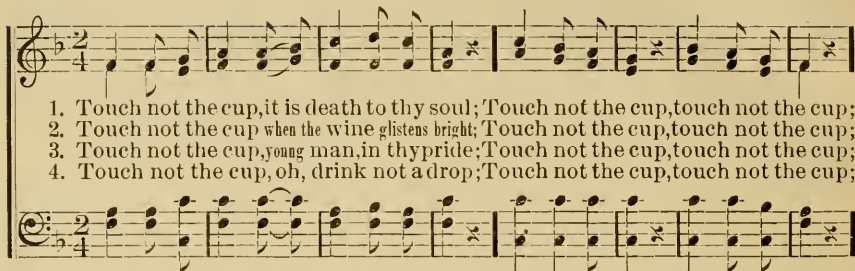
TEMPERANCE.

150

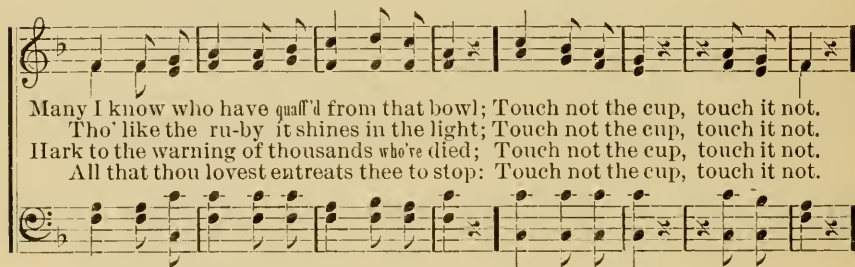
TOUCH NOT THE CUP.

JAMES H. AIKMAN.

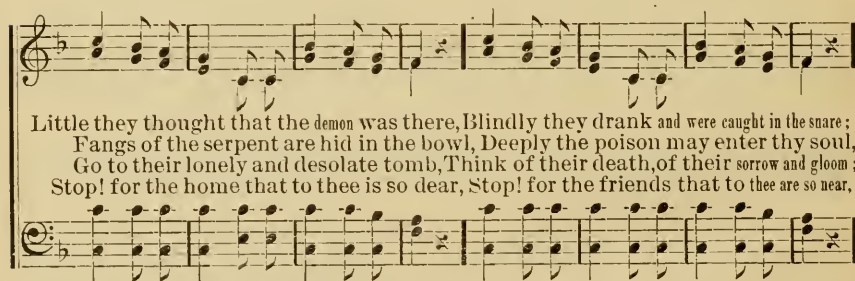
Thomas H. Bayly.



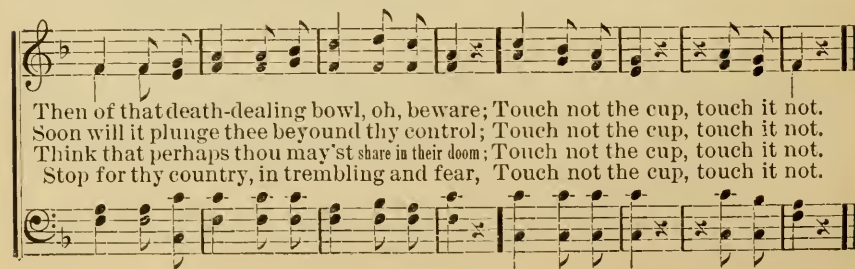
1. Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
 2. Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
 3. Touch not the cup, young man, in thy pride; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
 4. Touch not the cup, oh, drink not a drop; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;



Many I know who have quaff'd from that bowl; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 Tho' like the ru-by it shines in the light; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 Hark to the warning of thousands who've died; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 All that thou lovest entreats thee to stop: Touch not the cup, touch it not.



Little they thought that the demon was there, Blindly they drank and were caught in the snare;
 Fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl, Deeply the poison may enter thy soul,
 Go to their lonely and desolate tomb, Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom;
 Stop! for the home that to thee is so dear, Stop! for the friends that to thee are so near,



Then of that death-dealing bowl, oh, beware; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 Soon will it plunge thee beyond thy control; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 Think that perhaps thou may'st share in their doom; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 Stop for thy country, in trembling and fear, Touch not the cup, touch it not.

HEAVEN. OUT ON AN OCEAN 'ALL BOUNDLESS WE RIDE.

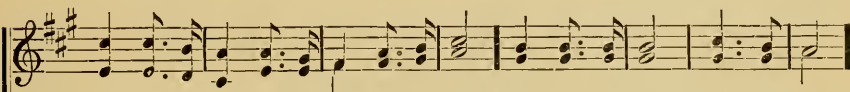
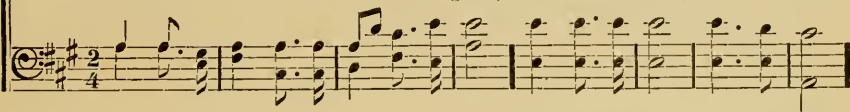
"Homeward Bound."

REV. WM. F. WARREN.

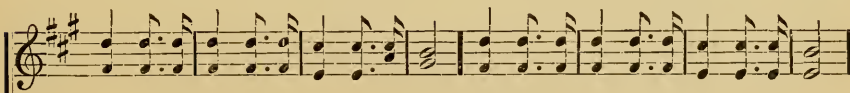
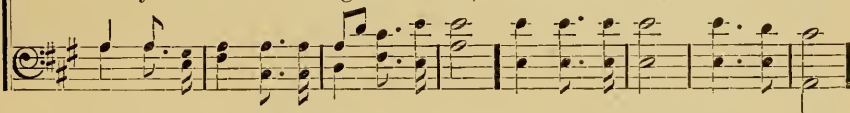
C. S. Harrington.



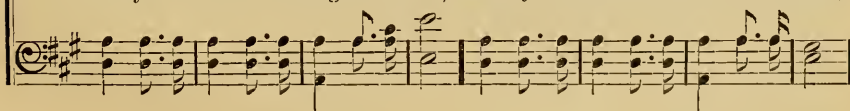
1. Out on an o - cean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
2. Wild - ly the storm sweeps us on as it soars, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
3. In - to the harbor of heaven now we glide, We're home at last, home at last;



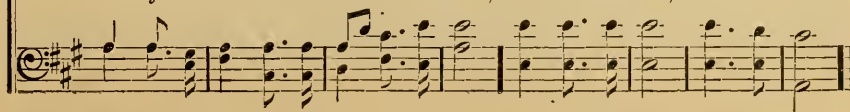
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Look! yonder lie the bright heaven-ly shores, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Soft - ly we drift on its bright silver tide, We're home at last, home at last.



Far from the safe, quiet harbor we rode, Seeking our Father's ce-les-tial a-bode,
Steady! O pilot! stand firm at the wheel, Steady! we soon shall out-weather the gale;
Glo-ry to God! all our dangers are o'er; Safe-ly we stand on the ra-di-ant shore;



Prom-ise of which on us each He bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail; We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Glo - ry to God! we will shout ev-er-more, We're home at last, home at last.



MISS ELIZA E. HEWITT.

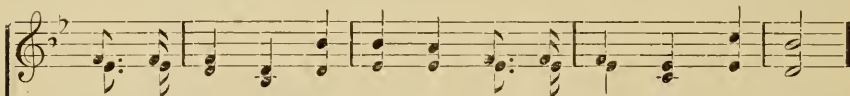
William James Kirkpatrick, (1888—) 1895.



1. There's a won - der - ful Tem - ple, where the songs nev - er cease,
2. O the ju - bi - lant an - thems swell - ing there ev - er - more,
3. Help us do Thy good pleas - ure, help us hon - or Thee now,
4. Praise to Thee, God our Fa - ther, praise to Thee, gra - cious Son,



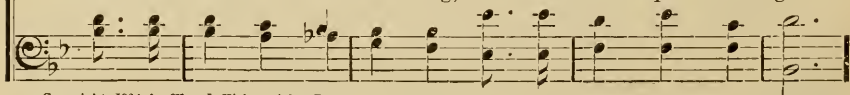
In the cit - y of Zi - on, in the king - dom of peace;
 Like the sound of great wa - ters as they break on the shore;
 Till we stand in Thy pres - ence, with Thy name on each brow;
 Praise to Thee, Ho - ly Spir - it, O Thou blest Three in One;



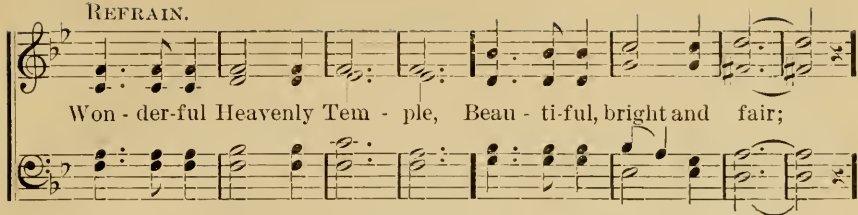
'Tis ef - ful - gent with glo - ry for the Lamb is its light
 Sweet ho - san - nas re - ech - o to the Lamb who was slain,
 We shall wear Thy blest like - ness in that Tem - ple a - bove,
 Thine, all power and do - min - ion, Thine, all bless - ing and might,



And the saints of all a - ges in His prais - es u - nite.
 Un - to Him who hath loved us, and hath washed ev - ery stain.
 And no sor - row shall min - gle with its serv - ice of love.
 In the land ev - er - last - ing, in the Tem - ple of light.



REFRAIN.



Won - der-ful Heavenly Tem - ple, Bean - ti-ful, bright and fair;



Won - der-ful Heavenly Tem - ple, Gath - er us, Sav - iour, there.

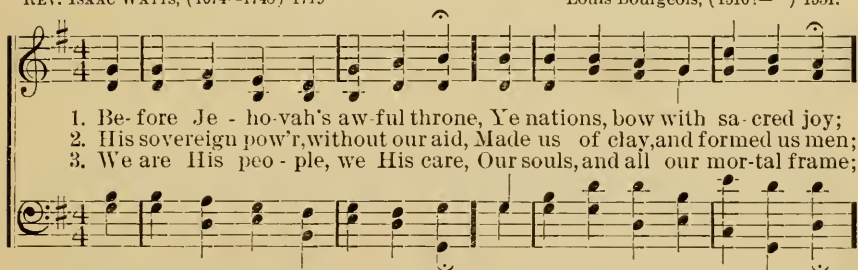
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BEFORE JEHOVAH'S AWFUL THRONE.

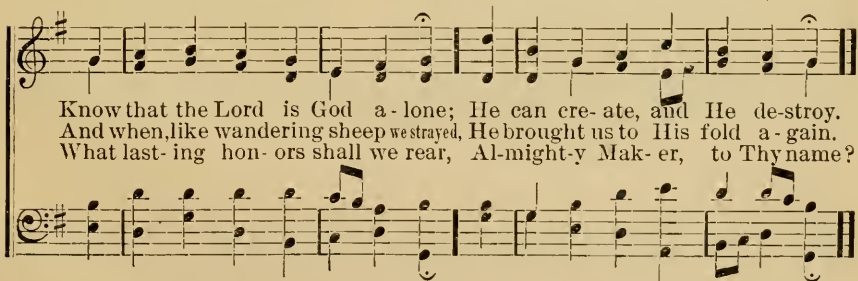
"Old Hundredth." L. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, (1674—1748) 1719

Louis Bourgeois, (1510?—) 1551.



1. Be - fore Je - ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye nations, bow with sa - cred joy;
2. His sovereign pow'r, without our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men;
3. We are His peo - ple, we His care, Our souls, and all our mor-tal frame;

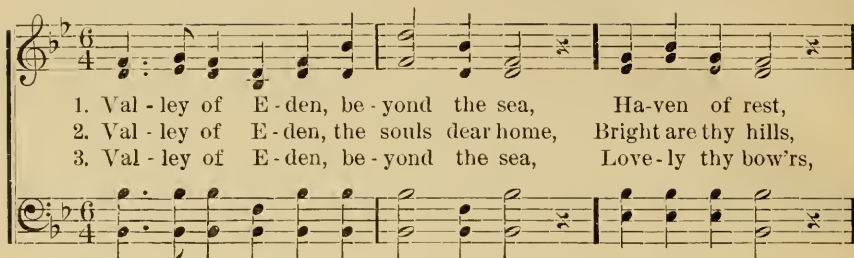


Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy.
And when, like wandering sheep we strayed, He brought us to His fold a - gain.
What last - ing hon - or - s shall we rear, Al - might - y Mak - er, to Thy name?

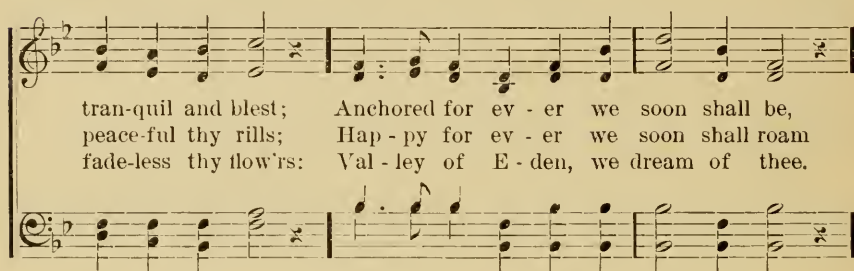
- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity, Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

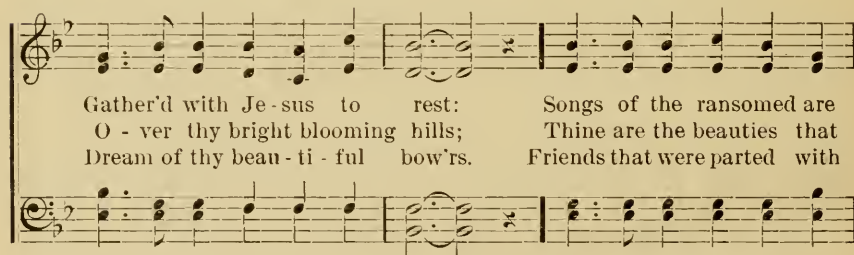
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



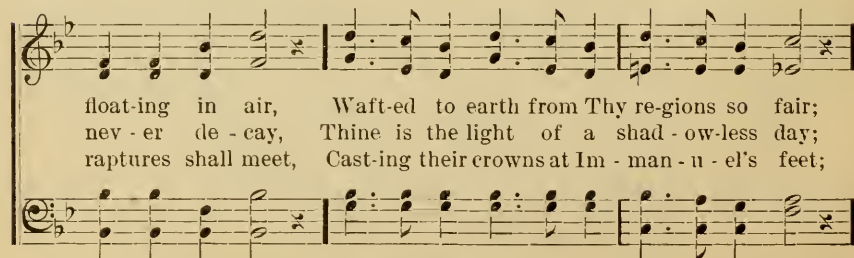
1. Val - ley of E - den, be - yond the sea, Ha - ven of rest,
 2. Val - ley of E - den, the souls dear home, Bright are thy hills,
 3. Val - ley of E - den, be - yond the sea, Love - ly thy bow'rs,



tran-quil and blest; Anchored for ev - er we soon shall be,
 peace-ful thy rills; Hap - py for ev - er we soon shall roam
 fade-less thy flow'rs: Val - ley of E - den, we dream of thee.



Gather'd with Je - sus to rest: Songs of the ransomed are
 O - ver thy bright blooming hills; Thine are the beauties that
 Dream of thy bean - ti - ful bow'rs. Friends that were parted with

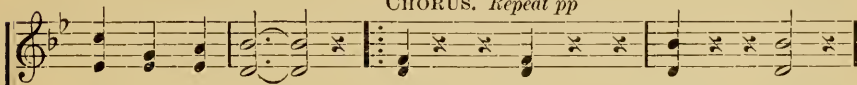


float - ing in air, Waft - ed to earth from Thy re - gions so fair;
 nev - er de - cay, Thine is the light of a shad - ow - less day;
 raptures shall meet, Cast - ing their crowns at Im - man - u - el's feet;



An - gels are ten - der - ly call - ing us there, Call - ing the
Voic - es of loved ones are call - ing a - way, Home to thy
Still the glad voic - es of an - gels re - peat, "Come to the

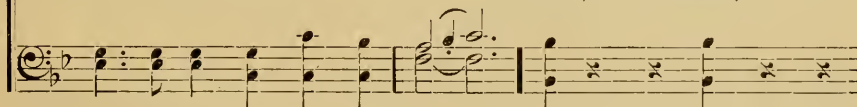
CHORUS. Repeat *pp*



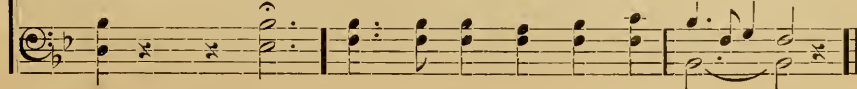
wea - ry to rest. } Come, come come, come,
bright blooming hills. }
val - ley of flowers." } Come to this val - ley of E - den fair,



Wea - ry and sor - row op - pressed; An - gels are ten - der - ly
Come, come,



call - ing us there, Come to this val - ley of rest.....
come, come, Come to this val - ley, this val - ley of rest.



JENNIE WILSON.

Florence W. Williams.

DUET.

1. We know not fully what we do, While here in time we dwell;
 2. Beyond the mists that dim our sight, Thro' all our earth - ly years;
 3. Kind words that gladden weary hearts, Will show a yield most fair;
 4. Oh, may we all with patient care, So toil in life's wide field,

But what we've wrought of good or ill, E - ter - ni - ty will tell.
 The fruit - age of the seed we sow, In light di - vine ap - pears.
 And ev - 'ry deed with bless - ing fraught, A har - vest rich will bear.
 That pre - cious fruit - age to our sight, May be at last re - vealed.

REFRAIN

E - ter - ni - ty will tell, E - ter - ni - ty will tell, All
 will tell,

that we do, of good or ill, E - ter - ni - ty will tell.
 will tell.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Steer our bark away to the homeland, Spread the sails of hope o'er the sea;
 2. Steer our bark away to the homeland, On without a fear let us go;
 3. Bright and fair the hills of the homeland, Clad in all the bloom of the spring;

Think of all the friends that await us, When anchored safely there we shall be.
 When the port of peace we are nearing, The blessed harbor lights we shall know.
 There to Him who loved and redeemed us, Our joyful, joyful praise we shall sing.

CHORUS.

Gath-er³-ing out of tears in - to sun - shine, Gath-er³-ing out of

la - bor in - to rest; Hear the ransomed throng shouting
 out of la - bor in - to rest;

forth their joy in song, Gath-er-ing to the mansions of the blest.
 to the mansions of the blest.

MARY A. MCKEE.

Adam Geibel.

1. With mansions of fairness, And beauty, and rareness, And streets with a
 2. Its riv - ers of gladness Will banish all sadness, And sor-row shall
 3. But light will be giv-en, All storm-clouds be riven, From o - ver that
 4. No sor-row or sighing, Nor anguish or dy-ing, Can shad-ow the

pavement of gold; Where no one grows weary,—No prospect is dreary,—
 van-ish a - way; The moon shall not lighten, The sun shall not brighten,
 cit - y of God; We'll view then in wonder, Thro' all that may sunder,
 bliss of that home; And pilgrims who rest there, Forever are blest there,

CHORUS.

And no one can ev-er grow old,
 That cit - y by night or by day,
 The path that in sorrow we trod.
 Nor yearn in their rapture to roam.

} Oh, there is a cit - y, a

beau-ti-ful cit - y, Whose builder and maker is God; A far away

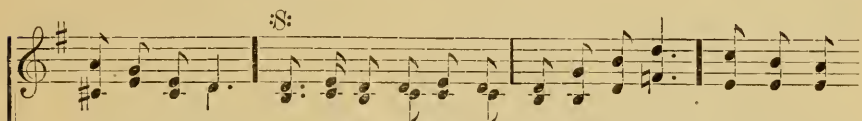
cit - y, A wonderful cit-y, The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God.

REV. W. O. CUSHING.

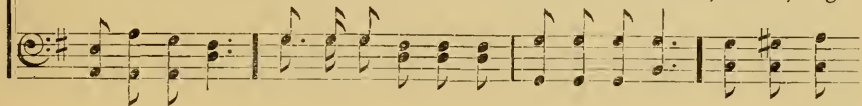
W. H. DOANE.



1. Peaceful and beau-ti-ful ha-ven of rest, Home of the pu-ri-fied,
 2. Oft have I dream'd of a man-sion so fair, Oft have I wished I at
 3. All is so marr'd in this lost E-den plain, Marr'd by the death-blight of



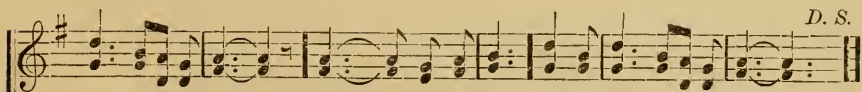
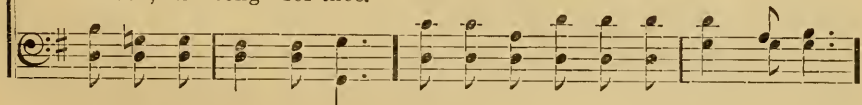
joy of the blest; Home where all sadness forever shall flee, Hav-en, bright
 last might be there; Here as a - far from my pleasures I roam, Oft do I
 sin and of pain; There in that haven no sorrow shall fall, Beauty's bright
D. S.—Home where the dearest of treasures shall be, Haven, bright



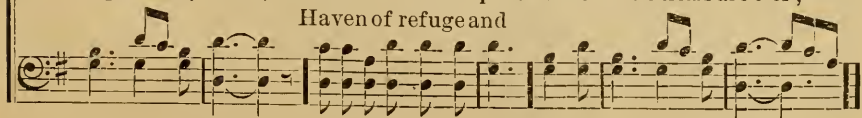
FINE. REFRAIN.



ha-ven I long for thee, } Home..... of the pu-ri-fied,
 sigh when I think of home. } Home of the good and the
 splendor will shine o'er all.
 ha-ven, I long for thee.

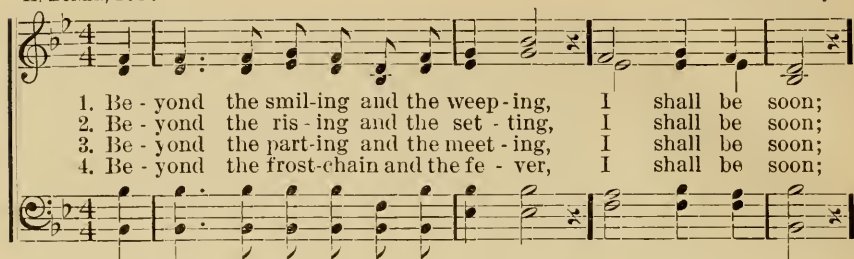


Bright is thy shore, Ha - ven of peace When life's trials are o'er;
 Haven of refuge and

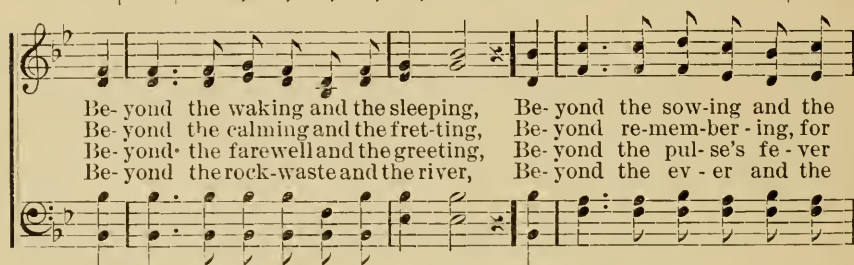


H. BONAR, D. D.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

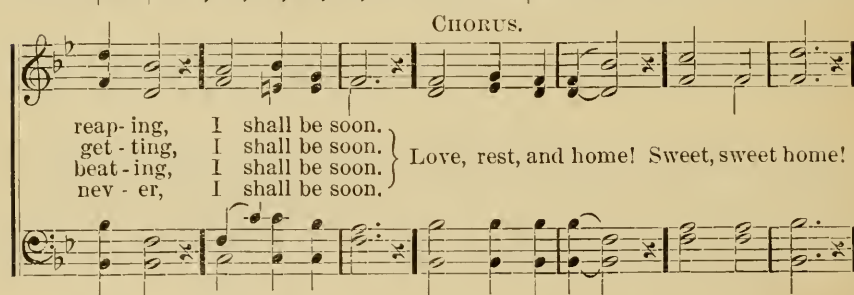


1. Be - yond the smil - ing and the weep - ing, I shall be soon;
 2. Be - yond the ris - ing and the set - ting, I shall be soon;
 3. Be - yond the part - ing and the meet - ing, I shall be soon;
 4. Be - yond the frost - chain and the fe - ver, I shall be soon;

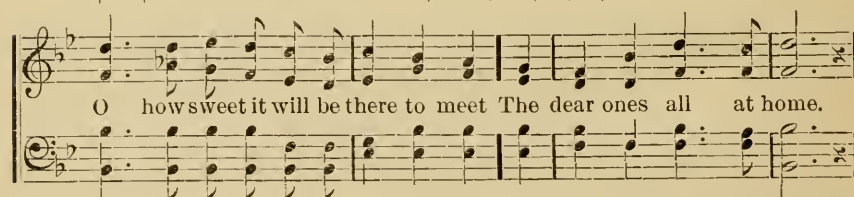


Be - yond the waking and the sleeping, Be - yond the sow - ing and the
 Be - yond the calming and the fret - ting, Be - yond re - mem - ber - ing, for
 Be - yond the fare - well and the greet - ing, Be - yond the pul - se's fe - ver
 Be - yond the rock - waste and the river, Be - yond the ev - er and the

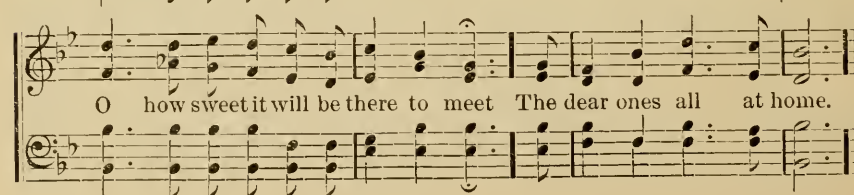
CHORUS.



reap - ing, I shall be soon.
 get - ting, I shall be soon.
 beat - ing, I shall be soon.
 nev - er, I shall be soon. } Love, rest, and home! Sweet, sweet home!



O how sweet it will be there to meet The dear ones all at home.



O how sweet it will be there to meet The dear ones all at home.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Geo. D. Moore.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
 2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
 4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
 5. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, He pa - tient - ly waits To

bur - dened with sin; and dis - tress, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing
 faith tak - ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I
 been the Old Sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so -
 John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
 save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the
D.S.—The tempest may sweep o'er the

FINE.
 "Make me your choice;" And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 an - chored my soul; The Ha - ven of Rest is my Lord.
 ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 tem - pest can harm, — Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 Ha - ven of Rest, And say, "My be - lov - ed is mine!"
 wild, storm - y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS. *D.S.*
 I've anchored my soul in the Haven of Rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

MRS. ELLEN M. H. GATES.

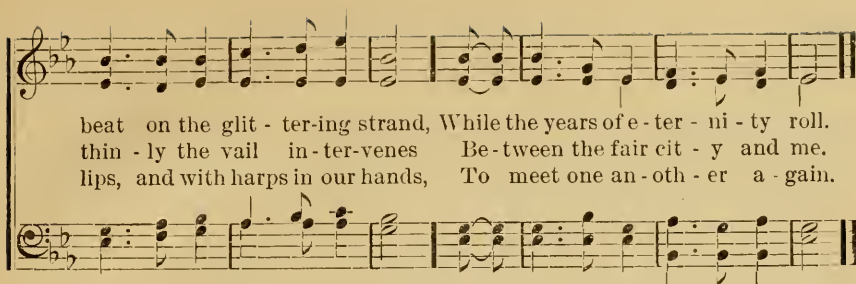
Philip Phillips.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The
 2. Oh, that home of the soul, in my vis - ions and dreams Its
 3. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land, So

far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er beat on the
 bright jas - per walls I can see; Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the
 free from all sor - row and pain; With songs on our lips, and with

glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll,
 veil in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me,
 harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain,

While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no storms ev - er
 Be - tween the fair cit - y and me. Till I fan - cy but
 To meet one an - oth - er a - gain. With songs on our



beat on the glit - ter-ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
thin - ly the veil in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.
lips, and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain.

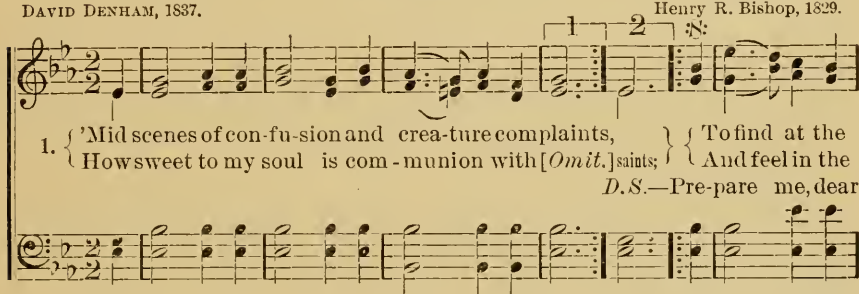
162

'MID SCENES OF CONFUSION.

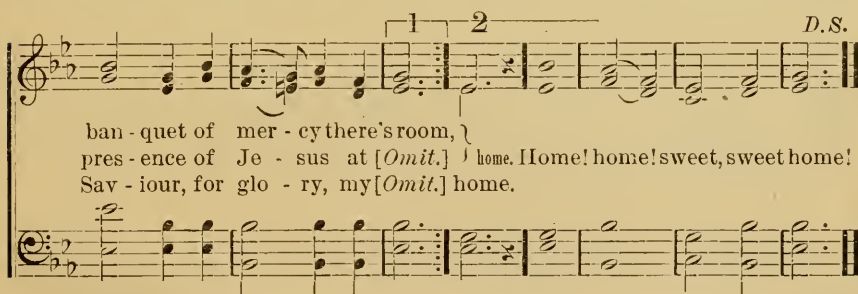
"Home." 11s.

DAVID DENHAM, 1837.

Henry R. Bishop, 1829.



1. { 'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and crea-ture complaints,
How sweet to my soul is com-munion with [Omit.] saints; } { To find at the
D.S.—Pre-pare me, dear



ban - quet of mer - cy there's room, }
pres - ence of Je - sus at [Omit.] } home. Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
Sav - iour, for glo - ry, my [Omit.] home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold Thee in glory, at home.

3 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
Oh, give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all mine afflictions to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

4 What-e'er Thou deniest, oh, give me Thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of Thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at Thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

W. C. HOLMES.

E. D. Keck.

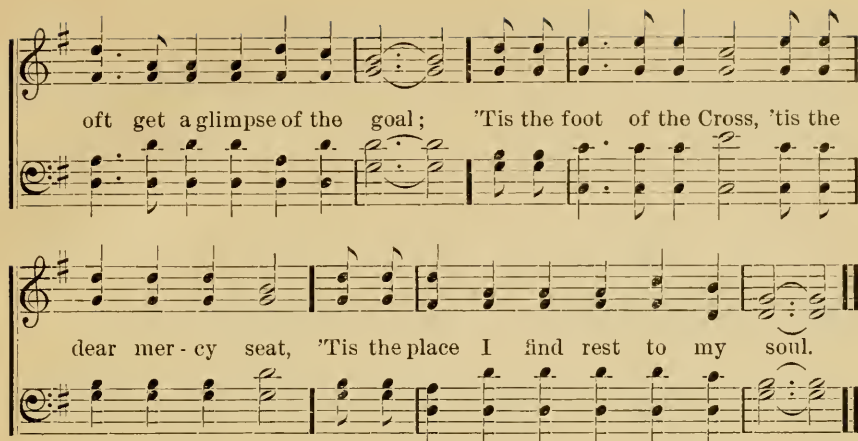
1. There's a place where my soul ev - er feels a re - pose That the
 2. There's a place where my Sav - iour has prom - ised to meet, And be -
 3. There's a place of all oth - ers the dear - est—the best; I have
 4. There's a place the most fa - vored be-neath the blue sky, Where the

world and its joys can-not give; Where the blessings of heav-en their
 stow what in faith I may ask; Where to work is a pleas-ure and
 roamed for its e - qual in vain; But I ev - er re-turn to this
 sweet - est of pastures a - bound; And I pray the good Lord, when my

sweet-ness dis - close, And in an - swer to prayer I re - ceive.
 serv - ice is sweet, And where du - ty is nev - er a task.
 E - den of rest, With a vow that I'll ev - er re - main.
 time comes to die, In this Good Shepherd's fold I'll be found.

CHORUS.

'Tis the house of the Lord, 'tis the Christian's re - treat, Where I



oft get a glimpse of the goal; 'Tis the foot of the Cross, 'tis the
 dear mer-cy seat, 'Tis the place I find rest to my soul.

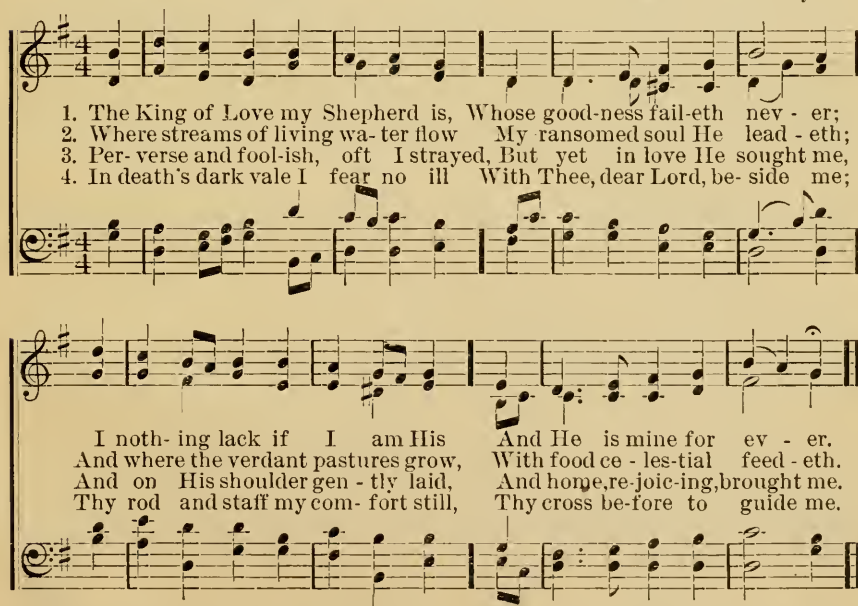
164

THE KING OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS.

"Dominus Regit Me."

REV. SIR HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER.

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes.



1. The King of Love my Shepherd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev-er;
 2. Where streams of living wa-ter flow My ransomed soul He lead-eth;
 3. Per-verse and fool-ish, oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me,
 4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, be-side me;
 I noth-ing lack if I am His And where the verdant pastures grow,
 And on His shoulder gen-tly laid, Thy rod and staff my com-fort still,
 And He is mine for ev-er. With food ce-les-tial feed-eth.
 And home, re-joic-ing, brought me. Thy cross be-fore to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
 Thy unction grace bestoweth;
 And oh, what transport of delight
 From Thy pure chalice floweth!

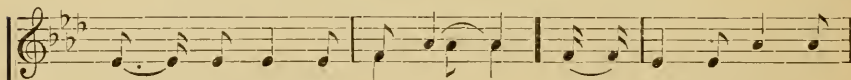
6 And so through all the length of days,
 Thy goodness faileth never:
 Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
 Within Thy house for ever!

GEORGE EDWARD SMITH.

George Edward Smith.

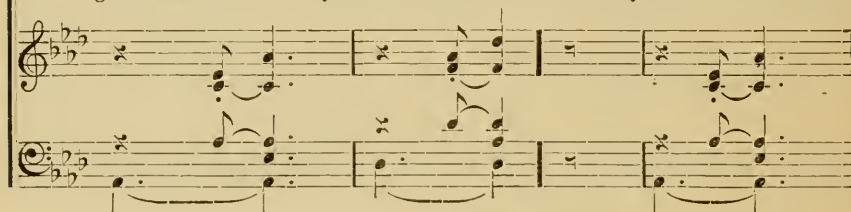
con espress.

- 1 It is
2. I can
3. I am

Moderato.

won-der-ful thoughts they bring me,
al-most see the white robed throng
glad there are ma-ny man-sions

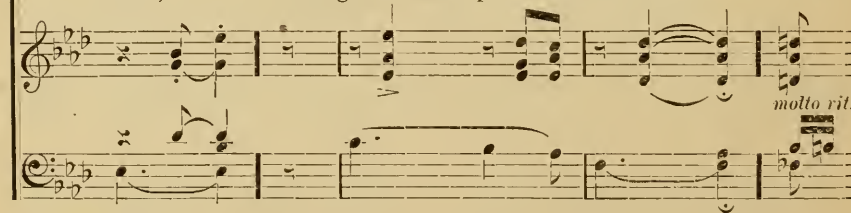
The sun-set clouds to -
On the plains of end-less
Be-yond the sun-set



night,
day;
land;

As I watch their chang-ing beau-ty
I can al-most hear the glad new song,
I am glad that the pale-faced boat-man

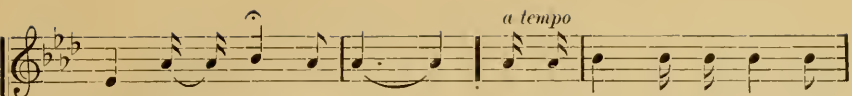
In
That is
Puts



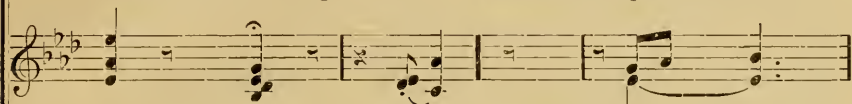
By permission.

NOTE.—This beautiful song is published in Sheet Music Form by the author at Frederick, Md.

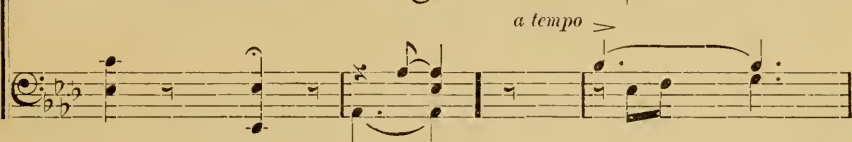
a tempo



won - der and de - light. Oh, 'tis fair sweet thoughts they
borne through the gates a - way; I can al - most see the
out from the shin - ing strand. When the keel grates the shore I




a tempo



bring me, By an - gel voic - es told, And to
riv - er, And the mists a - bove it scrolled; But its
list - en, And strain my eyes to see, Lest I




molto rit.



heav - en's throne they lead me The sun - set gates of gold.
dash is sweet - est mu - sic Thro' the sun - set gates of gold.
miss the joy - ful summons, Should the boat - man call for me.



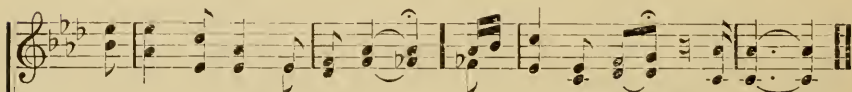
molto rit.



CHORUS. *ad lib.*



The sun - set gates of gold,..... The sun-set gates of gold,.....



To heaven's throne they lead me The sun-set gates of gold.



MRS. F. A. F. WHITE.

Mark M. Jones.

1. I have heard of a land On a far away strand, In the Bi - ble the
 2. There are ever-green trees That bend low in the breeze, And their fruitage is
 3. There's a home in that land, At the Father's right hand, There are mansions whose

sto-ry is told, Where cares never come, Never darkness nor gloom,
 brighter than gold; There are harps for our hands In that fairest of lands,
 joys are un - told, And per-en - ni-al spring, Where the birds ever sing,

CHORUS.

And nothing shall ev-er grow old. In that beau-ti-ful land, On the

far a-way strand, No storms with their blasts ever frown; The streets, I am

told, are paved with pure gold, And the sun, it shall never go down.

NATIONAL.

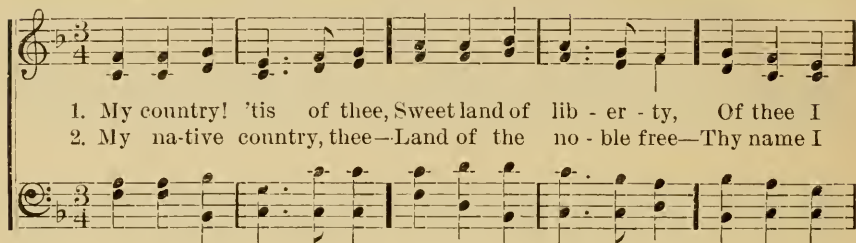
167

MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

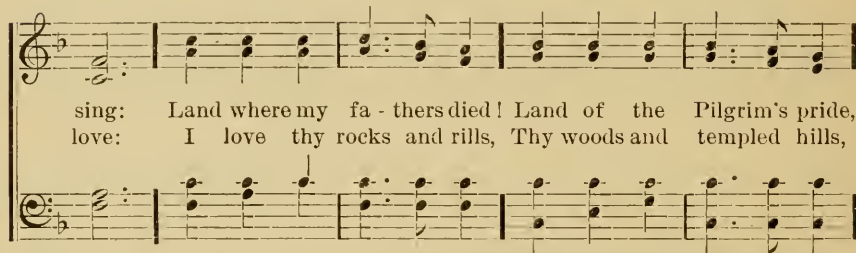
"America." 6s. & 4s.

REV. SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, (1808-1895) 1832.

Henry Carey, (1685-1743) 1743.



1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I
2. My na-tive country, thee—Land of the no - ble free—Thy name I



sing: Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills,



From ev - 'ry mountain side Let free-dom ring!
My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove. A - men.

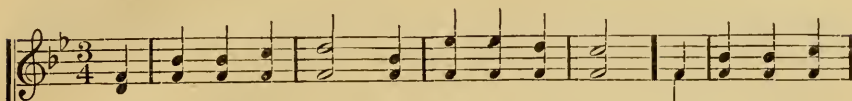
3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong!

4 Our father's God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

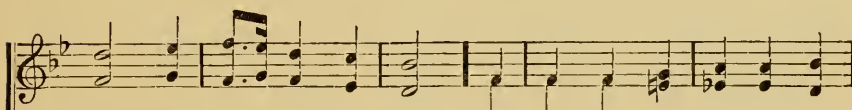
"Lyons." 10s. & 11s.

REV. AMBROSE M. SCHMIDT (1857—) 1893.

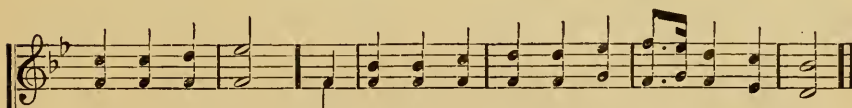
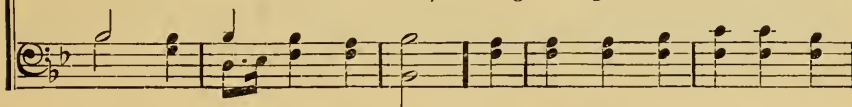
Franz Josef Haydn, (1732—1809) 1770.



1. We praise Thee, O God, our Lord and our King! Accept Thou the
 2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy guiding hand, In lead-ing Thy



praise, we grate-ful - ly bring; Thanksgiv-ing and wor-ship we
 Church to free-dom's fair land; Through sore per - se - cu - tion our



of - fer to Thee, Thou Rul - er of na-tions, in whom we are free!
 fathers here came, Where free and unfettered they worshipped Thy name.



- 3 We praise Thee, O God! for years of increase,
 For faith unassailed, prosperity, peace;
 United we offer our anthem of praise
 To Thee our Supporter, our Ancient of Days.
- 4 We pray Thee, O Christ, our Helper and Friend!
 From error and strife, our Zion defend!
 Breathe on us, we pray Thee, O Spirit of Love,
 And fit us for union with Thy Church above.

CLOSING.

169

HEAVENLY FATHER AS WE BOW.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

Adam Geibel, (1855-) 1898.

p

1. Heav - en - ly Fa - ther, as we bow be - fore Thee, Look on Thy
 2. Show us Thy pres - ence that we may be - hold Thee In all the
 3. When comes the drear - y day of earth - ly part - ing, When swift the

chil - dren In pit - y and love; Send us Thy bless - ing;
 sweet - ness Of Thy sa - ving power; Help us in tri - al;
 sur - ges And strong bil - lows roar, Lead us through darkness,

cres. *mf* *dim.*

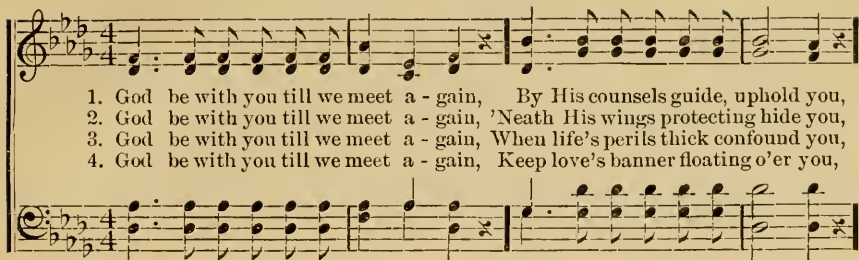
Grant Thy for - give - ness; Raise our af - fec - tions To glo - ries a -
 Heal our af - flic - tions; Light - en the dark - ness Of sor - row's lone
 Guide us safe on - ward, On - ward to Heaven's por - tal, Safe ev - er -

p *pp rit.*

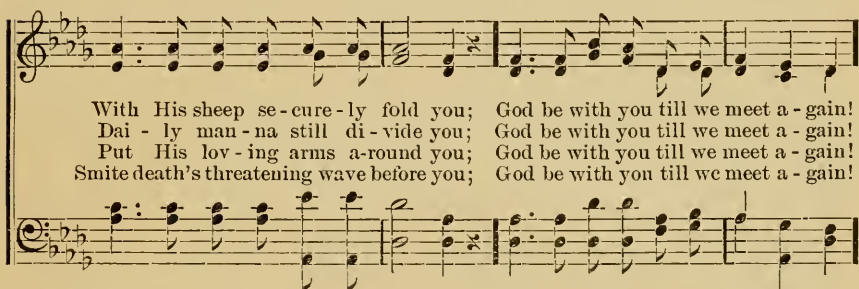
bove. }
 hour. } A - - - men, a - - - men, a - men.
 more. }

REV. JEREMIAH E. RANKIN, (—) 1882.

William G. Tomer, (—) 1882.

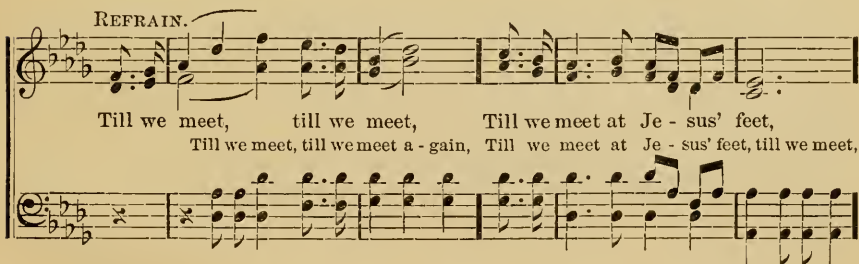


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, uphold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,



With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 Put His lov - ing arms a - round you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 Smite death's threatening wave before you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!

REFRAIN.



Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,
 Till we meet, till we meet a - gain, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, till we meet,



Till we meet, till we meet; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 Till we meet, till we meet again, God be with you till we meet a - gain!

REV. J. ELLERTON.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. The Lord be with us as we bend His bless - ing to re - ceive ;
 2. The Lord be with us till the night Shall close the day of rest ;

FINE.
 His gift of peace up - on us send, Be - fore His courts we leave.
D.S.—In si - lent thought or friendly talk Our hearts be still with God.
 Be He of ev - 'ry heart the Light, Of ev - 'ry home the Guest.
D.S.—His gift of peace up - on us send, Be - fore His courts we leave.

D.S.
 The Lord be with us as we walk A - long our homeward road ;
 The Lord be with us as we bend His bless - ing to re - ceive ;

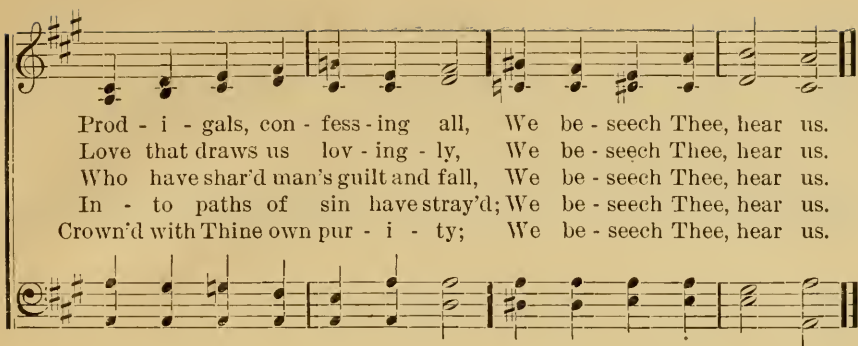
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T. B. POLLOCK, 1872.

"London." 7s. 6.

F. A. J. Hervey.

1. Fa - thier, hear Thy chil - dren's call: Humbly at Thy feet we fall,
 2. Love that caused us first to be, Love that bled up - on the tree,
 3. By the gra - cious say - ing call, Spoken ten - der - ly to all
 4. We Thy call have dis - o - bey'd Have neg - lect - ed and de - layed,
 5. Lead us dai - ly near - er Thee, Till at last Thy face we see



Prod - i - gals, con - fess - ing all, We be - seech Thee, hear us.
 Love that draws us lov - ing - ly, We be - seech Thee, hear us.
 Who have shar'd man's guilt and fall, We be - seech Thee, hear us.
 In - to paths of sin have stray'd; We be - seech Thee, hear us.
 Crown'd with Thine own pur - i - ty; We be - seech Thee, hear us.

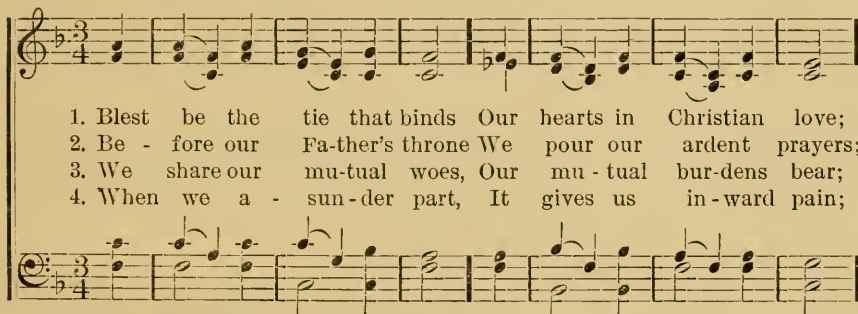
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BLEST BE TIE THAT BINDS.

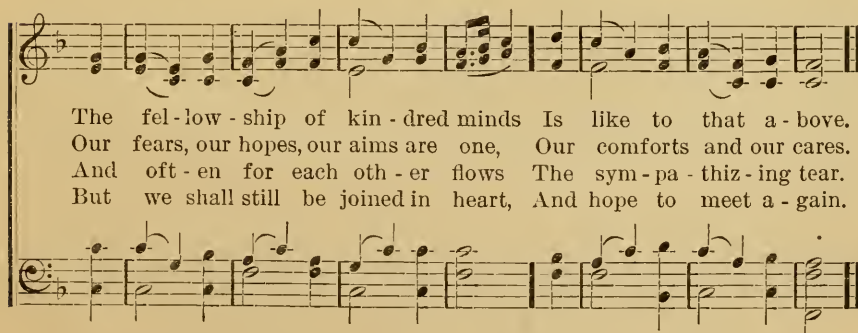
“Dennis.” S. M.

JOHN FAWCETT, 1772.

H. G. Nägeli, 1768-1836.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ardent prayers;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;



The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil and pain,
 And sin, we shall be free;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

O God, the Father in *Heaven*, have mer - cy up - on us.

O God, the Son, Redeem-
er of the *world*, have... } mer - cy up - on us. O God, the Holy *Ghost*, have

mer - cy up - on us, And grant us Thy peace. A - men.

GLORIA PATRI. No. 1.

Gregorian.

Glory be to the *Father*, and.. to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men.

GLORIA PATRI. No. 2.

Henry Wellington Greatorex, (1811—1858)

Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it

was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen, Amen.

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GLORIA PATRI. No. 3.

Irr.

Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it

was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. A - men.

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THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Thomas Tallis; (c. 1520—1585)

Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed | be Thy | name; || Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on | earth · as it | is in | heaven.

Give us this *day* our | daily | bread, || and forgive us our *debts*, as | we for- | give our | debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but *deliver* | us from | evil; || for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the *glory*, for | ever · and | ever. A - | men.

Orders of Service and Responsive Selections

Sunday School, Order of Service No. 1.

Order. (At the sound of two bell taps, or organ voluntary, the school will have the Order of Service ready for use. Perfect silence.)

I. Opening Hymn. (Unannounced.)
Selected from the hymn book. (School seated.)

II. (Here may be used any responsive selection or the following):

Leader.—Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you.

School.—**Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.**

L.—Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you:

S.—**For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.**

L.—Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God.

S.—**And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything according to His will, He hear-eth us.**

L.—Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight,

S.—**O Lord, my Strength, and my Redeemer.**

Prayer for Pardon.

III. Selections. If the time given to the school be sufficient read responsively or recite from memory: The Beatitudes, the Ten Commandments, or some Scripture selection, usually read from the Bible itself.

IV. Hymn. (The Gloria in Excelsis or one or more selected hymns.)

V. Scripture Lesson for the Day.
Read in unison or responsively or by the superintendent.

L.—Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost:

S.—**As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.**

VI. The Apostles' Creed.

VII. Prayer. (Here shall be offered the Collect for the day, and the prayers as given on next page, or such other prayer shall be offered as may be fitting.)

VIII. Lesson Study. To which at least thirty or forty minutes shall be given.

IX. Lesson Hymn.

X. Supplemental Lesson.

XI. Review.

XII. Secretary's Report.

XIII. Hymn.

XIV. Prayer. (Here offer a free prayer, or use the Closing Prayer, followed by the Lord's Prayer.)

Prayer for Pardon.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we confess that we have sinned against Thee in thought, word and deed; and in us there is no soundness nor health. Yet now, O most merciful Father, hear us when we call upon Thee with penitent hearts. Have mercy upon us. Pardon our sins and grant us Thy peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

General Prayer.

O God, our Heavenly Father, renew in us the sense of Thy gracious Presence, and let it be a constant impulse within us to peace, trustfulness, and courage on our pilgrimage. Let us hold Thee fast with a loving and adoring heart, and let our affections be fixed on Thee, that so the unbroken communion of our hearts with Thee may accompany us in whatsoever we do, through life and in death. Teach us to pray heartily; to listen for Thy voice within, and never to stifle its warnings. Behold, we bring our poor hearts as a sacrifice unto Thee: come and fill Thy sanctuary, and suffer nought impure to enter there. O Thou Who art Love, let Thy Divine Spirit flow like a river through our whole souls, and lead us in the right way till we pass by a peaceful death into the Land of Promise, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O Lord, give us more charity, more self-denial, more likeness to Thee.

Teach us to sacrifice our comforts to others, and our likings for the sake of doing good. Make us kindly in thought, gentle in word, generous in deed. Teach us that it is better to give than to receive; better to forget ourselves than to put ourselves forward; better to minister than to be ministered unto. And unto Thee, the God of Love, be glory and praise for ever. Amen.

Merciful God, we ask Thy blessing upon all missionaries. Prosper Thou their work of faith and love. Send forth more laborers into the harvest, to gather fruit unto life eternal. Bless the Missionary Boards of the Church. Grant us grace, and power, to be fellow-workers with them, by our prayers and offerings, that we may also rejoice with them in Thy heavenly kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Closing Prayer.

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, whose blessing maketh truly rich, regard with favor, we beseech Thee, the worship and service of Thy children. Bless the lessons we have studied. Help us to obey Thy Word. By Thy saving power defend us against temptation and deliver us from evil. Grant, O holy Father, that we may live in Thy love and fear, die in Thy peace, rest in hope, and attain to the resurrection of the saints, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, who art in heaven. Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen

Order of Service No. 2.

The school may be opened with a hymn of invocation to the Holy Spirit, selected from the Hymn Book; after which, the school rising, will use the following Order of Service. Instead of Holy, Holy, Holy, one of the responsive selections on page 185 may be read responsively.

(Leader and school, all standing).—It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord,

School.—**And to sing praises unto Thy name, O most High;**

L.—To show forth Thy loving kindness in the morning,

S.—**And Thy faithfulness every night.**

L.—Enter into His gates with thanksgiving,

S.—**And into His courts with praise.**

L.—Give thanks unto Him and bless His name.

S.—**For the Lord is good; His mercy endureth for ever; and His faithfulness unto all generations.**

All sing Gloria Patri.

L.—Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands:

S.—**Sing forth the honor of His name; make His name glorious.**

Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,

Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;

Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,

Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

(See No. 1.)

Apostles' Creed; or, the Ten Commandments. (See page 183.)

Prayer.

Hymn. (School seated.)

Reading of the Lesson (responsively).

Catechism Lesson.

Lesson Study.

Lesson Hymn.

Supplemental Lesson.

Hymn.

Lesson Review.

Announcements.

(All standing read responsively):

L.—The Lord is my shepherd:

S.—**I shall not want.**

L.—He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:

S.—**He leadeth me beside the still waters.**

L.—He restoreth my soul:

S.—**He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.**

L.—Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:

S.—**For Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.**

L.—Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:

S.—**Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.**

L.—Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:

S.—**And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.**

Prayer. (All standing, with bowed heads.)

(All uniting.) Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that the words which we have heard this day may, through Thy grace, so abide in our hearts that they may bring forth in us the fruit of godly living, to the honor and praise of Thy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Our Father, who art in heaven, etc.

Doxology.

Benediction.

The Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead and buried; He descended into Hades; the third day He arose from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

The Ten Commandments.

First.—Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

Second.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, nor any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

Third.—Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

Fourth.—Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-ser-

vant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day and hallowed it.

Fifth.—Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Sixth.—Thou shalt not kill.

Seventh.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Eighth.—Thou shalt not steal.

Ninth.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

Tenth.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

Twenty-third Psalm.

The Lord is my Shepherd: I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever,

Prayers

For the Sick.

Almighty and gracious God, whose mercies are over all Thy creatures, look in tender compassion, we beseech Thee, upon Thy servant, N. N., who is sick. Sustain *him* in the trial through which *he* is passing, and sanctify it to *his* good. Deliver *him* from suffering, and, if in accordance with Thy holy will, restore *him* to health and strength that *he* may joyfully serve Thee in Thy Church, to the honor of Thy Name, through Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

For Meetings of Teachers and Young People.

1. Almighty God, our heavenly Father, whose we are and whom we serve; from whom cometh all wisdom profitable to direct, and help for every duty; be graciously with us in our present assembly. May all our counsels be ordered in heavenly wisdom, and crowned with Thine abundant blessing; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

2. Keep us mindful, O Lord, that we are not our own, but belong to our faithful Saviour, Jesus Christ. To Thee we dedicate ourselves anew. To Thee we offer all our designs, all our studies and endeavors, all that we have and are. Give us grace to renounce the vain pomp and glory of the world, and to choose the ways of charity and good works, that being wholly taken up with labors of mercy, we may escape the corruptions that are in the world through lust. Make our hearts humble, our words rich with the savor of grace, our lives consistent and pure, that in all things we may be an example to the lambs of Thy flock. Amen.

3. Bless Thy Church, we pray Thee, its Pastors, and all who labor and give, for its prosperity and extension. Raise up for it many friends who may joyfully serve it in its various necessities. Increase the number of those who preach and uphold Thy word, that it may have free course, and win many to righteousness. Amen.

4. Let Thy special benediction be upon this congregation, upon its officers, its schools, its teachers, and upon all its interests and efforts, that streams of blessing may issue from it,

to the honor and glory of Thy Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

5. Almighty God, who hast promised to hear the petitions of Thy people; we beseech Thee, mercifully incline Thine ear to us who have now made our prayers and supplications unto Thee; and grant that those things which we have faithfully asked according to Thy will, may be effectually obtained, to the relief of our necessity, and to the setting forth of Thy glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

Sentence Prayers.

We pray for the Holy Spirit to open our eyes that we may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.

Grant us a living faith in a living, loving, interceding Redeemer.

Our kind heavenly Father, we pray for wisdom to make our lives more useful.

We praise Thee for Thine exceeding great and precious promises.

Help us to love righteousness and to hate wickedness.

Let the words of our mouth, and the meditation of our heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, our strength and our Redeemer.

Make us to hunger and thirst after righteousness, O Christ: that we may be filled and satisfied with Thy redeeming love.

Make us pure in heart, we beseech Thee, O God: that we may see Thee.

Most merciful Father, make us peacemakers: that we may be called Thy children.

Give us earnestness, O God, our Father; strength of purpose, simplicity of faith, warmth of love.

Heavenly Father, we beseech Thee, make us kindly in thought, gentle in word, generous in deed.

We pray Thee, O God, teach us that it is better to give than to receive; better to forget ourselves than to put ourselves forward; better to minister than to be ministered unto; better to be last than to be first.

O Christ, our Saviour, teach us what Thou wouldst have us to do, and uphold us by Thy mighty power, that every work of ours may begin always in Thee, and in Thee be happily ended.

Christian Endeavor Benedictions:

"The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from the other."

"Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and

majesty, dominion and power, now and forever more. Amen."

"Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father: to Him be glory and dominion, forever and ever. Amen."

Responsive Selections.*Festival and General.***Advent.****I. PSALM III.**

Praise ye the Lord. I will praise the
Lord with my whole heart;

**In the assembly of the upright,
and in the congregation.**

The works of the Lord are great;

**Sought out of all them that have
pleasure therein.**

His work is honorable and glorious;

**And His righteousness endureth
forever.**

He hath made His wonderful works
to be remembered;

**The Lord is gracious and full of
compassion.**

He hath given meat unto them that
fear Him;

**He will ever be mindful of His
covenant.**

He hath shewed the people the power
of His works;

**That He may give them the heri-
tage of the heathen.**

The works of His hands are verity and
judgment.

All His commandments are sure.

They stand fast forever and ever.

**And are done in truth and up-
rightness.**

He sent redemption unto His people.

**He hath commanded His covenant
forever: holy and reverend is His
name.**

The fear of the Lord is the beginning
of Wisdom;

**A good understanding have all
they that do His commandments.**

His praise endureth forever.

Christmas.**2. PSALM 2.**

Why do the heathen rage

**And the people imagine a vain
thing?**

The kings of the earth set themselves,
and the rulers take counsel together.

**Against the Lord, and against His
anointed, saying,**

Let us break their bands asunder

And cast away their cords from us.

He that sitteth in the heavens shall
laugh.

**The Lord shall have them in de-
rision.**

Then shall He speak unto them in His
wrath,

**And vex them in His sore dis-
pleasure.**

Yet have I set my king

Upon My holy hill of Zion.

I will declare the decree

**The Lord hath said unto Me, Thou
art My Son, this day have I begotten
Thee.**

Ask of Me, and I shall give Thee the
heathen for Thine inheritance.

**And the uttermost parts of the
earth for Thy possession.**

Thou shalt break them with a rod of
iron,

**Thou shalt dash them in pieces
like a potter's vessel.**

Be wise now therefore, O ye kings,

**Be instructed, ye judges of the
earth.**

Serve the Lord with fear

And rejoice with trembling.

Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and
ye perish from the way, when His wrath
is kindled but a little.

**Blessed are all they that put
their trust in Him.**

Epiphany.

3. PSALM 8.

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth: Who hast set Thy glory above the heavens.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength because of Thine enemies, that Thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained;

What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?

For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels; and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands; Thou hast put all things under his feet.

O Lord our Lord: how excellent is Thy name in all the earth!

Lent and Passion.

4. PSALM 51.

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

Create in me a clean heart, O God: and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from Thy presence: and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation: and uphold me with Thy free Spirit.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.

Easter.

5. PSALM 16.

Preserve me, O God:

For in Thee do I put my trust.

O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord:

I have no good beyond Thee;

As for the saints that are in the earth, they are the excellent,

In whom is my delight.

Their sorrows shall be multiplied

That hasten after another God.

Their drink offerings of blood will I not offer,

Nor take up their names into my lips.

The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup:

Thou maintainest my lot.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places;

Yea, I have a goodly heritage.

I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel:

My reins also instruct me in the night season.

I have set the Lord always before me:

Because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth:

My flesh also shall rest in hope.

For Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell;

Neither wilt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption.

Thou wilt shew me the path of life.

In Thy presence is fullness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore,

Ascension.

6. PSALM 24.

The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof: the world, and they that dwell therein.

For He hath founded it upon the seas: and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? And who shall stand in His holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart: who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord: and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek Him: that seek Thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors: and the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is this King of Glory? the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors: and the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is this King of Glory? the Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory.

Whitsunday—Pentecost.

7. PSALM 145.

I will extol Thee, my God, O King: and I will bless Thy name for ever and ever.

Every day will I bless Thee: and I will praise Thy name for ever and ever.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, and His greatness is unsearchable.

One generation shall praise Thy works to another: and shall declare Thy mighty acts.

They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness: and sing of Thy righteousness.

The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion: slow to anger and of great mercy.

The Lord is good to all: and His tender mercies are over all His works.

All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord, and Thy saints shall bless Thee.

They shall speak of the glory of Thy kingdom, and talk of Thy power.

To make known to the sons of men His mighty acts; and the glorious majesty of His kingdom.

Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom: and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

The Lord upholdeth all that fall; and raiseth up all those that are bowed down.

The eyes of all wait upon Thee, and Thou givest them their meat in due season.

Thou openest Thine hand: and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

Trinity.

8. PSALM 67.

God be merciful unto us and bless us
And cause His face to shine upon us.

That Thy way may be known upon earth.

Thy saving health among all nations.

Let the people praise Thee, O God.

Let all the people praise Thee.

O let the nations be glad and sing for joy,

For Thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the people praise Thee, O God,

Let all the people praise Thee.

Then shall the earth yield her increase.

And God, even our own God, shall bless us.

God shall bless us,

And all the ends of the earth shall fear Him.

General.

9. PSALM I.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But His delight is in the law of the Lord: and in His law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water: that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff that the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment: nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

10. PSALM 19.

The heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament sheweth His handiwork.

Day unto day uttereth speech: and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language: where their voice is not heard.

The line is gone out through all the earth; and their words to the end of the world. In them hath He set a tabernacle for the sun.

Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and His circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honey comb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer.

11. PSALM 27.

The Lord is my light, and my salvation; whom shall I fear?

The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear:

Though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after;

That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in His temple.

For in the time of trouble, He shall hide me in His pavilion:

In the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me; He shall set me up upon a rock.

And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me:

Therefore will I offer in His tabernacle sacrifices of joy;

I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice:

Have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

When Thou saidst, Seek ye My face; my heart said unto Thee,

Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

Hide not Thy face far from me; put not Thy servant away in anger;

Thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

Teach me Thy ways, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies:

For false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart:

All.—Wait, I say, on the Lord.

12. PSALM 34.

I will bless the Lord at all times: His praise shall continually be in my mouth.

My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

Oh magnify the Lord with me: and let us exalt His name together.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him: and delivereth them.

Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in Him.

O fear the Lord, ye His saints: for there is no want to them that fear Him.

Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

Depart from evil and do good: seek peace and pursue it.

The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous; and His ears are open unto their cry.

The Lord redeemeth the soul of His servants: and none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate.

13. PSALM 95.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord:

Let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

The Beatitudes of Christ.

Blessed are the poor in spirit:
For theirs is the kingdom of God.

Blessed are they that mourn:
For they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek:
For they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness:

For they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful:
For they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart:
For they shall see God.

Blessed are the peace-makers:

For they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake:

For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Beatitudes from the Old Testament.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in His law doth he meditate day and night. (Ps. 1:1, 2.)

Grant us this grace, good Lord, we beseech Thee.

(This response can be given after each Beatitude, or Beatitudes can be given alternately.)

Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile. (Ps. 32:2.)

Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. (Ps. 41:1.)

Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house; they will be still praising Thee. (Ps. 84:4.)

Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord. (Ps. 119:1.)

Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in His commandments. (Ps. 112:1)

Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee; in whose heart are the ways of them. (Ps. 84:5.)

Blessed are they that keep His testimonies, and that seek Him with the whole heart. (Ps. 119:2.)

Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies. (Ps. 40:4.)

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